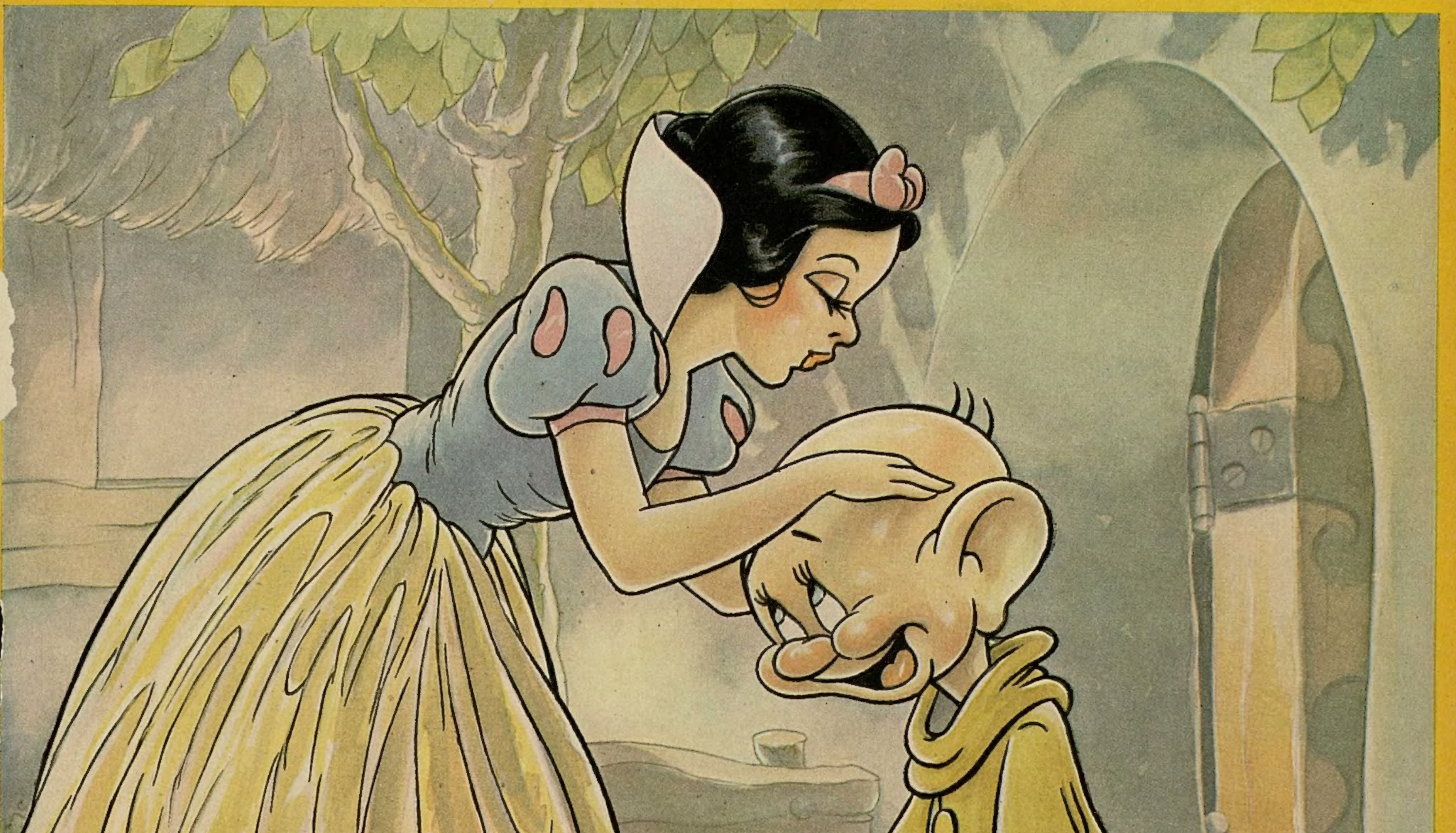
ow the Oxford Group Deals with Sex Problems by Emily Newell Blai

APR. 9,
1938

★ Liberty

5¢



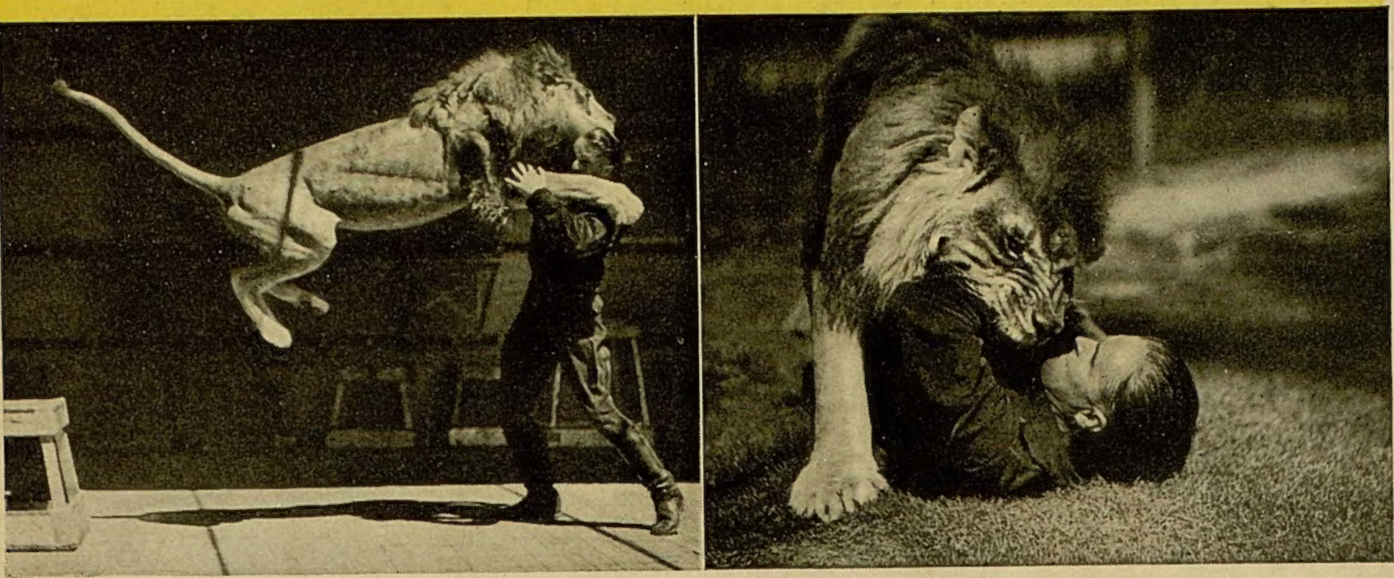
SNOW WHITE AND DOPEY

THE STORY BEHIND SNOW WHITE'S $10,000,000 SURPRISE PARTY

WHEN AN ASTROLOGER RULED THE WHITE HOUSE by Madame Marcia

Start Faith Baldwin's HOTEL HOSTESS Now

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says **MEL KOONTZ to PENN PHILLIPS**

"I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it.....We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. *Most* planters favor Camels."

"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."

"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

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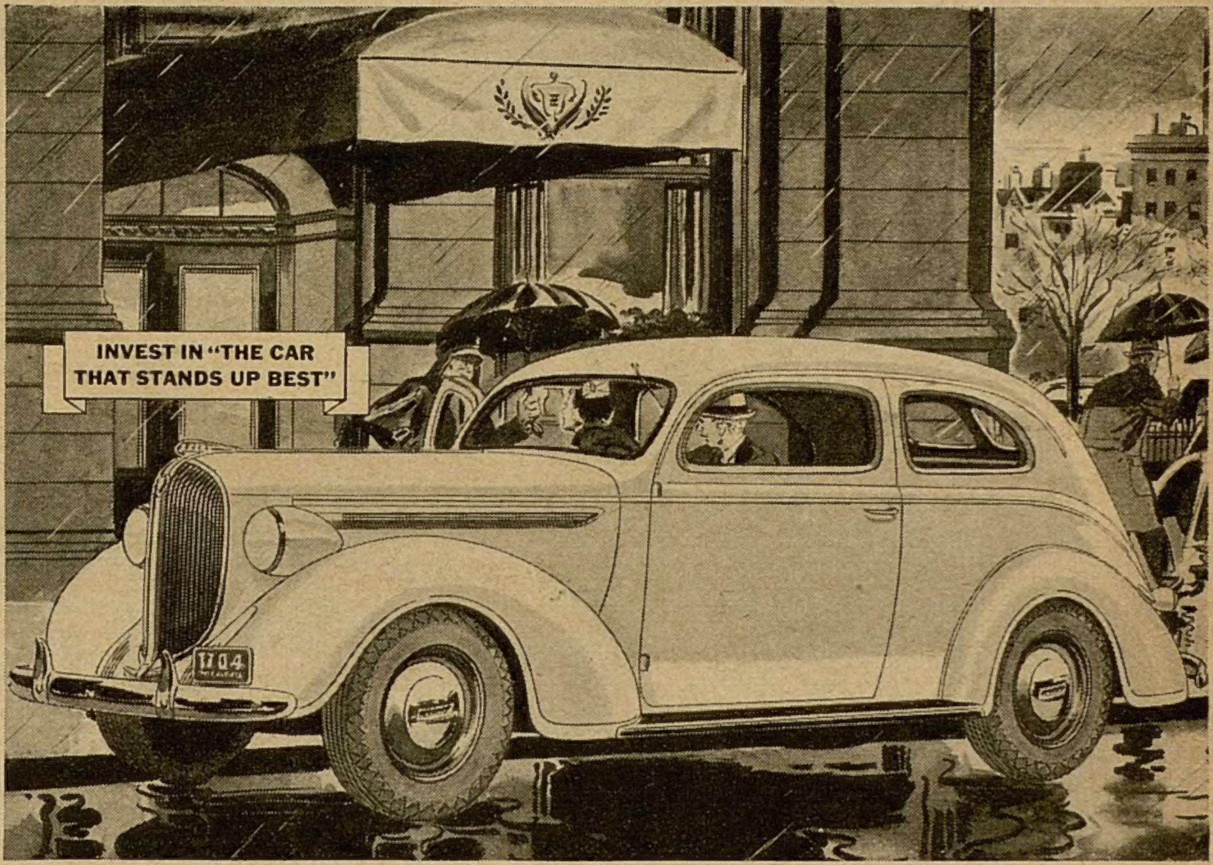
YES: THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

IN LOW-PRICED CAR VALUES!

New developments in automotive engineering have created many differences in low-priced cars ... differences that you should know about before you buy. Learn why this big, new Plymouth rides easier, has a higher resale value...and why it STANDS UP BEST.


INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"
1704

EXCLUSIVE ADVANTAGES ☞

FOR YOUR COMFORT, the new Plymouth's body is mounted on "live" rubber "cushions" and has big airplane-type shock-absorbers. What this means to you is a smoother ride—new freedom from bumps, jolts, vibration.

A NEW "HUSHED RIDE." Plymouth is sound-proofed like a radio studio... with five special materials.

PATENTED FLOATING POWER engine mountings prevent engine vibration from reaching the car's frame and body—amazing new smoothness for passengers, less wear on parts.

SAFEST TYPE OF BRAKES MADE are Plymouth's double-action hydraulics. And the new Plymouth's handbrake is a completely separate system.

FEWER REPAIRS—higher resale value—are the result of Plymouth's four-ring pistons, chain-driven camshaft, full-length water jackets.

SEE AND DRIVE this big, new 1938 Plymouth. Telephone any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer for a demonstration. No obligation. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

5-PASSENGER SEDAN

(Illustrated above)

$685

Detroit delivered price. Other models as low as $645. Plymouth prices *include* all Federal Taxes. State, Local Taxes not included.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

APRIL 9, 1938

Liberty

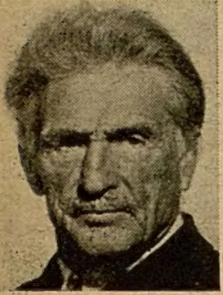
VOL. 15, NO. 15

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

IS HITLER PLAYING THE OLD AMERICAN GAME—BLUFFING?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Hitler and Mussolini are great dramatists. They are as temperamental as opera stars, and in the American type of bluffing they are without a peer.

Hitler is certainly giving England the jitters, and the citizens of that country can hardly be criticized when they think of the bloody horror of the last war and estimate what they gained . . . or, more accurately, what they lost.

And the very thought of another war brings many peace-loving Englishmen to the brink of desperation. And Mr. Chamberlain, England's Prime Minister, is to be congratulated for his compromising attitude. Some of the hotheaded Englishmen may be critical, but the hellish brutalities of the last war are still horrifying memories, and everything possible should be done to avoid a similar catastrophe.

But Germany is fast moving toward identically the same situation that brought on the last world conflict, and with Mussolini and Japan to back Hitler, it is certainly time for us to sit up and take notice.

In a great national conflict, vital, vigorous manhood is the first requirement; but undoubtedly the second is love of country . . . patriotism.

We have done but little in recent years to make our citizens realize the value of the liberties they enjoy. In various other countries of the world every young man is compelled to serve in the army from one to three years. He makes a definite contribution to the nation he serves. He learns to love it more because of the sacrifices he makes. It seems to be human nature to value anything almost entirely by the efforts that have been required to secure it.

When one works hard, enduring years of privation, to reach a certain goal, there is an intense appreciation of such rewards, but when they come to you without effort, they have but little value.

When a home is furnished gradually year by year . . . when each piece of new furniture, each labor-saving contrivance represents arduous efforts and careful saving week after week . . . such a place becomes a haven of rest and comfort. There is an attachment for it in the hearts of those who reside therein that is sincere and satisfying.

Many of the "have-nots" have been passing through privations that are undoubtedly severe. Some have acquired the habit of accepting donations from the government and have concluded that such support is justly due to them, but the spirit, drive, and ambition which is a part of true Americanism still lingers in the hearts of many of our jobless citizens. They want to make their own way and they recognize that a fair reward for honest, conscientious service is the source of unending satisfaction.

It is time for this nation to gird up its loins . . . to realize that the ease and luxury which many of us have enjoyed has been a devitalizing factor . . . it has sapped the manhood and the womanhood. We are not what we used to be in a physical sense. What we call modern civilization usually brings gradual decay and ultimate oblivion.

If Japan finally decides to attack this country, there is a possibility that history may again repeat itself.

The ease and luxuries of ancient Rome brought ruin to that country. The savage hordes from the north were the source of its downfall.

We can rest assured the same fate will be ours unless the officials of this country realize the danger we are facing and begin to develop the resources in racial vitality necessary to meet the tragic emergencies with which we may be confronted.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Sleep SOUNDLY, LITTLE LADY

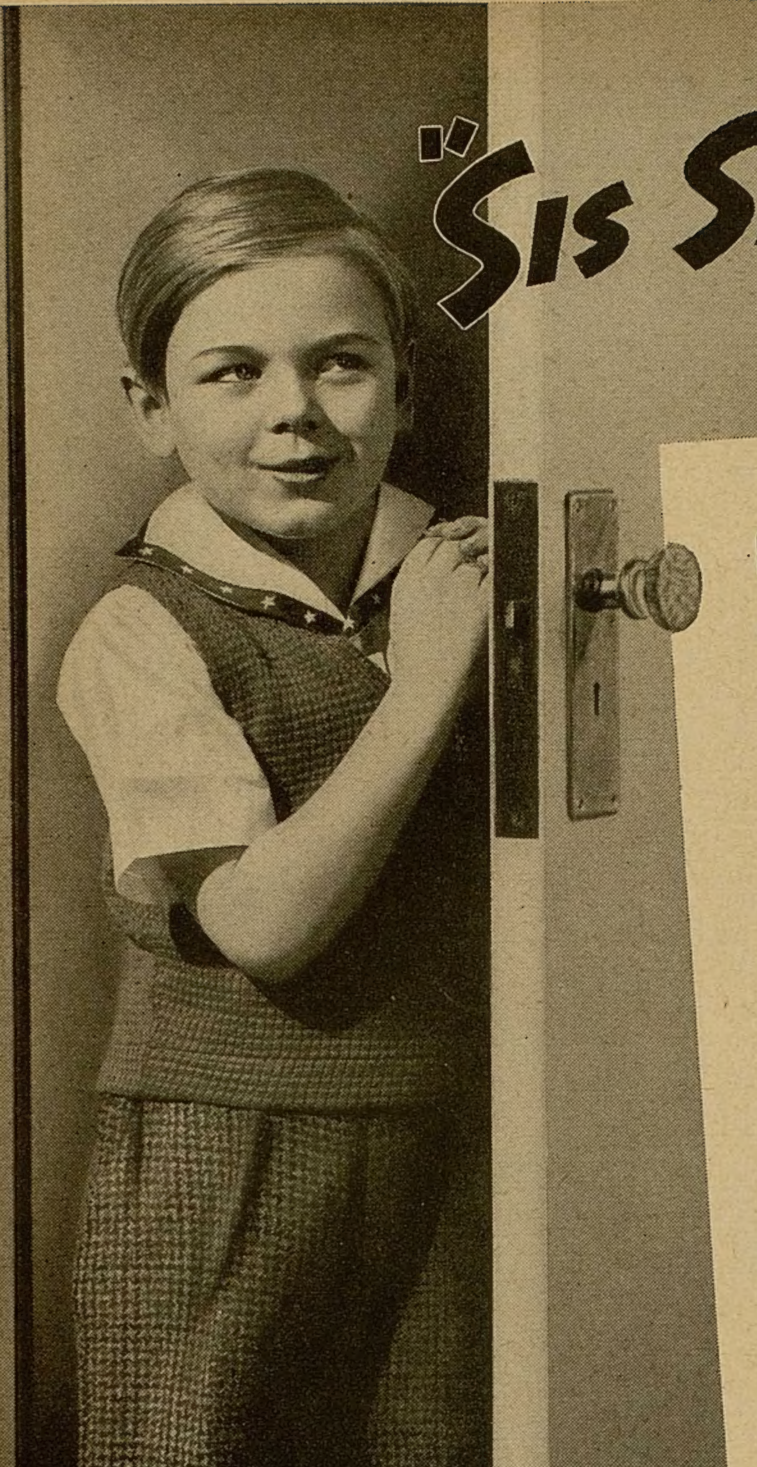
"Mother and Daddy are near and the telephone is always close by. It doesn't go to sleep. All through the night it stands guard over you and millions of other little girls and boys."

Each night about 11,000,000 telephone calls are made over the Bell System. Many are caused by sudden, urgent needs.

Great in its every-day values, the telephone becomes priceless in emergencies. The constant aim of the Bell System is to give you, at all times, the best and the most telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"SIS SAYS SHE'S OUT!"



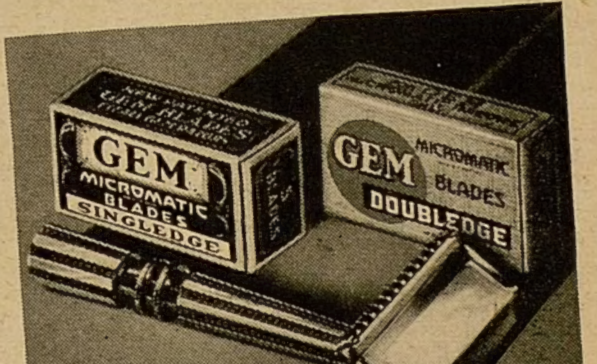
DON'T LET "5 O'clock Shadow" GET YOU A COOL RECEPTION

11
12
1
10
2
9
8
7
6

If she's out to you when she's in to others – perhaps "5 O'Clock Shadow" is to blame. No woman likes that messy beard growth which appears prematurely in late afternoon . . . Gem Razor's scientifically built bevel head gets the beard at skin level; the 50% thicker Gem Blade, stropped 4840 times to super-sharpness, leaves behind not the slightest trace of whiskers! Be clean all day the Gem way!

IT COST $660,000

Gem Micromatic Razor cost us $660,000 to produce. It costs you only $1.00 (with 5 Gem Blades) handsomely cased, at your dealer's. OR send coupon with 25¢ for special proof offer!



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Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

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STREET..
CITY.......................................STATE....................

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

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GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

The Story Behind Snow White's $10,000,000 Surprise Party

Walt Disney, modest creator.

BY MIRIAM STILLWELL

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

A LITTLE eleven-year-old boy sat in a Kansas City, Missouri, theater watching the enactment of a fairy story. He was so enchanted that he could scarcely breathe, and for nights thereafter his dreams were haunted by the colorful visions that had bewitched him.

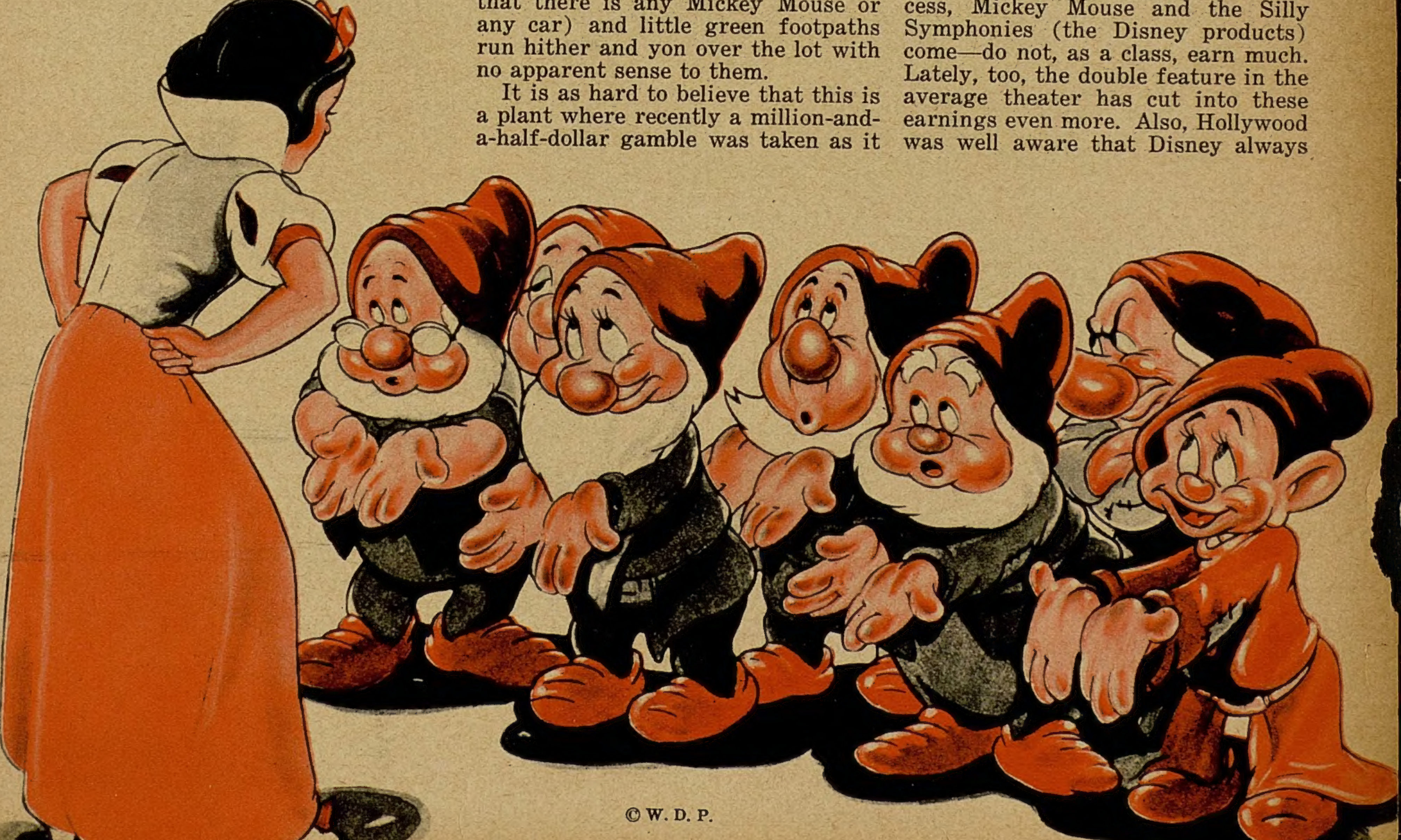
He never forgot them, and today, twenty-five years later, he has given these childhood dreams back to the world.

For the boy was Walt Disney and the play he saw was Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, and if the world and the motion-picture business is in a state of adoring bewilderment at the success that Walt's cartoon interpretation is making, Walt isn't a bit surprised. He's known all along how marvelously he could, in his own way, make that story.

Not that you could ever get him to say that in so many words. He is definitely the most modest genius alive today. The word "I" simply isn't in his vocabulary. It is all "we" at the picturesque little Disney studio, hidden away in an unfashionable part of Hollywood, but looking, when you come upon it, like a corner of fairyland. The doors of the studio have pig-Latin mottoes on them, and to the left, inside the gates, there is a tiny garage for Mickey Mouse's car (not that there is any Mickey Mouse or any car) and little green footpaths run hither and yon over the lot with no apparent sense to them.

It is as hard to believe that this is a plant where recently a million-and-a-half-dollar gamble was taken as it is to believe that slim, shy-eyed Walt is anything more than a nice young man, so unassuming is his manner. The very office boys around the studio call him by his first name; the turtle that was the model for the one in Snow White crawls contentedly around in the sun with "Traffic Department" lettered on its back, and the children in the neighborhood barge over every afternoon to see how things are going, knowing that their naïve criticisms are always politely listened to.

The man who is the personality behind all this started three and a half years ago to make his favorite fantasy come true. The Hollywood consensus, when the news leaked out, was that Disney had gone utterly wacky. The industry has bestowed on him every honor it can give; but for all that, it knew Walt has never made any great amount of money. For one thing, "shorts"—under which heading, for all of their success, Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies (the Disney products) come—do not, as a class, earn much. Lately, too, the double feature in the average theater has cut into these earnings even more. Also, Hollywood was well aware that Disney always



©W. D. P.

took about two and seven eighths cents out of every three he got and put it back into studio experiments.

So here he was going completely off the deep end, standing a better-than-average chance to lose everything he possessed.

Which, in a community that keeps one eye on the box office and the other on the bank balance, is completely nutsy.

What no one expected, perhaps not even Walt himself, was that when Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs got out to the public it would create a whole new world of entertainment and cause the second great revolution in the history of movies.

The first revolution was the entrance of sound in 1929. The second is Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, for here is a film which by the most conservative estimates looks to make at least ten million dollars, which means it will be the most successful picture ever made, and yet which hasn't got a " name " in it; that hasn't got one living actor, nor one real background or stage setting; that hasn't any lighting, nor labor problems, nor any single thing save imagination and brains and beauty and love all set to music. Here indeed was a Hollywood surprise party.

As entertainment it can go anywhere in the world where there is a theater to show it, for it has been sound-tracked in eight languages. In every place it has been shown so far it has left its audiences enthralled.

FOR instance, it came to supposedly hard-boiled New York, to the Radio City Music Hall, the largest movie theater in the world, where no film has ever played more than three weeks, and it stayed five, with greater and greater crowds coming each week, which is contrary to all custom; and it would have stayed on for another five weeks if the Radio City managers had been able to break their previously existing contracts with other picture companies for films to be shown there.

In England, the British Board of Film Censors declared the film was harmful for children. Against the edict the English, ordinarily a most obedient people, revolted, and three English county councils overrode the main Censor Board and gave children the right to see Snow White without taking a grown-up along.

Now theater managers everywhere are doing an absolutely unprecedented thing in demanding that they be allowed to show the film twice in their theaters—as soon as they can possibly get it now; and then next Christmas, when the children are home from school.

The by-products reproductions of the Dwarfs and Snow White are selling up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, fashioned in every substance from platinum to soap, from charm bracelets to sweat shirts. Snow White dresses for children are in all the department stores; Snow White toys are all over; Snow White books are crowding the cosmetics out of the drugstores; Snow White songs are on the air, in record sets, selling in thousands of copies as sheet music. There are even Snow White hams and bacons coming on the market. And that's only the beginning. Remember, the film isn't yet four months old. Probably the funniest manifestation of this world craze is that this fantasy has defied its very creator. Walt wanted the characters in the film to die with it. He likes to preserve the personality of Mickey Mouse, his first success. To this day, no matter how busy he may be, he still makes time to be Mickey's voice in all his reels. Walt is fond enough of Donald Duck, too. But Snow White and all her animals and the dwarfs, Dopey, Grumpy, Doc, Sneezy, and the rest of them, he felt should fade away with the film.

But Dopey proceeded to steal the show and come to life. There is already a Dopey dance that some people claim will supersede the Big Apple in popularity. Dopey hats are adorning many a fair lady's head. Dopey's theme song is being whistled about.

THE reason for that probably is that Dopey bridges the gap between the miraculous Disney animals and the as yet unperfected drawing of humans. He is, you see, half fantastic, half human, and in the affections of every one, quite perfect. So, even though he doesn't wish to do it, Walt will probably have to let Dopey live on in other features.

But meanwhile the modest creator of all this sits quietly behind his unpretentious desk, extremely gratified at the reception from the public and the critics alike, but not a bit satisfied with his achievement, looking upon this first feature not as a finished and perfect production but as a very imperfect experiment.

" Making our first feature taught us what we should and should not do in the future," Disney finally said, when urged long enough for a statement. " We faced many difficult technical problems which we could not clear up to our entire satisfaction at the time, but which will be definitely overcome by the time we finish our next full-length production. Naturally we are all extremely gratified by the reception given Snow White, for it shows us conclusively that the public is ready for more animated features."

Which is all he will say about it; but prowling around his studio, talking to his staff, one finds out these things. Walt was working on a second feature even before Snow White was released. If he lost on Snow White, he would lose everything, but he had more faith in the public than to believe that he could fail. Punchinello and Bambi are two stories he has thought a great deal about. He would like to get the rights to The Wizard of Oz, but Paramount owns them and, so far, refuses to sell.

But with the success of Snow White, he decided upon a definite policy of making at least one feature like Snow White yearly, and he will make other experiments in the field of animation. Snow White taught him, for instance, that human beings are much harder to animate than animals because they move so much more slowly. He made over two million separate paintings before he was at all satisfied with the humans in Snow White, and even after the film was running in New York, he was still working on new animation for the Prince. He sent it on, too, and made the theaters use it.

His next definite step will be to put animation to various well known pieces of music. He has long wanted to do things of this order, but until Snow White's success, he and his staff had no precedent upon which to rely. Having taken three years to make Snow White, he feels that that three years' experience will help them make a much better feature in the future.

The musical background of Snow White, for instance, was even more carefully plotted out than the story itself. Each dwarf had his own little musical theme; when all of them were together, the theme always had seven notes. Don't think you cried by any accident when you saw Snow White on her bier. The music was right along, egging you on.

Leopold Stokowski, the conductor, has already recorded the score of Dukas' tone poem, The Sorcerer's Apprentice, and the Disney artists are animating the story, which was originally written by the great German writer Goethe, and which is the ideal Disney blend of supernatural and human.

Meanwhile it isn't a bit impossible that Mr. Gable is feeling a bit chilly for all his sex appeal, and little Miss Temple may have added a gray hair to her golden curls. For the success of Snow White isn't the jolliest thing that could happen to living actors. Let a dozen Snow Whites come along, and the Screen Actors' Guild, the Screen Directors' Guild, and the various labor organizations around the studios may have to look seriously to their laurels. For Mr. Disney has come close to proving that the pen is mightier than the personality of the greatest star.

STILL, the flesh-and-blood actors are safe for a time, due to the other studios having no one who can bring a little fairy story into their home lots. There are, of course, other animators in the business, but only one Disney, so the other studio heads are sitting by, unable to do much except grind their teeth in rage.

Meanwhile Walt makes you think of James Gibbons Huneker's advice to the young man who wanted to write.

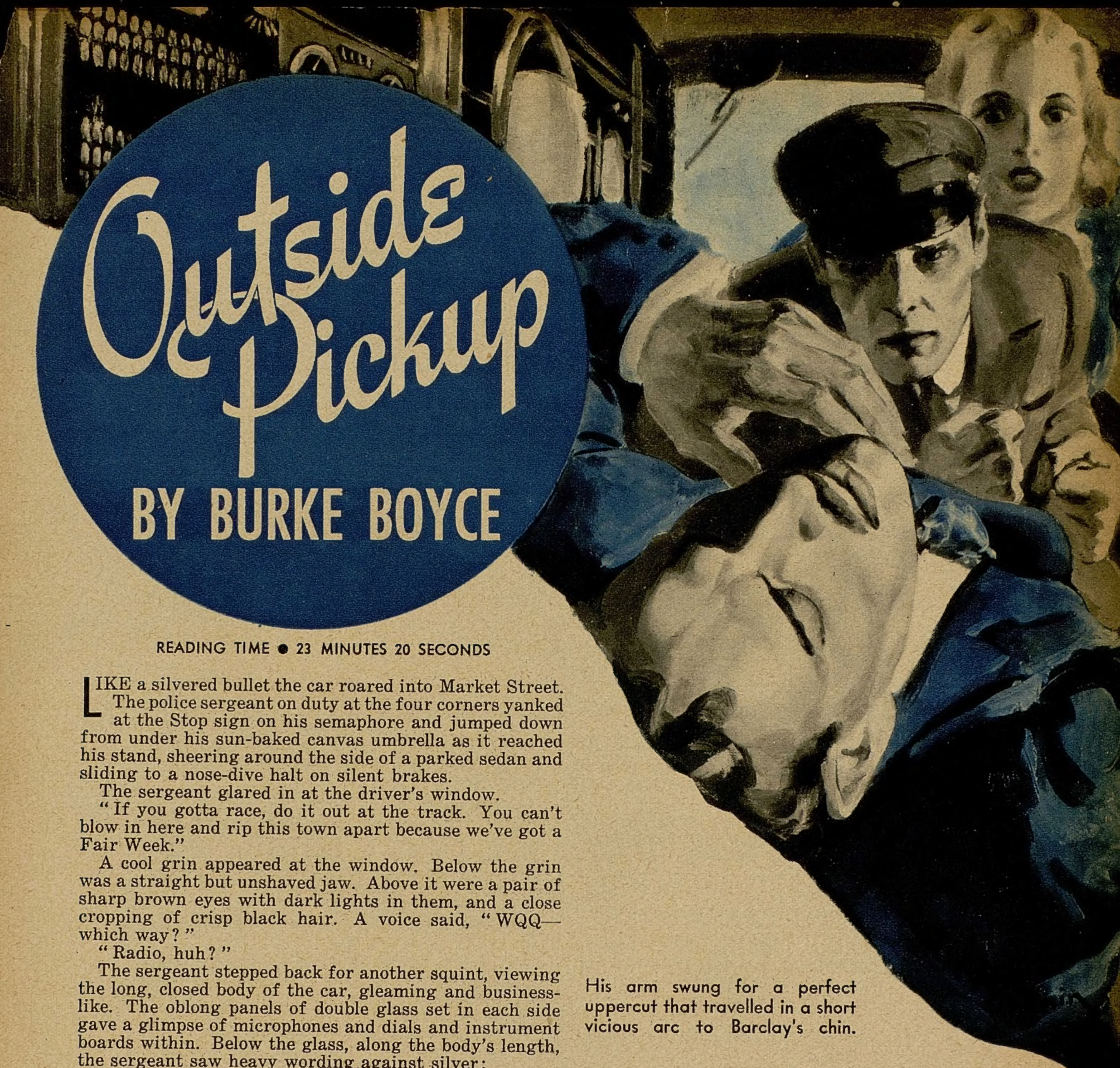
" Don't create potboilers," he said. " Create masterpieces. There's such a big market for masterpieces."

That's what Disney, with the heart of a child and the mind of a great artist, has found out.

THE END

Outside Pickup

BY BURKE BOYCE



His arm swung for a perfect uppercut that travelled in a short vicious arc to Barclay's chin.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

LIKE a silvered bullet the car roared into Market Street. The police sergeant on duty at the four corners yanked at the Stop sign on his semaphore and jumped down from under his sun-baked canvas umbrella as it reached his stand, sheering around the side of a parked sedan and sliding to a nose-dive halt on silent brakes.

The sergeant glared in at the driver's window.

" If you gotta race, do it out at the track. You can't blow in here and rip this town apart because we've got a Fair Week."

A cool grin appeared at the window. Below the grin was a straight but unshaved jaw. Above it were a pair of sharp brown eyes with dark lights in them, and a close cropping of crisp black hair. A voice said, " WQQ—which way? "

" Radio, huh? "

The sergeant stepped back for another squint, viewing the long, closed body of the car, gleaming and businesslike. The oblong panels of double glass set in each side gave a glimpse of microphones and dials and instrument boards within. Below the glass, along the body's length, the sergeant saw heavy wording against silver:

Continental Broadcasting, Inc.—Mobile Unit Number Two. " You the fella that's going to broadcast the race? "

" Thinking about it."

" Keep north on Market Street and turn left at the blinker. And take it easy in this town."

" Thanks."

The driver negotiated the second half of Market Street, parked his car, and climbed stairs. The outer office of Station WQQ, the Voice of the County, was empty, but there was a water cooler with paper cups over in one corner.

He took three strides to reach it. He finished his drink and had wadded the paper cup and chucked it six inches short of a wastebasket when a far door opened and a girl came in.

He didn't pay much attention to her. He said, " Where'll I find T. Lane? "

" What's it about? " she asked.

" Scoop Harrington—Continental. I've brought up the mobile transmitter for the O. P. tomorrow."

" O. P.? "

" Outside pickup."

" Oh, the race. I'm glad you're here." She took a quick step or two toward him. " It will make a fine broadcast. Dave Ryzcski—that's the man who—"

" Yeah, I know," said Scoop. " Some hencoop mechanic hangs up a couple of dust-track records at the county fair and half the country east of the Mississippi thinks he's another Oldfield. The city papers gave us that stuff."

" But tomorrow's race is the last one, and Ryzcski's meeting challengers from all over. He really has smashed most of the records. It's worth network time. That's why WQQ got an exclusive right on it and offered it to Continental."

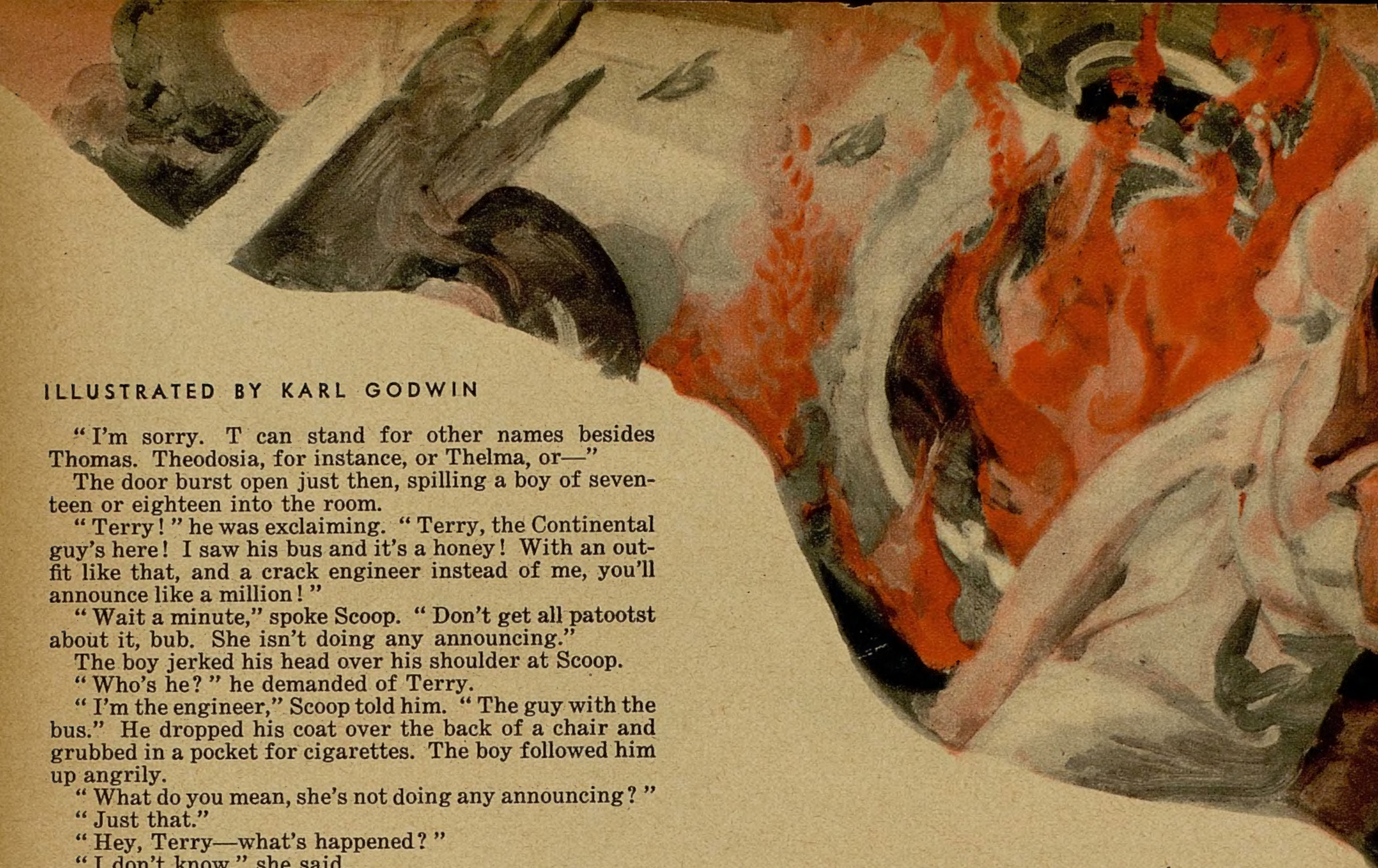
" Yeah, I know that too—so this T. Lane can get on the network air and spill his stuff. He gets a publicity break out of it, and I get a trip to the country. Now, where is he? They told me to contact him."

She lifted her chin and said suddenly, " I'm T. Lane."

She faced him half defiantly, trying not to show what his stare did to her. " Well, why not? "

Scoop slung his second cup at the wastebasket. This time it landed square. " That's a fine note," he said. " You're supposed to be a man."

A pulse-quickening tale of a girl, a microphone, and one day's mad adventure



ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

"I'm sorry. T can stand for other names besides Thomas. Theodosia, for instance, or Thelma, or—"

The door burst open just then, spilling a boy of seventeen or eighteen into the room.

"Terry!" he was exclaiming. "Terry, the Continental guy's here! I saw his bus and it's a honey! With an outfit like that, and a crack engineer instead of me, you'll announce like a million!"

"Wait a minute," spoke Scoop. "Don't get all patootst about it, bub. She isn't doing any announcing."

The boy jerked his head over his shoulder at Scoop.

"Who's he?" he demanded of Terry.

"I'm the engineer," Scoop told him. "The guy with the bus." He dropped his coat over the back of a chair and grubbed in a pocket for cigarettes. The boy followed him up angrily.

"What do you mean, she's not doing any announcing?"

"Just that."

"Hey, Terry—what's happened?"

"I don't know," she said.

Scoop made it clearer: "Continental doesn't like women announcers."

"Oh, doesn't it?" The boy's voice was thick. "She's a woman announcer, and so she's no good. Listen. If you knew half the things Terry's done to make this station—"

"Ken," said Terry.

She glanced down hurriedly, and picked up one of the papers lying on top of the battered desk that, along with the water cooler and a chair or two, was the only piece of furniture in the hot small-windowed room. "Tompkins Dry Goods called this morning and wants a commercial announcement at noon as well as at ten and two. Can you take care of it for me?"

"It's five minutes till noon." Ken shook his yellow head stubbornly. "I can still tell this guy we've got to put this show over, and how we've been counting on it, and what'll happen if you don't—"

"Ken!"

When the door had slammed behind him she turned to Scoop with a wry little smile.

"We'd better start over again. I'm not a man, and that's what makes the difference. Am I right?"

Scoop took time to look at her—small, slender, almost like a child the way she sat behind the square oak desk, except that her eyes were deep and quiet, like a woman's. She had on some sort of a white dress and her hair was close to her head, the color of thin gold over copper. Not bad. Scoop didn't let it bother him, though. He had other things on his mind.

He said, "I won't put a woman announcer on an auto race."

She made a tired movement of her hand. "But there just isn't any one else. Ken Gannett and I are the only people at WQQ."

"I can't help that. Continental doesn't like women announcers. That's out."

"You're willing enough to do business with me as station manager, but you don't think I'm good enough to go on the air."

"If you're asking me," said Scoop Harrington, "no woman is."

He ground out his cigarette in an ash tray on the corner of the desk and reached for his coat. "Now I've got to do something about it. Haven't a Morse wire in this joint, have you?"

"Does it look as if we had?"

"Don't get sore. I'll use the telegraph office in town. It'll be a pleasure to hand that guy Barclay a headache. This was his screwy idea in the first place."

As he reached the door she spoke again: "Please wait."

Scoop stopped, hand on knob.

"You're going to tell them at Continental."

"Sure. Barc'll have to come and run the job."

"Please don't."

Her voice tried to tremble, but she controlled it and went on. "You don't have to. I know what you think, and I can't blame you for thinking it. But please—can't we go ahead as we planned?"

Scoop narrowed his eyes at her. "What are you trying to get at?"

"I'm trying to ask you to let me have a chance."

With a little gesture she motioned to the papers littering her desk, to the bare room, to the far door where the boy's voice came through as a muffled echo, making his noon announcement—"Greetings again from Tompkins, the Store with a Standard. We want you to take advantage of our Fair Week Sale. You'll find—" It was the only sign she gave of the hopeless, defeated heartbreak that was welling up within her. She had fought so long and so gamely, and now, when the end was almost in sight, when she had been so terribly, blissfully sure—

"I promised myself I'd never ask for sympathy. That's what women in business always do sooner or later, and I wasn't going to be like them. I wasn't going to beg for favors, or trade on the fact that I'm—Theresa Lane instead of Thomas."

Scoop didn't say anything. She couldn't tell by his face what he was thinking.

She said, hurrying over the words, "This chance means everything. Please let me go through with it."

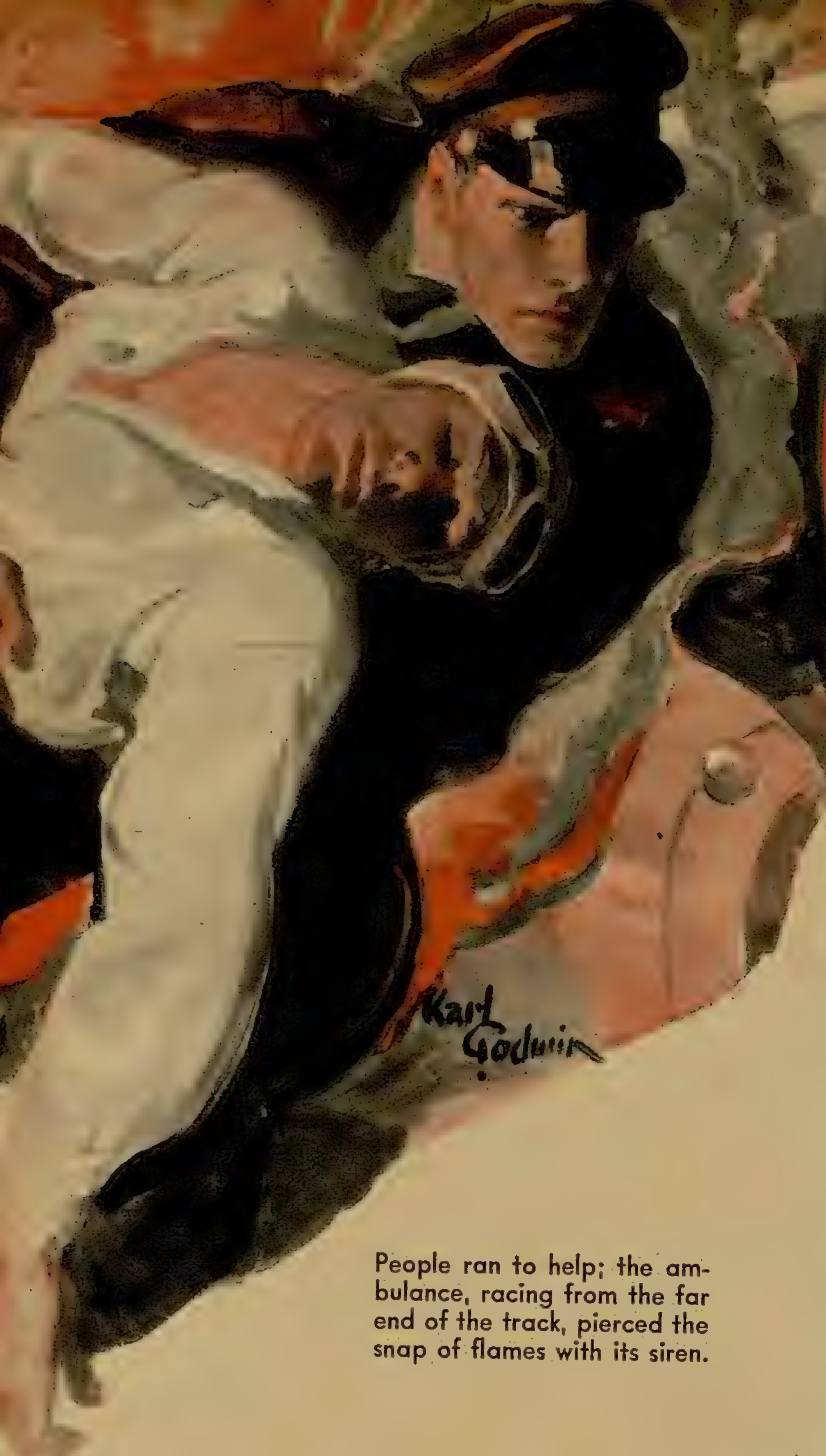
Scoop shrugged. "That's up to Barc when he gets here."

"You're going to send that wire?"

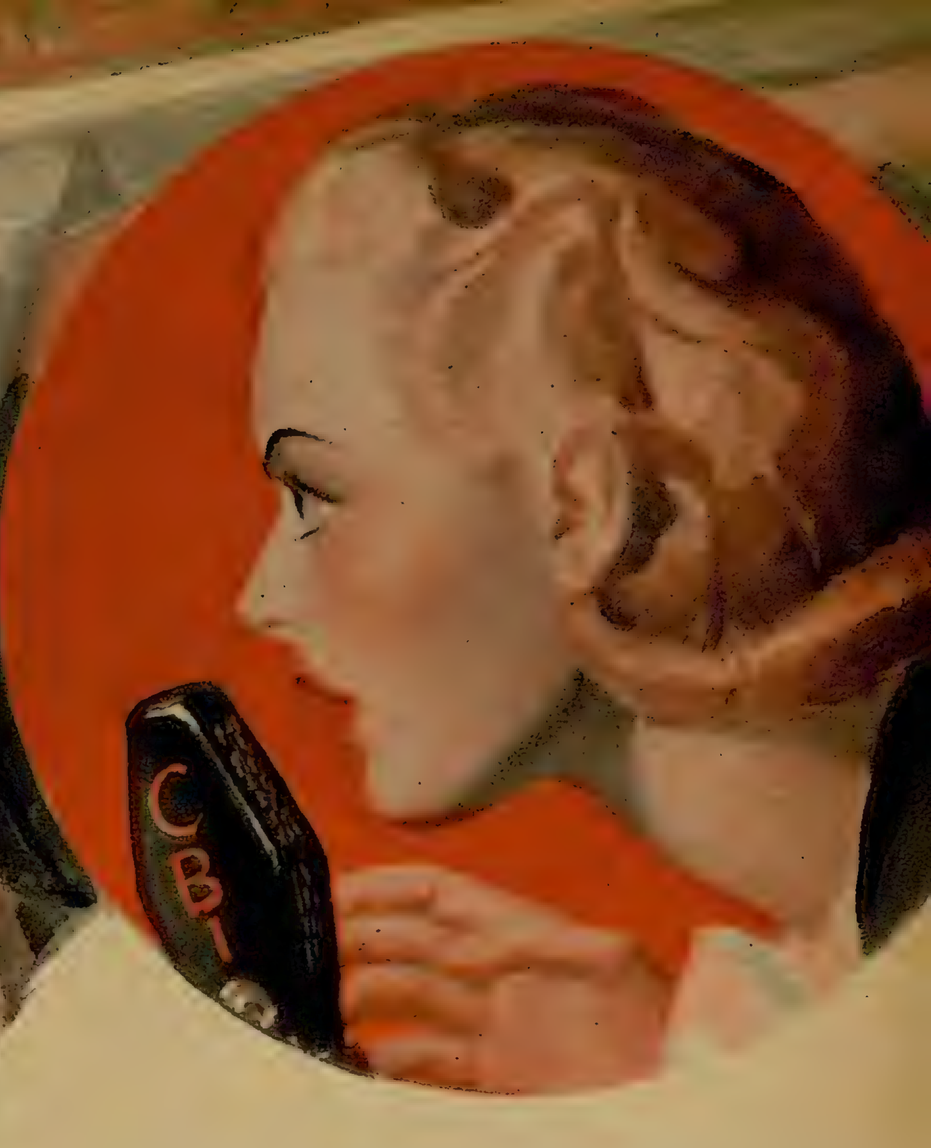
"Yeah."

He thought for a minute she was going to cry, but she didn't. She stood up instead, her fingers white against the top of the big desk, and her shame and rage at having humiliated herself flamed across her cheeks.

"It doesn't mean a thing to you, does it? It doesn't mean a thing to you that for the first time since I've been in this office I've shattered my self-respect by pleading for a little feminine consideration. You can send your



People ran to help; the ambulance, racing from the far end of the track, pierced the snap of flames with its siren.



It was Terry who told about it in swift vivid strokes.

wire, I know that. You can send it, and I can't stop you. But if you do, you needn't ever expect me to—to see or speak to you again!"

For the first time their eyes met squarely. But Scoop only tightened his fingers on the doorknob and hitched his coat higher on his forearm.

"O. K. by me," he said. "Suit yourself."

WALDO BARCLAY arrived in person late that afternoon, and nodded sagely over the situation and a couple of rounds of fortifying drinks in one of the more comfortable rooms of Hattersfield's Riverview Hotel. The assistant director of Special Events for Continental Broadcasting wore an air of having suffered much but of being willing to forgive if a competent man were allowed to take charge.

"This Lane girl," he announced—"of course she's out. Who does she think she is—Husing or McNamee? I'll do the job myself."

"Maybe you will and maybe you won't," said Scoop, squinting into the bottom of his empty glass. "She was smart enough to get an exclusive on the broadcast rights. You had to agree to use a WQQ announcer to get this stunt in the first place, and she may hold you to it. Also, we're using her studio roof for our receiving line."

"That can be fixed." Barclay took carefully shod feet off the washstand, dropping the front legs of his chair to the floor. "The receiving line'll stay as is. She can't afford to back out after the publicity she's had on it. I brought Ted Crocker along to handle the line, and he's over there looking around now. As for those exclusive rights—who's the local Barnum of this hoopla? Or didn't you think to find out?"

"I found out," said Scoop shortly. "He has an office half a block away."

"Leave him to little Waldo. Come on, we'll have parlance with the gent."

Scoop took him over to the office and listened for a while as Barc went to work on a spare little man whose lips twisted hungrily at Barc's picture of the build-up a network announcer could give Hattersfield and the broadcast of its fair. Barc didn't mention what the broadcast might do in the way of a build-up for the announcer, but he took time out to wink at Scoop when the little man spoke of an announcing contract with WQQ.

"Oh, that," said Barc, and got under way again.

After a little, at about the place where he was giving his estimate of the local station's homemade staff, Scoop straightened up.

"You don't need me here," he said. "I'll go check over the transmitter."

On the sidewalk he drew a long breath and drove it out of him again like a man washing his lungs of a bad smell. He turned south along Market Street, not to the garage where the mobile transmitter stood but to the hotel. A little of Barc went a long way.

He was fitting his key to the room door when a voice hailed him. It was the boy from the radio station, coming down the corridor.

Scoop pivoted. "Yeah?"

"That's it," said the boy. "'Oh yeah?' That's all I wanted to say. See how you like it!"

He walked up to Scoop and swung.

The blow took Scoop's jaw at an angle and slammed the back of his head against the doorjamb. The boy knew his boxing, for he followed the left with a hard right to the pit of the stomach. Scoop blocked that one, grunting, and shook his head clear. Dark lights came into his eyes, and he let loose with a straight jab from the shoulder.

He felt his fist smack square against a nose. The boy sat down, his head bobbing, and a smear of red slit the blank surprise of his face before he toppled flat.

Scoop went on unlocking the door of his room, got the boy inside, and cooled him off with a couple of splashes from the water pitcher and a bracer of rye.

He still showed fight, but Scoop put four fingers and a thumb against his chest and sat him back on the bed.

"Listen, bub. I don't mind taking a poke at somebody, but I like to know what it's all about. Suppose you do some talking."

"Suppose you find me another job," the boy challenged.

"Who's fired you?"

"Nobody has to fire me. There won't be anything to fire me from after you get through with Terry and me."

"Make sense," Scoop said.

"There isn't any. If Terry doesn't get on the air for that show tomorrow, we're sunk, that's all."

"I don't get it."

"You don't want her to announce, do you? Maybe you didn't know the way she's been plugging to keep WQQ going since her brother died. She needs sponsors, and the only way she can get 'em is to show 'em she's worth something and put the station on the map again. But you don't give a merry hoot about that. You come along and kick the whole thing in the pants."

"Baloney," said Scoop.

"Baloney nothing. Tompkins is ready to sign up for twice a week, evening time, if we can show him WQQ's got some rating. And he's only one of 'em. That's what the tie-up with Continental was going to give us, till you pulled your act."

"Act my eye. I meant it. Still do."

"You're a louse," said young Gannett furiously. "A first-class low-down louse."

"Yeah," said Scoop.

He got up and went over to the window and stood looking down into the street.

"Why didn't she tell me that stuff about Tompkins herself?"

"Terry's got some pride. Maybe you wouldn't know what that is. But I haven't, and I'm telling you now. My job's mixed up in this."

"Yeah," said Scoop again.

"Come on, be a sport. It's no skin off your nose. Let her handle the race. How about it?"

Scoop kept looking out of the window. Presently he saw Barc striding along the sidewalk below. Barc was walking fast, and when he glanced up and sighted Scoop, he put his arms over his head and shook hands with himself triumphantly. He turned in at the hotel entrance.

Scoop faced around to the boy. "Nothing doing."

HE didn't go over to WQQ with Barc; didn't see either Barc or Crocker after that; and ate his supper alone in a hamburg joint next to the hotel.

He took in a movie and went back to a dark room whose silence was fuzzed with snores. When he sat down to untie his shoes the snores stopped, and Barc spoke from the other bed.

"They're eating out of my hand. The Fair crowd talked to the Lane girl right away. All we let her do is say hello and give greetings from WQQ. Couldn't get around that. But then we take it away from her and do the real show ourselves. Pretty good going for little Waldo. And say—why didn't you tell me she was a nifty?"

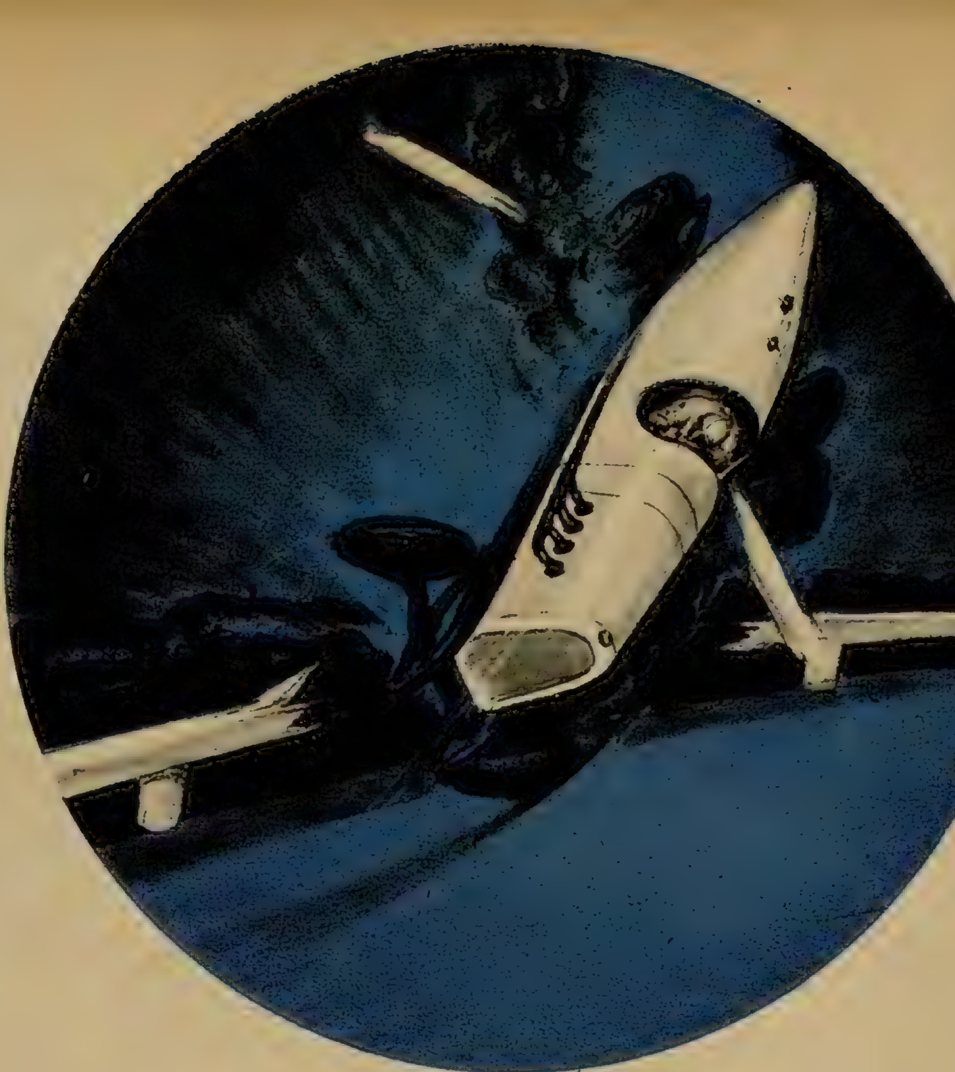
"Is she?" Scoop asked, and was asleep before Barc got through laughing.

The Lane girl was waiting as the mobile transmitter breezed up to the WQQ studio the following morning to drop Crocker off on its way out to the fair grounds. Ken Gannett was with her. Ken was inclined to be surly. Terry merely gave Barc an indifferent nod as he helped her to climb in and made room for her on the leather seat that ran lengthwise along the inner side of the car's body. Scoop she pointedly disregarded.

"I've written out what I'm going to say," she told Barc. "I supposed you'd want to see it."

Barc examined the few lines of typing. "Looks swell to me. A little long, maybe, but seeing as it's you, we'll let you get away with it."

She shook her head, and taking a pencil from her purse crossed out half of the lines. "I'm not asking for any more favors. I learned my lesson about that yesterday."



A blast of noise and a shuddering moan from the crowd.

"What's the matter with yesterday?" Barc wanted to know. Then, as a lurch of the car threw him against the shelf of the control console, "Hey, Scoop—watch it!"

Scoop was slicing his radiator through openings in the traffic like a broken-field runner shaking loose for a touchdown, and a slow red had begun to creep up the back of his neck.

"Slow down, you ape!" Barc snapped. He said to Terry, "It's your talk. Mangle it any way you want to."

Nobody spoke after that until they rolled past parking lots and in at a gate with a canvas banner stretched between overhead posts. Hattersfield Fair, it read, Aug. 22-29. Barc eyed it and reached for a pair of headphones and a breast set.

"I'll contact Crocker on the receiving line. Take us over back of the Midway. We'll put on the WQQ spiel from there."

"The Midway?" Terry protested. "But there's nothing to the Midway. I might at least talk from the track. This is an auto-race broadcast, isn't it?"

"It is after I pick it up. Make it the Midway, Scoop."

Scoop's shoulders bunched as he spun the wheel. "I want to get set," he said. "We'll make it the track."

Ken Gannett, sitting beside him in the front seat, shot him a grateful look. Terry was silent.

Presently they were on the smooth oval of the inside field, close to the finish line and opposite a rapidly filling grandstand. Scoop pulled on the brakes, shut the motor, and got to the stretch. Barc followed him around to the side of the car.

"Who's boss of this show?" he demanded. "Don't you know why I wanted to put her on from the Midway instead of out here?"

"Sure," said Scoop evenly. "Because she wouldn't fall for your line."

He lifted himself into the back of the car, paying no attention to Terry, and went to work.

He switched on the battery that furnished power for the transmitter, made his connections, and spun dials. He set up two channels, using high-frequency wave lengths. One was a communicating channel, for talking to Crocker on top of the WQQ studio building in Hattersfield. The other was the program channel, and would take the program to Crocker's receiving line. The receiving line would take it over telephone wire to Continental. From there it would go out on the regular network wave length.

Scoop's body was big in front of the black instrument console while he plugged in a couple of microphones for himself and Barc. Big, and giving a sense of power under control, like the wires and plugs and gleaming metal he worked with. A headset clamped over his ears, he got Crocker on the communicating channel, ran through a final checkup, and leaned back, wiping sweat from his left cheek with his forearm.

"Let's go, Barc," he said.

By this time the air was drumming with the racing throb of tuning motors. Officials were a knot by the judges' stand, and the break in the fence that led to the inside field had been closed. Ken Gannett turned in the front seat as a ripple of cheers went up.

"That's for Ryzcski," he said. "He's always the first one out on the track."

Barc came ducking through the open doors at the end of the car. "It won't be long now. Tell 'em I want the air."

"She's yours any time," said Scoop. "They're filling in with a studio stand-by till you yell for it."

"Then this," said Barc, "is WQQ's big moment. Take it away."

He sat and watched while Terry unclasped her hands and fingered her announcement paper. Her face had lost its strained, tired edge and was suddenly alive, and fresh, and gay with sparkle. She was like an actress waiting for her cue.

"Ten seconds," said Scoop into the mouthpiece, dropped his headset, reached for the knob of the gain control, and slid one of the mikes a few inches closer to Terry. When he nodded at her, she began.

What she said didn't matter much because it was over so quickly. It was over, and Waldo Barclay had slipped in beside her to carry suavely on in the name of Continental and Waldo Barclay. She could hardly realize it herself. But whatever she might have hoped about a last-minute opening to carry on a little longer, to do or be something in connection with the broadcast that would give importance to WQQ in the eyes of prospective advertisers, it was gone now. Gone as surely as the sudden instinctive spark that had lighted her eyes when she faced the microphone. And there in her place was Waldo Barclay, working himself up professionally to the proper pitch of agitation for the drop of the starter's flag.

Only Ken Gannett gave her any thought. He craned his head back over the front seat to grin at Scoop.

"Swell, wasn't she?"

"Shut up," Scoop grunted.

THEN the line of plummeting cars roared past, down the straightaway, bunching for the turn, going round it in a smother of tawny dust. Terry closed her eyes and heard Barclay follow them with his voice—the back stretch, the far turn, the skidding plunge into the grandstand straightaway again. That would go on for nine more times, and then she could go home.

Her eyes were still closed at the fifth lap when she heard the crash. A long, horrible splintering, a second of silence, then a blast of noise and a shuddering moan from the crowd.

She sat bolt upright and stared at a jagged gash in the fence rail along the far side of the track. The car that had smashed through it was still reeling drunkenly ahead, and as Terry looked it smashed again, this time into a row of flimsy concession stands. A man's shape bounced once, like a bag of sand, and gasoline-soaked flames spattered against wood.

"Oh!" she cried, and stood up, driving her palms together.

Just a moment ago the concession stands had had people in them, locked between walls and counters. Now the stands were a crazy bonfire heap of beams and planking, and the people were still there.

Scoop was on his feet too, ripping the breastset from around his neck and yanking Ken Gannett bodily out of the front seat.

"Move!" he was saying. "I'll need room!"

He put a foot over the back of the seat and started to slide in behind the wheel. Terry read what was in his mind.

"There's a gate beyond the judges' stand. They'll open it if you yell."

Scoop nodded, but Barclay shoved past Terry to collar him.

"You fool!" blazed Barclay. "This is a broadcast!"

"What of it? We're going places."

"The hell we are!" Barclay clawed at Scoop's back. "That mess'll catch like tinder! Stay here and ride gain! You're giving the network dead air!"

His fingers closed on a wad of Scoop's shirt. Scoop whirled with the dark lights dancing in his eyes, and the cloth slit with a hissing sound as his arm swung upward for a perfect uppercut that traveled in a short vicious arc to the point of Barclay's chin. Barc took one step backward and went down in a lump.

Scoop jumped for the driver's seat and the silver car rocketed toward the gate in the fence. They saw him coming but couldn't get it open in time, so Scoop took it in his stride, spilling weathered rails off of both fenders like a porpoise splashing through a wave. He dodged across the track while the racers were rounding out of the back stretch, plunged for the broken gap in the other fence, ran his wheels on to burned grass and dug rubber into the dirt. As he hit the ground with both feet, Terry Lane leaned forward.

"Ride gain for him!" she said to Ken. "I'll feed the network."

And she reached for the microphone.

WHAT happened in the next five minutes made history in Hattersfield and in the studios of Continental. Scoop lifted one man from the smoking wreckage, heaved him into the car, jockeyed the rear end closer to save time, and went after another. People ran in to help, and the ambulance racing from the far end of the track pierced the snap of flames with its siren. But it was Scoop who got them out—four of them altogether, three men and a woman—yanking at the wheel of the car with blistered fingers, swinging it to where he could reach them fast, lifting them into its safety, swinging again. And it was Terry who told about it, clinging in front of a microphone that jerked and plunged crazily over splintered rubbish to a stench of scorching tires, while Ken Gannett put his head on the shelf of the control console and coughed. Told about it with every instinct of a showman, in swift strokes that were vivid and sure and crackled with reality.

Once, just once, Scoop caught her eye as his face flashed past the window to be swallowed up by a cloud of smoke. But if she faltered it was only for a moment. She went on again, picking up where she had broken off, keeping the fear out of her voice, painting the picture for the audience that was a vague, nebulous Something. A Something that was waiting to hear, and had to be told.

Then it was finished and she had signed off, unconscious of time but knowing that some orchestra in a far-away studio, very far away from pain and spurting flame and acrid fumes that stifled, stood ready to pick it up. "This is Terry Lane of Station WQQ—saying good-by."

While people were being lifted from the car to an ambulance, Scoop Harrington came and looked at her.

She heard his two words—"Good girl!"—and saw how he reached out an arm. At the top of the arm was a shoulder. There was blood on it, and it smelled of the smoke that was beginning to make her sick, but it was a shoulder.

Ken Gannett had found time to pick up the earphones. He coughed again and put them down. "Boy, you ought to hear Crocker back in Hattersfield! Continental's gone nuts, he says! They want Terry's photo and her life story and they want to know when they can see her!"

"They'll see her," Scoop assured him. "Plenty. But tell 'em I saw her first. They'll have to wait awhile."

A leg stirred feebly under his feet.

"Hello," said Scoop. "Barc's coming around at last."

Terry looked at the smear that had been transferred from Scoop's grimy shoulder to her once spotless frock.

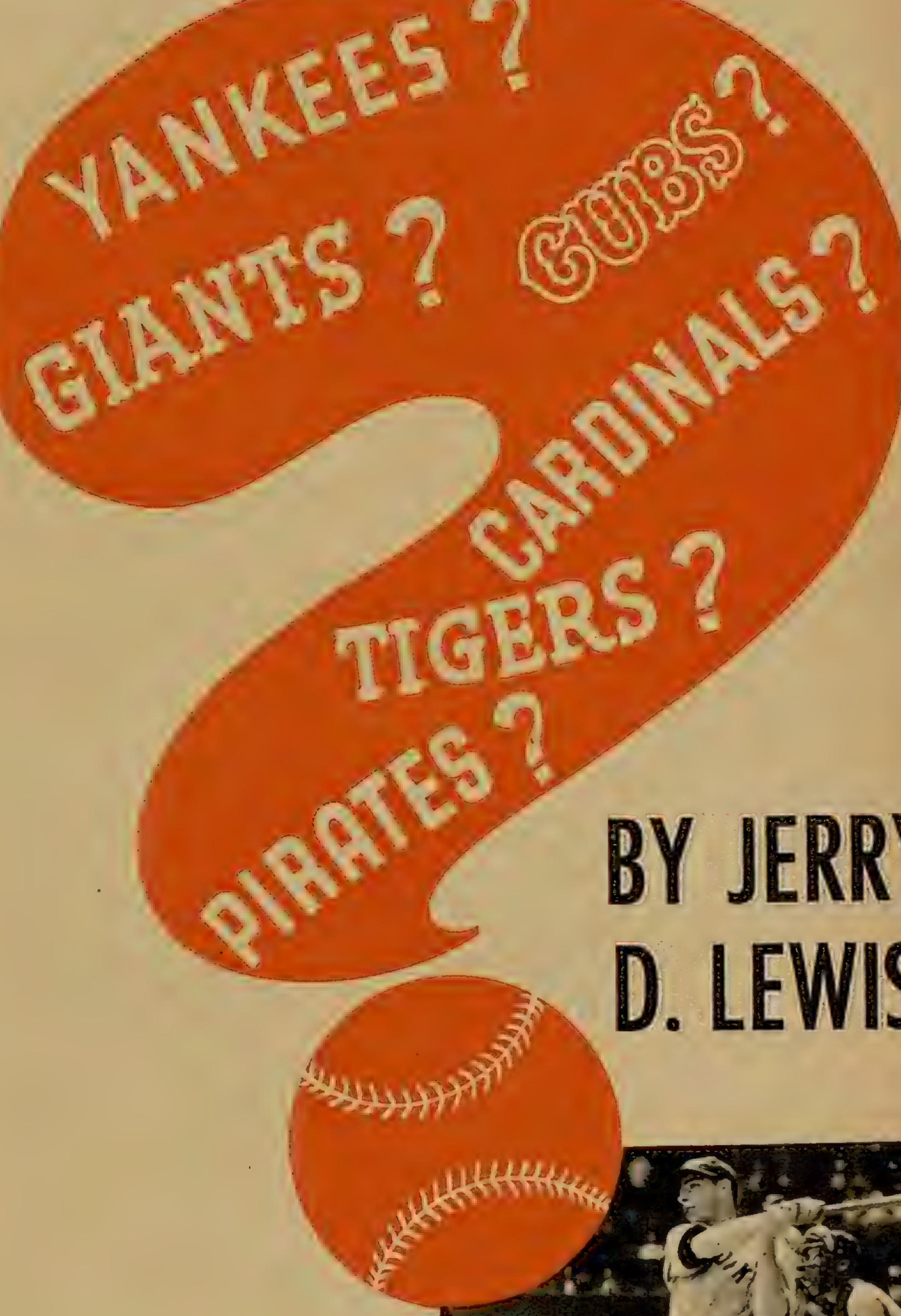
"Why not?" she murmured. "I have you."

THE END

Which Teams Will Win the Pennant

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
1. CHICAGO CUBS	1. NEW YORK YANKEES
2. NEW YORK GIANTS	2. DETROIT TIGERS
3. ST. LOUIS CARDINALS	3. CLEVELAND INDIANS
4. PITTSBURGH PIRATES	4. CHICAGO WHITE SOX
5. CINCINNATI REDS	5. BOSTON RED SOX
6. BOSTON BEES	6. WASHINGTON SENATORS
7. BROOKLYN DODGERS	7. PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS
8. PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES	8. ST. LOUIS BROWNS


YANKEES ?
GIANTS ?
CUBS?
CARDINALS?
TIGERS ?
PIRATES ?

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

NEXT October, when the two major-league pennant winners meet in the World Series, which teams will have survived the five-and-a-half-month struggle? No one person has the answer. Every expert has his personal opinion. Liberty, therefore, canvassed the five hundred leading baseball writers in the nation, and combed through their selection to give you this consensus.

There was quite a difference in the ballots. Some saw the Yankees and the Giants meeting for the third consecutive series. Others fancied the Detroit Tigers and the St. Louis Cardinals as the 1938 flag winners. And there were those who saw the Cleveland Indians meeting the Chicago Cubs next fall.

The combined choices, though, were the New York Yankees and the Chicago Cubs.

Last year's champions received 83 per cent of all the votes cast for first place, and received no vote lower than third.

Davis J. Walsh, sports editor of the International News Service, was the most outspoken of those picking the Stadium sluggers. He wrote:

"I'm picking the Yankees to repeat for a number of reasons. They spread-eagled the league last year, and could have won the pennant by twenty-five games if Manager McCarthy hadn't eased up after the flag was cinched.

"The Yankee outfield of George Selkirk, Myril Hoag, and Joe DiMaggio is without question the best in baseball. Bill Dickey is as good a catcher as there is in either league. Burnin' Vernon Gomez, Charlie Ruffing, and Monte Pearson all finished at or near the top of the league's earned-run averages. With the power the Yankees have, you don't need four Hubbells. All Joe McCarthy has to do is call a meeting of the team on opening day, tell the boys what time the games start each afternoon, and go back home to Buffalo until the World Series."

Roscoe McGowen, of the New York Times, picked the Yankees, too. He said: "The Greeks had a word for those who don't pick the Yankees, and Matteawan has lovely padded cells for them."

A lot of the experts picked the Detroit Tigers to finish in front of the Yankees. Among them was George Kirksey, ace baseball writer for the United Press, who wrote:

"I'm sorry, but I can't make the jump on to the Yankee bandwagon. I don't know whether the good luck the Yankees have had for two years and the tough breaks the Tigers have had over the same period will continue.

"I do know that in Charlie Gehringer, Hank Greenberg, and Rudy York they have a power triumvirate as devastating as any the Yankees can put forward. I do know, too, that the Tigers have five good pitchers in Tommy Bridges, Roxie Lawson, Elden Auker, Schoolboy Rowe, and Vernon Kennedy.

"Last year the Tigers outhit the Yankees by nine points as a team, but their pitching collapsed when Mickey Cochrane was injured. This year, with Kennedy added to the pitching staff, and with Rudy York a better catcher than he was last year, the Tigers ought to win the American League pennant as easily as America wins the yacht races."

Slugging Joe DiMaggio, who carri
no small part of 1938 Yankee hope

Harry Grayson, sports editor of the NEA, is the leader of the contingent which picks the Cleveland Indians to enter the World Series.

The intrepid Mr. Grayson's reasons for picking the Indians are: (*a*) Oscar Albert Vitt is the best manager the Tribe has had in years. He will break up the cliques on the team, if he has to trade every one, including the groundkeeper. (*b*) Johnny Allen and Bobby Feller are better pitchers now than they have ever been. Allen has learned to control his temper, and Feller his fast ball. They should win forty-five games between them, and, barring injuries, the rest of the staff (Mel Harder, Denny Galehouse, Earl Whitehill, Al Milnar, and Johnny Humphries) should be able to bag the other fifty-five wins. And a hundred victories should win the pennant in '38.

Four per cent of the boys picked Jimmy Dykes' Chicago White Sox. Among them were Burton Hawkins of the

This Year?

Washington Star, J. Herbert Good of the Philadelphia Record, Kevin Jones of the New York Daily News, and Lewis Walter of the Detroit Free Press.

Their reasons were: "The White Sox have needed a slugging outfielder and a good third baseman for years, and Jimmy Dykes got both of them from the Tigers for a pitcher (Vernon Kennedy), plus an outfielder (Dixie Walker) who hit .302, thirty-four points less than the outfielder who came to the Sox. (Gerald Walker was the outfielder and Marvin Owen the third baseman who were traded to Chicago.)

"The only way Dykes could have gotten any more out of the trade would have been to have Cochrane include a mortgage on the Detroit ball park."

One brave soul, Mike Gaven of the Newark Star-Eagle, put the Boston Red Sox on top of the American League standings; but, in spite of Mike's optimism, the consensus shows Joe Cronin's Million-Dollar Babies finishing fifth, with the Washington Senators, Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, and the St. Louis Browns expected to bring up the rear in that order.

Over in Mr. Ford Frick's National League the experts figure the race to be closer than the American League campaign, since there is no standout team like the Yankees to strangle the opposition. The majority pick Charlie Grimm's Chicago Cubs to wind up in front.

The three loudest voices out of the 51 per cent for the Cubs come from Tommy Laird of the San Francisco News, Wilbur Kinley of the Chattanooga News, and Gene Ward of the New York Daily News. The last-named argues:

"Last year the Cubs were the best team in the National League until Jimmy (Rip) Collins broke his leg. At that time they held a seven-game lead over the Giants; but, with Collins out, the Cubs got that "old feeling" and the Giants sneaked home. Others on the Cubs who were injured last year were Clay Bryant, Tex Carleton, Curt Davis, Larry French, Gabby Hartnett, Billy Jurges, and Joe Marty. No team figures to run into anything like that two years in a row.

The world champion New York Yankees, heavy favorites to repeat their victories of the past two seasons.

The Giants, runner-up in the last two World Series—also second choice of the "experts" for this year.

"The Cubs haven't got as many stars as either the Giants or the Cardinals, but they are the best balanced club in the league, and a run scored by Herman's double and Hartnett's single is just as good as a run scored by one of Joe Medwick's 350-feet home runs."

Despite them harsh words, 24 per cent of the experts picked the Giants to repeat. J. Roy Stockton of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, Ed Cochrane of the Chicago American, Wilbur Wood of the New York Sun, and Paul Mickelson of the Associated Press were among those who spoke up in favor of Terry's lads.

Mickelson wrote: "I think the Cubs have a very fine ball team, but I'm picking the Giants because they know that Terry manages them, while it may be July 4 before the Cubs find out whether Charlie Grimm, Gabby Hartnett, or Tony Lazzeri is managing them.

"Then, Carl Hubbell, Cliff Melton, Hal Schumacher, Harry Gumbert, and Clydell Castleman form a pitching staff that outnumbers and outclasses all the others. And I have a distinct hunch that Hank Leiber and Mel Ott will break their bad-luck streak.

"Jimmy Ripple and Joe Moore are both too steady to comment about, and the same goes for Bartell and Whitehead. Harry Danning should pass Todd, Lopez, and Hartnett to be the league's number one backstop. I honestly can't see any other club in the league."

At this point the 20 per cent who picked the St. Louis Cardinals clamor to be heard. Spokesman Bill Corum, the New York Journal and American's sports columnist, says:

"I wish getting my first million was as easy as picking the winner of the 1938 National League pennant race. If the Cardinals don't win, there should be a Congressional investigation.

"The Yankees talk about power with DiMaggio, Gehrig, and Dickey. The Cardinals' trio of Joe Medwick, Johnny Mize, and Don Padgett outhit them by a combined average of eleven points last year. In addition, the Cards have a young man coming up from Columbus named Enos Slaughter who hits everything but the manager, which will be a novelty on the Cardinals, at that.

"Dean, Lon Warnecke, and Bob Weiland are three fine pitchers. Dean has learned the lesson that temperament is appreciated only when you're a winner, and that should make him more valuable than he's ever been.

"The Red Birds have power, pitching, fielding, and speed. If you need anything else to win in baseball, then the teams I've been watching must have been hiding it."

Five per cent cast their ballots for the Pittsburgh Pirates, and among them were Lester Biederman of the Pittsburgh Press, and J. Ed Wray, sports editor of the St. Louis Post Dispatch. Their reasons were:

"Pie Traynor has a good pitching staff in Russ Bauers, Cy Blanton, Ed Brandt, Mace Brown, Marvin Duke (who won twenty-one games for Montreal last year), and Bill Swift. Al Todd last year was a great catcher, and he should be able to hold his form through 1938. Johnny Rizzo, who hit .358 last year for Columbus, joins the Waners in the Pirate outfield, and Pie should have more power than even the Cardinals can muster."

The best the consensus can see for Cincinnati is fifth place. The Boston Bees were assigned sixth place. The hapless Brooklyn Dodgers and the Phutile Philadelphia Phillies will probably finish seventh and eighth, respectively. O. K.—play ball!

THE END

How the *Oxford Group*

For the world to know! Here is an inside view of a much-debated new way of facing a vital question

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ONE of the most important problems of the day, as witness magazine and newspaper stories, is that of sex. How is this problem to be solved? How should it be approached? Sociologists, educationists, penologists, psychiatrists, parents, individuals, all are concerned with it. So is the Oxford Group. Not to be would be to ignore one of man's greatest needs, fail thousands who desire an integrated life, forswear its purpose of changing men and so the world.

In this as in other things, the Group has an approach of its own. Second among the four absolutes which they ask men to practice, they list "absolute purity." They place it with honesty, unselfishness, and love.

Absolute purity? What is it? The Group does not tell you. No definition. Each man knows for himself when he has sinned against it. This is the Group way. From the inside out it bids you grow. Once you strive to practice an absolute, understanding of it comes to you, knowledge of how and where you have failed to practice it. Theirs not to set a pattern for you. The pattern develops as you act in accordance with these absolutes.

But, before you start on your practice of these absolutes, it is the Group's way to acknowledge your transgressions, and ask to be relieved of them. Not that there was anything new in this. Long before psychology came to give it scientific benediction, men in many religions had realized the efficacy of confessing sins in order to be free of them. A great church has made this one of its sacraments. "Confess your faults one to another," wrote St. James in his Epistle, ". . . that ye may be healed." The Group's provision for such confession is simple.

A woman sat in my living room. "I liked your Oxford Group article in Liberty," she said. "I think you have something. But I could never be one of you."

"Why not?" I asked.

"As I understand it, I would have to confess the truth about myself. I would have to tell how I feel about a certain man—not my husband. I wish it were not so. I am ashamed—unhappy; but there it is." And she told me slowly, but fully, how it was. "I could never bring myself to tell that," she ended.

"Yet what have you been doing," I asked, "but telling me?"

"Yes, you; but to tell others—"

"There need be no other if you do not want it."

"I thought I would have to tell it in public. Talk it over with strangers."

"Not at all. That would not help you or others."

"And that is all there is to it?"

"Not all," I said. "With it must go the desire to get rid of it, a prayer to God to take it away from you."

"Sharing," the Group calls this. "Sharing," because it describes what is done, as when Alexander Pope wrote: "*Share* thy pain, allow that sad relief." You ask another to listen in order that you may be liberated. And strangely enough, the telling does liberate.

Since what is told at these sharings is, of course, an inviolate confidence, it is impossible, even if one would, to give instances of sex problems which have thus been solved. Only in the most general way would they be referred to, and then only to help others.

As one selects, himself, the physician to whom he goes in illness, so one selects his own confidant: a man, another man; a woman, another woman. Perhaps it is the person who brought him to desire a new life. Perhaps some one else who he thinks could understand him better or help him more.

There is no formula. It is only a straightforward talk. The only requisites are complete honesty and a determination to begin a new life.

Take the story of this woman:

I knew her as a buxom, shapeless blonde housekeeper, yet a woman with unusual poise and power. She had been, she told me, a human derelict. Once the wife of a prosperous engineer, she had, after his death, taken to gin to forget her sorrow. She lost position after position. Her family disowned her. At last she became a woman of the streets. One night, at a New York shelter house, she heard about Calvary House and the Oxford Group. In despair, she went there. A woman in the Group listened to her story. She had been brought up a religious girl. But she had long before turned against religion. The very word "God" made her antagonistic.

When she had finished, the woman said: "Your trouble is not the drink or sex. They are merely the result. Your sins are those of an ego which, because it could not have what it wanted, took refuge in drink. The sex trouble is the result of that. Get rid of your resentment against God because of your husband's death, and the rest will go." No shock at what she had become. No discussion of details. A straight, clear statement.

The dipsomaniac knew that the woman had been right. She knelt down and prayed—prayed that God would take away this resentment, take over her life. That was six years ago. She has never taken a drink since.

When I asked her what she thought had brought about this change, she said: "God, of course; the God who

Deals With *Sex Problems*

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

is never shocked, only sorry. But what made me turn to Him was this woman's making me see myself as I was, and so turning my mind from the results to causes."

That such a sharing of sins is a mental and moral catharsis of one's personality, or psyche, or soul—whatever one calls it—should be evident to any one with even the sketchiest knowledge of psychology. But the approach of the Oxford Group, as I studied it, seemed to have other advantages. Purity, it must be remembered, is only one of the four absolutes. There are also honesty, unselfishness, and love. For one person who has sinned against purity, there will be hundreds, if not thousands, whose lives have been spoiled through hate, dishonesty, pride, vanity, selfishness. When we face our lives up, pencil in hand, and measure our acts against these values, we realize ourselves for what we are. Once we do that, there is little room for self-righteousness or scorn of those with other temptations than our own. We understand the meaning of that cryptic sentence: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." The effect of this is that we cease to overemphasize sins against purity.

Sharing, the informal practice of confessing one's faults to an understanding person, may take place wherever two persons get together.

There are other like sins to be faced and shared and put behind one. Those who have been afflicted with sex problems no longer feel self-conscious about them. They cease to intrigue the imagination. It is no accident that they are not a matter for Group discussion. Such an attitude serves to eliminate it.

"Sharing"—whether of sex problems or others—is not to be confused with the personal experiences reported at Group meetings. "Sharing" is to seek healing for oneself. The reports at these meetings are to bring others to seek this healing. Past sins are referred to only to emphasize the cure.

Sometimes the sins reported by the speaker may not even seem sins to the hearer—as this, by a mother:

"I thought I lived a fairly sinless life. Although I often got irritable, that I excused because I sometimes overdid, because I was trying to direct the lives of my children. It was a shock to find that my great sin was that I was a possessive mother. Finally I surrendered my life to God for His direction. But I still lay awake nights with my door open until I heard my children, who were grown, come in. Then, one night, I deliberately got up and closed it. 'If God can take care of me, He can take care of my children, and He doesn't need me to check up on Him.'"

Each such "witness" is a tiny picture, briefly sketched, of why the speaker needed what the Group offers, and what it did for him. Simple stories they usually are, with nothing spectacular and nothing intimate about them. And the moral of each is the same: that it is by beginning with oneself—not the other fellow—that one finds answers to problems. That is why the witness form of talk is necessary. It is not what we think one ought to do, but what we have done, that counts.

As one woman put it:

"When I met this Group, I was contributing to the evil in the world. I had lost my husband six months before and looked forward to an old age of loneliness. It was through surrendering to God my self-centeredness that I began to have a vision of what my town would be like were the newspapers, ministers, politicians, and business men living this spiritual quality of life. I began to put this into effect through people in these areas with whom God had put me in touch."

SOMETIMES the "witness" refers to her sins that she may sound a challenge to others, as did the young Vassar graduate who said: "My sin was one of America's sins; I was too soft with myself. I preferred night clubs to hard work. The quality of a nation's life will not rise above the quality of its womanhood. I feel the destiny of America is not ease, it is greatness. The ultimate choice is not up to God, it's up to each one of us individually."

In the same way, with no more emphasis on details, might one who has had a sex problem mention it. In my two years' attendance at house parties and meetings, I have heard only two persons refer to a sex problem. In each case the speaker, a man said only that through the Group [illegible] had come to a new practice of faithfulness in marriage.

Such a public reference to sex problems is in line with the Group's attitude toward them. In any effort to change people and the world, they must be recognized. But the problems themselves are problems of individuals, to be solved only as individuals face their own up and acknowledge them for what they are to some one in whose understanding they can trust. To me this is a sound and healthy approach, not only making available to thousands freedom and release from what has kept them unhappy and morally sick, but also, by so much as it helps these individuals, serving to solve a problem for society whose seriousness no intelligent person can deny.

THE END

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHEN AN ASTROLOGER RULED THE WHITE HOUSE

BY MADAME MARCIA

I WAS lying on the President's bed in the White House bedchamber of the President of the United States. His wife, the First Lady, was lying in her own bed beside me. She wore a white Philippine-embroidered nightgown, with a pink silk negligee over it, and pink mules on her feet—but, for all her finery, she looked worried and drawn and suddenly old.

I'll not identify her now—there will be time for that later in the story—except to say that she and her husband were *not* the present occupants of the Executive Mansion.

We were both too tired to talk, or even to stand. I had just finished one of my most exhausting clairvoyant readings. She had heard terrifying things about her husband.

But that inner consciousness of mine, which has enabled me, Warwick-like, to be a President-maker and a President-ruler, was not stilled. As my eyes swept that ornate room I thought:

How strange that I, Marcia, should be lying here! I had come a long way since I sat in "Little Olive's Gypsy Camp" at Coney Island, with a black wig over my blonde hair, reading palms.

Now I had senators and Cabinet members and congressmen and judges, bankers, lobbyists, diplomats, and heads of great corporations coming to my home on R Street to beg for astrological readings and clairvoyant guidance.

For a quarter of a century I, Marcia, had been the hub of the wheel of our national government—and now, through this woman who was lying beside me, this woman who was the power behind the throne of her husband's administration, I ruled a nation of 120,000,000 people.

It is not for me to say that this last statement was literally true. The nation was showing signs of getting out of hand. Perhaps no mortal astrologer, even working through the President of the United States, could rule it. But all my other thoughts could be easily proved.

I *had* come a long way, and I certainly *was* the hub around which the national government revolved.

When I remember my childhood I don't see how it could have happened. My father was an Englishman, cultured and refined. All the education I had I received from him—reading, writing, and arithmetic up to long division—but he wasn't around much. He had real gypsy blood in his veins. He would disappear for long intervals and leave mother and me to shift for ourselves.

Downstairs, in the cheap tenement house where we lived, there was a dirty old woman who looked like a witch. Mother, born in Lubec, Maine, on a farm, the daughter of a shipbuilder, told me not to have anything to do with her; but the old woman gave me pennies for running errands for her, and we soon became friends. One day she sent me out for a pack of cards. I had never seen such things. Mother wouldn't allow them in the house.

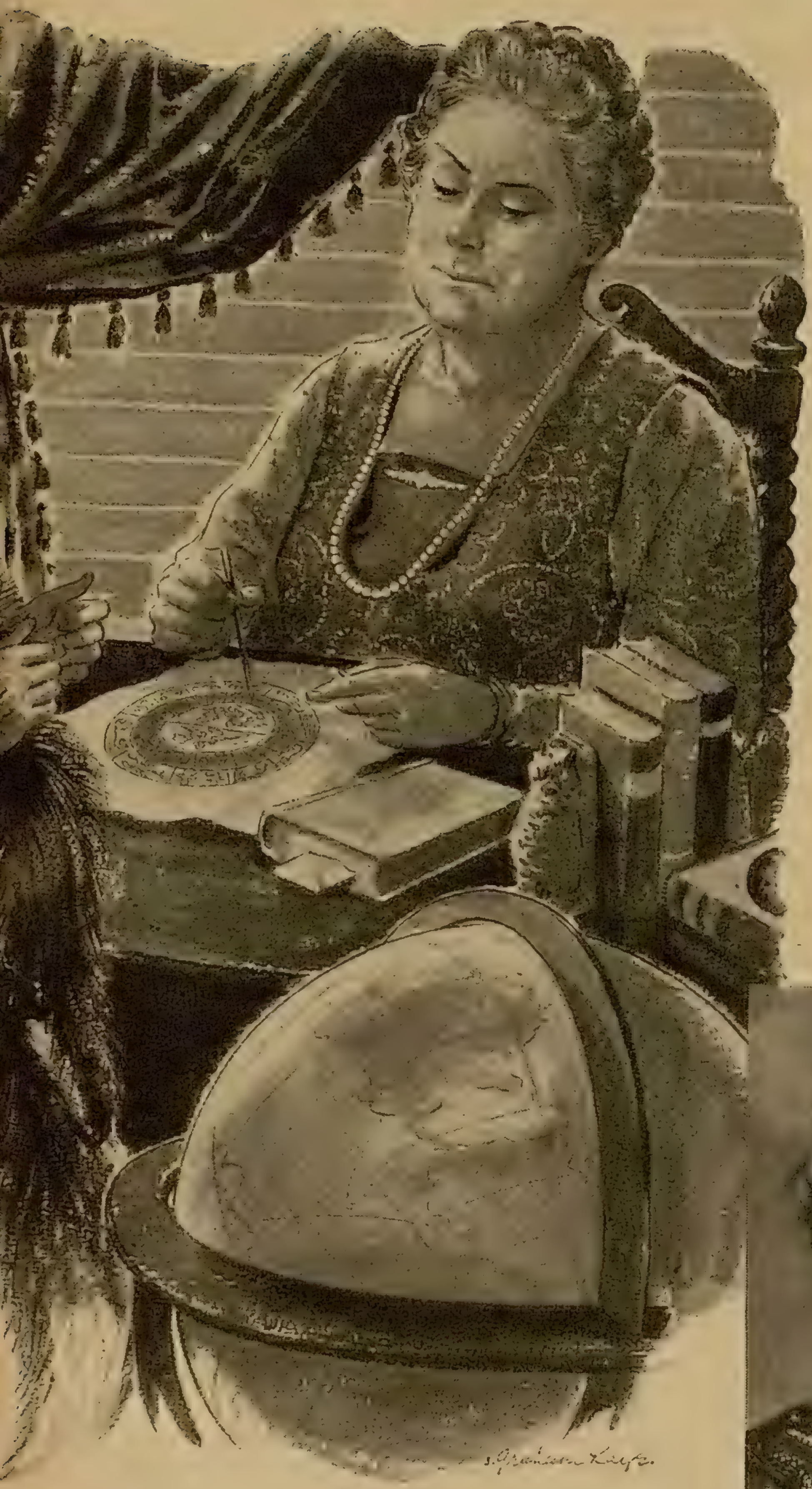
"What do you do with them?" I asked.

"Tell fortunes. Some day I'll tell yours." And she did, and told me I would be famous and walk with the great.

I thought she *was* a witch then. I was enthralled. Long, furtive hours I sat in a corner of her dirty parlor while she told people's fortunes with cards and tea leaves. I knew I had clairvoyant powers even then, for, child though I was, I could tell those people things that the witch couldn't tell them. As I listened to her I knew that I could do as she was doing, and better. From those days, I've hated the name "fortuneteller" as applied to true occultism. It always reminds me of people like this old woman.

When I was eleven I sold newspapers on the streets in Brooklyn. At fourteen, I predicted the assassination of President Garfield. At sixteen, I ran away from home with a theatrical troupe called the Frank Deshon Opera Company. I was pretty then, very blonde, with a figure that looked well in tights. At East Saginaw, Michigan, we picked up a new girl for the chorus. Her name was Marie Dressler. Marie and I roomed together for six

A woman's astounding story of things behind the scenes during Washington's strangest years—Is it beyond belief?



Her eyes widened. "Oh, but—why? How do you know that?" "It is written in the stars. Look." I pointed to the chart.

years. What fun we had, and what fights! That was the happiest period of my life.

Then I married a young doctor named Horace Marion Champney. His people, who were very exclusive, didn't think much of his marrying an ex-chorus girl. We had two children right away, a boy the first year, a girl the next. My husband had no practice. We lived, I don't know how, on a ten-dollar-a-week allowance his family gave him. Two days before Thanksgiving, he went out to collect a bill, saying that on his return we would go out and buy a turkey. He never came back.

Mother and I had a difficult time supporting those two babies. Finally I obtained employment in a millinery shop. I began reading the girls' palms and cards. One of them insisted I should make my living that way. She took me down to Coney Island to see Gypsy Olive, who engaged me and mother and the babies too. Mother helped with the camp cooking, and my two beautiful blond children, dressed in gypsy costumes, became a great asset to the camp. The customers were sure they were stolen!

Gypsy Marcia—that's what they called me—did very well at the camp. She gave better readings than the other girls because of her powers of prescience. Customers began to ask for her. The next year I was able to establish my own business. One day I came across an old copy of Dr. Janes' Vermifuge Almanac. On the cover was the Great Man of the Zodiac. I had long yearned for something higher and finer than palmistry and card reading. I turned with enthusiasm to the study of astrology—and without help mastered this great science.

I never dreamed then that some day a prominent publisher would walk into my place and offer me $50,000 for my astrological files. That was during the oil scandals of some years ago. He thought I knew what had become of the four oil leases which so mysteriously disappeared —and I did; I'll tell you about that later. But I didn't sell my files, even for $50,000, although I knew then, from studying my own chart, that I should be in my old age what I am today—penniless.

BUT to get back to the woman on the White House bed. I would not expect you to believe what I am about to tell you if my influence on her career and that of her husband had not become so well known that it precipitated a Congressional investigation into the Washington activities of astrologers, seers, soothsayers, palmists, psychics, and other "fortunetellers."

Mr. Houdini came down from New York and offered a reward of $10,000—and he put the money right on the table!—to any one who would show that we could do by occult means anything that he couldn't do by magic. Such a large sum of money naturally drew many witnesses.

"I went to a psychic," one woman testified, "whom I had never seen before, and who couldn't possibly know me, and she told me my name and address and my husband's business and many other personal things that no magician would be able to tell me."

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MADAME MARCIA

"I accept that challenge!" shouted Houdini, who was standing at the back of the committee room.

Pushing everybody before him, the great magician fought his way down the crowded aisle. Once he slipped and fell, but kept on until he reached the woman witness.

"Your name," he said, "is So-and-So, your address is So-and-So, your husband's business is So-and-So."

The crowd broke into cheers. The amazed and discomfited woman disappeared in the throng. Houdini kept his $10,000; and, in the eyes of the committee, occultism was forever discredited.

But what had Mr. Houdini proved? Afterward, when he had succeeded in getting our license fees set at what was believed to be the prohibitory sum of $250 a year, he confessed gleefully how he had performed his magic trick. He had had six men stationed in that committee room whose business it was to know the vital facts about every person who attended those hearings.

And how did he get the information from these spies? Simply by staging that fall in front of them in the aisle and listening to their whispers as they crowded around him and helped him to his feet.

The first year this $250 license fee was in effect I paid it. But no one working legitimately could pay that sum and live decently. Any one, legally, could become an ordained minister of the Spiritualistic Church. I joined the church for three dollars church dues for a year, and received a certificate of ordination which entitled me to marry, christen, bury, also carry on religious services.

At the close of the committee hearing in the caucus room, I said, "You're a smart man, Mr. Houdini. But perhaps I can tell you something you don't know."

"What's that, Madame Marcia?" he asked genially.

"When November comes around and the license is due, you won't be here."

"How's that?" he grinned incredulously.

"You'll be dead," I said.

As all the world knows, Harry Houdini died in a Detroit hospital at that time.

IF you do not believe in astrology I don't expect you to believe what I have just written, although many heard me make the prediction. I revive these incidents of the McLeod Investigation simply to show that the part which I, Marcia, played in the life of the national capital is a matter of official investigation and record.

Did I say "played"?

I haven't gone yet, and neither has my influence. As I write these words, I am lying on quite another bed in quite another place—a hospital—crippled by an operation. On my head is an ice pack. I am never free from pain. It was written in my chart that it should be so. But my mind is as keen as it ever was, my powers of divination even keener.

One day not long ago, while I was sitting at my table, a well dressed, poised, and extremely forceful gentleman, who had refused to give his name, was ushered in. I motioned him to a seat opposite me.

"You want a horoscope reading?" Before he could speak I replied for him: "No, you don't. You are here for some definite purpose. Am I right?"

"Y-yes," he began; "I—"

"Don't tell me! Let me see if I can tell you."

I went into clairvoyance. . . .

What do I mean by that? Well, I don't pretend to explain the phenomenon of clairvoyance; but I know that I have had the power, as long as I can remember, of throwing my mind into an infinity where there is neither time nor space. I close my eyes and turn all my thoughts within. I become oblivious of externals. I see things as they really are. That is what I was doing now.

"You are an investigator," I said. "You are searching for a man. You cannot find this man. You are baffled. You come to me, as a last resort. All right—"

Pictures began to unfold before my inner vision—pictures at first foggy, obscure—pictures of fugitives, outlaws, enemies of society—until one figure took shape, stood out clearly, unmistakably. Scarcely conscious of what I was saying, I began describing this figure.

"Yes, yes!" my client said. "That's the man!"

Little by little, I told the surroundings in which I found this wanted person. I located the very place. My client could hardly wait to get to a telephone. In less than a week there was an arrest. Over the radio I heard the details of the finding of this man.

I count this distinguished American among my best friends today. What I told him is his secret and mine.

But, of all the secrets in Marcia's filing cases and in her cupboard of memories, none compares in importance to the world with those which concern my White House client and her ill-fated husband.

On a dark rainy February afternoon my telephone rang and I was asked if I could see four ladies. Later, they entered with suppressed giggles and low, excited murmuring. They were well dressed women of middle age. The tallest of them promptly asked, "Do you recognize any of us?"

I looked from one to another.

"I'm sorry, ladies," I said.

"Then we might as well tell you why we came. We want you to tell us which one of us four will be the next mistress of the White House." I had told Mrs. Norman Galt six years before it happened that she would be First Lady of the land.

The lady made this amazing request with an attempt at a light laugh, in which two of her companions joined. My fourth caller uttered no word, but her eyes never left my face. The first three gave me glibly enough the data I had to have as to the dates and hours and places of their births. The reserved, silent one handed me hers on a slip of paper she had previously prepared.

The horoscope drawn from the statistics on the slip of paper stood out triumphantly above the others.

So great was their nervous eagerness that involuntarily each stood up and moved toward me. To the lady with the written data I said, "If any one of you is to be the next White House mistress, it is you."

I expected the other three to be disappointed, perhaps angry. But no! They broke into a nervous laugh of relief. Finally the quiet woman spoke:

"Don't you want to know who I am, Marcia?"

"No," I said; "I never like to know the names of people. I give them nicknames. Jupiter is predominant with you. Hereafter you will be Jupiter to me."

"All right, Marcia," she said, laughing. "But when I'm in the White House you shall come and read my horoscope."

"Will you let me come in the front door?" I asked, trying to enter into the spirit of levity. "Or must I go to the back?"

"Well, Marcia, I won't treat you as Mrs. Wilson did. You shall come in the front door," she promised.

Early in May a woman came to me by appointment. I did not recognize her. She said:

"Marcia, I want you to read the horoscope of a person born November 2, 1865, at 2 P. M."

Naturally I thought it was her own data.

THE first important thing I noticed in the chart, as I drew it, was that Jupiter was in his own sign of Sagittarius in what we astrologers call the tenth house.

"That is the position of Jupiter," I said, "which placed Mrs. Wilson in the White House."

I had read the former Mrs. Galt's horoscope six years before she married President Wilson.

In the chart I also found that the celestial sign of Aquarius was rising at the birth of my subject, with the Sun posited ten degrees in the sign of Scorpio, indicating a steady, great advancement in life, while the position of Jupiter in the midheaven in the House of Preferment and Honor indicated one of the most important worldly positions possible to attain.

"The person to whom this chart belongs will rise to great eminence," I said; "but it is not a woman."

"I didn't say it was, did I?" she retorted. "I merely gave you the data of a person born on November 2, 1865. But I will now tell you that this is the chart of a man prominent in public life."

It was an exceedingly interesting chart. Here are some of my penciled notations, made as I studied it:

A sympathetic and kindly man.

Intuitive, but not always sufficiently determined to act upon his intuitions.

Given to making promises and extending complete confidences to his friends.

Apt to be enthusiastic and impulsive.

Money through employment of many people and in public service.

Much perplexity over financial affairs.

Many clandestine love affairs.

Inclined to recurrent moods of melancholia.

Fate will depend largely upon the action of friends or on the influence exerted by marriage or love.

Further calculations showed me that in the month of June, when the national political conventions would be held, Jupiter should reach a trine aspect to the Moon in the sign Aries, presaging a great climax in the career of my subject, the result of which—

I sank back in my chair, almost breathless with awe. "I hope this is a man in public life and will be in the running. He will be the next (*Continued on page 22*)

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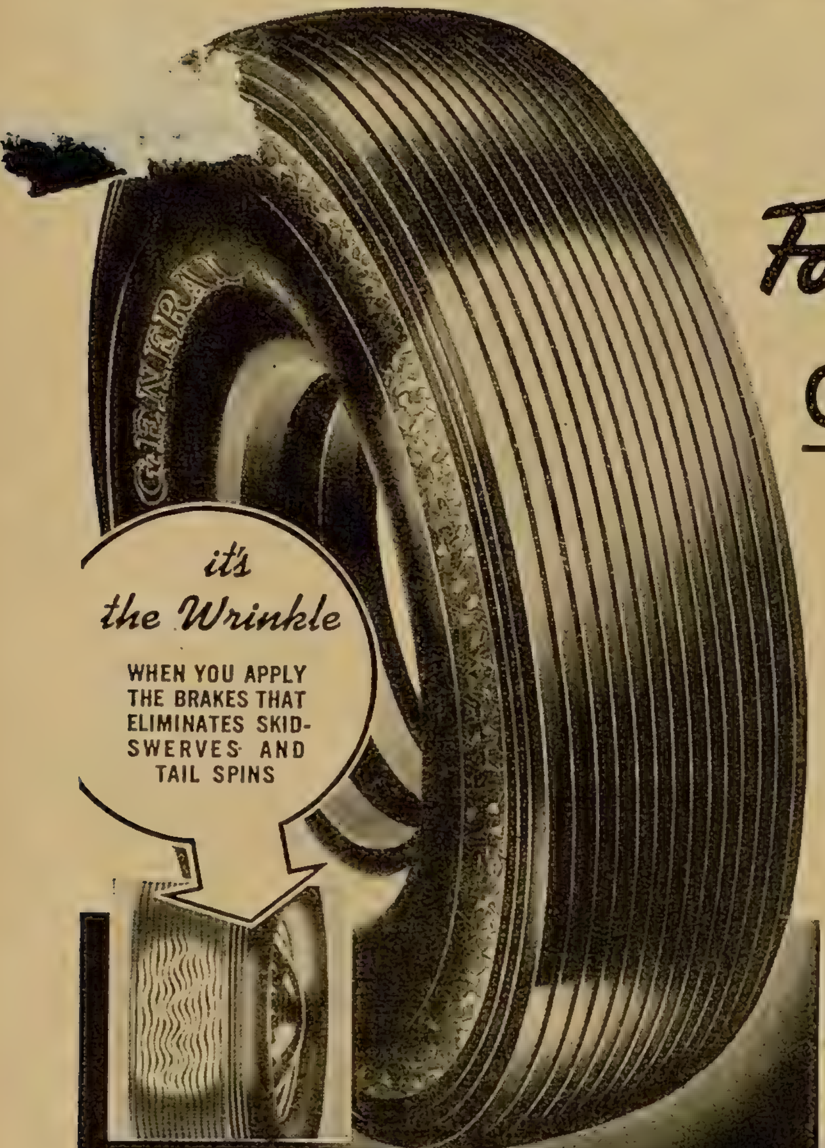
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THE NEW GENERAL *Dual 8*

(*Continued from page 20*) President of the United States," I said. Then, suddenly, an even more startling fact leaped out at me from the chart.

My client leaned forward. "What is it, Marcia?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," I replied.

"There *is* something! You are keeping something from me!" she insisted.

But I did not tell her what it was that I saw—not at that time. I did not know her then as I learned to know her later: how brave she was and how nobly she could rise to an emergency. So she went away much displeased with me. But it wasn't many days before she was back.

"You expected me to come again, Marcia?"

"Yes, Jupiter, I did," I said. "And since your last visit I have spent many hours studying the horoscope of the man born on November 2, 1865, at 2 P. M."

"You must finish telling me that horoscope, Marcia. I must know everything there is to know."

I had already made up my mind that it was my duty to give this wife the full reading of the horoscope.

"You are a brave woman," I began. "You want to know every detail?"

"I do. I must, Marcia. I am not afraid."

Then I read the chart to her again, but this time I concluded with:

"If this man is in the running as a candidate for the Presidency, no power on earth can stop his nomination."

"Will he be elected?"

"He will!"

"Then—what are you keeping from me?"

I WANTED to soften the blow; but its very nature made it impossible. "If you must know, it is this: If your husband becomes President, he will not live through his term."

Her eyes widened, startled.

"Oh, but—why? How do you know that?"

"It is written in the stars. Look," I said, pointing to the chart. "Following the splendid climax in the House of Preferment, I see the Sun and Mars in conjunction in the eighth house of the Zodiac. And this is the House of Death—sudden, violent, or peculiar death."

She was silent, and I went on:

"He will die, suddenly, and in honor; but even if his life were spared—which is not possible, for his fate is determined—the furies would swoop upon him."

I paused to make sure she understood.

"I have been working on your chart, too," I ventured.

"Go on, Marcia, go on!"

"The stars tell me, in your horoscope, that you will follow your husband shortly to his grave."

She did not waver. "If you are right, Marcia, I would want to join him as quickly as possible."

She spoke in a high nervous tension, for she had been shaken. However, I soon saw that her mind was more intent on the immediate moment than on forecasts of future doom. The moment was too glamorously radiant.

"How can you feel so sure about it?"

"About what?"

"About my husband's election."

"The stars, Jupiter, never lie."

Then I told her, as I have so many other clients, that the stars show the way, but that man must be alert in taking it and steadfast in not being diverted.

"Does your husband believe in astrology?" I asked.

"No, he doesn't. He laughs at it. But—*I* believe, Marcia, and I must guide him. You must tell me how."

"I can tell you, but nobody can act but himself. He must be strong, take a firm stand and hold to it."

"He will, Marcia. I'll see to that!"

In the second week of May she came to me again. Her call was brief. She was hurried and harried. She did not sit down or take off her hat.

"Marcia, pressure is being brought to bear upon my husband to withdraw his name. Other honors are promised him. What shall he do?"

"Pay no attention to any pressure," I told her. "He must hold firm to his first determination."

She left me, convinced and comforted. I firmly believe that her husband would have withdrawn his candidacy within forty-eight hours had it not been for the determined insistence of Marcia, the astrologer.

In a few days she appeared again—this time without appointment—and although I was busy, I dropped wh[illegible] I was doing. Her face and manner clearly showed signs of increasing strain.

"Marcia, the pressure to withdraw is becoming acute. He himself is beginning to question the wisdom of continuing the fight. If he should fail—"

"He will not fail," I reiterated. "Pay no attention to these opposing forces. He will overrule them all."

She hurried away. Ten minutes later she telephoned.

"Are you *sure,* Marcia?" Her voice trembled.

"I am so confident," I said, "that I will give you the day and almost the hour in which your husband may expect the nomination."

"Oh!" I heard her gasp. "On what ballot, Marcia?"

HOW can I tell you that? I've no way of knowing that. But I can say this: your husband will be nominated just after the sun has passed the meridian on the last day of the week of the convention. I will stake my reputation that, within an hour after twelve o'clock of that day, he will be nominated. No power can keep him from the place the stars have pointed out for him."

"On the last day?" she asked huskily.

"Yes. On Saturday, the very last day."

There was silence—while her fate, her husband's, and, in a way, her astrologer's hung in the balance. Presently the voice said: "We will go to Chicago, Marcia. Good-by."

They did go; and through that long sweltering week of innumerable ballots they waited and waited.

I waited, too, in sweltering Washington. I knew what their success would mean to me. Had she not said, "I must guide him, through you?" With "him" in the White House, I, Marcia, the astrologist, would be the most powerful person in the world!

If only he didn't falter and at the eleventh hour give up the fight!

Shortly before noon on Saturday, which proved to be the last day, my client was sitting in the convention hall, still waiting, when a note was brought to her from her husband.

It read:

"Darling, why do you want me to hold on? Let's go home."

She turned the note over and wrote her answer on the back:

"Stick until after twelve o'clock. Then you will win. I will tell you later why I am so sure."

He stuck—and the rest is history. At ten minutes after twelve the deadlock was broken. On the next ballot Warren Gamaliel Harding was nominated for President of the United States!

THE END

Madame Marcia's amazing story of Harding's administration, her influence in the White House, and dark fulfillments of her star-readings, will be told in an early issue.

WE HAVE GOT TO GET THEM YOUNG

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

It is an appalling fact that twenty per cent of the crime committed in the United States is the work of boys and girls who have not yet reached the voting age.

As J. Edgar Hoover once expressed it: "This means that one fifth of all murder, of arson, thievery, robbery, and the other malignant outrages against our commonwealth are committed by persons of immature bodies and immature minds, persons who should be reaching the threshold of useful lives."

What are we doing to correct this disgraceful situation? To reach the young people while they are still young would be to prevent crime. Here is a matter that concerns not only slum workers and those in social service, but every father and every mother. Too many of my correspondents write in to say that the crime situation is something for the police and for professional social service workers; that it has no part in our own lives. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The crime blight is burning up the crop of our young people. If it is twenty per cent today, it may be fifty per cent tomorrow. It is the business of parents to be worried about this, to find out what can be done, and to end the conditions which make our children into thieves and killers.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

"My baby has a million uncles"

A man was speaking about life insurance. He said, "My baby has a million uncles to help me provide for his future." What a happy way to describe the great mutual principle of life insurance! A multitude of people join forces. They share the cost of protecting their families. *Each* knows that his own ability is strengthened by the resources of *all.*

Thomas I Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. What chances has a man of 35, in good health, to live to 65?

A. His chances are 65 out of 100. If he lives, life insurance can provide retirement income. If he does not, it can take care of his family.

• • •

Q. Is there proof that life insurance is really living insurance?

A. One proof is that a large percentage of payments made by insurance companies go to the living policy holders themselves.

• • •

Q. Is it necessary for you to call in the services of an "insurance consultant"?

A. No. An experienced Equitable agent is well able to advise you on a life insurance program best fitted to your needs.

• • •

Q. Is there such a thing as life insurance for Christmas or birthday gifts?

A. Yes. Through a Life Income settlement you can arrange to have an Equitable check mailed to your beneficiary each year on either of those occasions.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
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OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

JEROME ZERBE shoots the swellest people. With his camera he snaps off the cream of night-club society. Probably he has shot more social celebrities than any other photographer—and how they love him! Every spectacular lady of fashion now keeps a scrapbook with her newspaper pictures pasted in it. Like an actress on the stage, the more papers she *makes*, the more successful she considers herself to be.

Mr. Zerbe has worked out some rules for young photographers who take society pictures. He says the essentials are these:

Always put the prettiest woman nearest to your camera. . . . Keep the whole group in a lighthearted mood while you snap them (this is the old *watch-the-birdie-and-smile* technique, but it's just as sure-fire today as it was in the past). . . . If you let your society people grow solemn on you, the picture will be a flop. . . . Never give out a photo that any one asks you not to publish. Making an enemy is never worth while. If you have obtained a *forbidden* picture of unique value, register it at the Copyright Bureau in Washington, then lock it up until it can be released without harm.

Put the prettiest nearest the camera.

Mr. Zerbe's forbidden list includes many pictures of famous men, taken when they were off their guard. There is only one woman's picture on his forbidden list. Guess whose!

Society folk are not the only ones who like to see their pictures in the papers. Mr. Zerbe was commissioned to take photographs, once, deep down in a coal mine. "Had a hard time getting clear shots of the mining processes," he says, "because all the miners crowded around to get in the picture."

From miners to society girls—is there anything more democratic than the vanity of the human face?

☆ Practical jokers have long been detested, and by expert detesters; yet I cannot deny my appreciation of the following practical joke:

A girl of my acquaintance had a fight with her boy friend. She was *awful* mad at him. Among their mutual friends there was one girl whom she knew he disliked almost passionately. And she knew the girl disliked him just as much. So what did she do but tell the boy that the other girl was secretly in love with him! And what did she do but tell the other girl that the boy was secretly in love with her! Wasn't that a sweet revenge? The two, hating each other, were led to believe they loved each other secretly. What a splendid joke! There was only one fault in it. It worked too well. The two haters fell genuinely in love. And the joker was left out in the cold. This is a true-life story, I'm sorry to say.

☆ The new baby princess of the Netherlands, Beatrix Wilhelmina Armgard, is already selling Holland fashions to the rest of the world. She's the best infant saleslady on record, and the fastest worker. In china, silverware, and glass, little Dutch shoes are rapidly appearing everywhere. For Easter, this year, many potted plants will be marketed in pots shaped like a Dutch shoe. Jewelers are offering tiny Dutch shoes as the latest *endanglement* for charm bracelets. Glass cigarette boxes are being made in the Dutch-shoe shape. Children's sweaters and linen dresses are being embroidered with little Dutch windmills. Smart dinner tables are being laid with blue Delft china, or copies of it. Holland is *in style!*

☆ First visitors to arrive at the New York World's Fair of 1939 were a very old lady and gentleman from a little town way upstate. One day last month an assistant art director found them wandering interestedly among the partly constructed buildings. They had a newspaper map showing what the exposition will look like when it opens next spring. The assistant art director, a kindly young man, asked them if there was anything special they wanted to see. "Well, son, I'll tell you," the old gentleman said. "My wife and I, we're in New York celebrating our golden wedding. We don't know if we can both be here together, like this, a year from now. So we're taking in as much of it as we can—while we can."

Don't you wish all of us could be as courageous as that about our future?

☆ Ladies in love make juicy meat for scientific research. During a recent breach-of-promise case, the girl declared her love for the man amounted to "*a million billion billion times, and eight times round the world!*" . . . That was the biggest bigness she could imagine, says Professor Edward Kasner, learned mathematics teacher, who quoted her words to illustrate a point in one of his lectures on our general inability to express the infinite. . . . When we dream of love, maybe some of us can raise that poor breach-of-promise girl a couple of billions and a few more times round the world. . . . What is *your* conception of love's biggest bigness?

☆ Curt Berg's prize novel, The Blue Dragoons, tells a charmingly romantic story of Sweden. Women readers will like it especially, I think. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

☆ Saffron is a secret of Spanish cooking. You can buy saffron at any drugstore and at most good grocery stores. If you like the taste of saffron you will like this Barcelona recipe for baked eggs in tomato cups with saffron rice. . . . Tomatoes should be ripe, firm, medium-sized. Scoop out centers. Drain. A pinch of salt in the inside. Put 1 teaspoon chopped ham or bacon in each tomato shell. Place shells in buttered baking dish and bake 10 minutes in moderate oven. Break a fresh egg in each tomato. Now a dab of butter on each egg, and a light sprinkling of grated cheese. Return to oven for 10 or 15 minutes. Serve with rice cooked in stock, to which a few shreds of Spanish saffron have been added, and a little fried onion.

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They Stay Brighter Longer!
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New BRIGHTER BULBS ..NEW LOW PRICES

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Now, for the 19th time in 17 years, G-E makes a major price reduction on MAZDA lamps.

That means double benefits for you . . . more light than ever, for less money. And this has been the consistent policy of General Electric for the last sixty years.

ENJOY BETTER LIGHT—BETTER SIGHT more widely in your home. Let it help guard your children's eyesight. Let it make reading, sewing and games pleasanter for you. In office, store and factory, let Better Light speed work and ease eyestrain. Begin today, to follow the sight-saving suggestions in the chart at the right. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Sight-Saving sizes reduced as much as 25%

Effective April 1, 1938

For your BRIDGE LAMPS, for portable wall lamps and fixtures over mirrors.

75-watt . . ~~20c~~ . . **15c**

In I. E. S. TABLE LAMPS, I. E. S. bridge lamps, single-socket bedroom fixtures and in laundry and garage.

100-watt . . ~~20c~~ . . **15c**

Brighten your KITCHEN, home work-bench, game-room with a new 150-watt G-E bulb. Also good in some I. E. S. table and floor lamps.

150-watt . . ~~25c~~ . . **20c**

For 3-LIGHT I. E. S. LAMPS Enjoy new eye-comfort and eyesight protection with new Three-Lite bulbs.

50-100-150-watt . . . ~~50c~~ . . **45c**

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See better at MIRRORS with soft, glareless light from modern **Lumiline** bulbs. Use them also for built-in lighting.

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Save eyes, attract customers, speed work by using larger, sight-saving sizes of G-E bulbs.

200-watt . . . ~~35c~~ . . **30c**

300-watt* . . . ~~60c~~ . . **50c**

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* Clear, medium base † clear

15, 25, 40, 60-watt sizes previously reduced to today's low prices **15c**

BUY THE NEW AND BRIGHTER 1938 G-E BULBS WHERE YOU SEE THIS EMBLEM →

Save this chart!

MR. WILDBECK'S BROTHER-IN-LAW

BY WILL F. JENKINS

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. DOWER

Once in ten thousand years of a writer's life he finds a story which needs only to be told as it happened, without alteration, suppression, or addition. This is the story I found, and it is true.

—WILL. F. JENKINS.

ANY day, now, I expect to see Mr. Wildbeck's brother-in-law stride down the street with his shoulders back and his head erect and the look of a free man on his face. Any day. I haven't seen him for nearly a week, but I know what has happened. I don't like to see a big man, six feet and something, walk fearfully and with furtiveness as he did. But his manner should be different now, and the change will be gratifying. I shall even take a certain personal pride in it. Mr. Wildbeck's brother-in-law has been here from the old country for about two weeks.

Mr. Wildbeck keeps a store which is a sort of gift shop. Through going in there for wedding presents and so on, a friendship has sprung up between us, and so I came to see his brother-in-law and to hear the story. Mr. Wildbeck is an essential part of it.

He is a big man; broad-shouldered and rather handsome, with certain talents of his own. He once showed me a manuscript he had written. The story of his life. He ran away from home at fifteen, and deserted ship in an American port, and bummed his way across the continent and back, and worked in many places calculated to break the spirit, and somehow his spirit was not broken. And ultimately he married and settled down and duly became a naturalized citizen.

And then high ambition seized him and he studied law. Now, framed on the wall of his store above the cash register and the wrapping desk, is the certificate of his admission to the bar. He does not practice, wherein he is wise. His town is full of starveling lawyers. Instead, he keeps his gift shop.

Mr. Wildbeck still speaks with a distinct accent, but his choice of words is good, his grammar almost scholarly. He walks like an American. He stands straight but not stiffly. He looks like a Levantine—which he is not—and his accent is distinctly Aryan—and Mr. Wildbeck is not Aryan—but his manner is assured without being cocky, and confident without being in the least confidential. All of which he explained, without knowing it, in the unpublished manuscript story of his life.

In a week when all the world seemed to have a mania for matrimony, I went into Mr. Wildbeck's shop for a cut-glass salad bowl. In the back of the store there was a tall, stooped, melancholy figure. As I moved to the middle of the store, the figure retreated almost furtively. It wore no hat.

Mr. Wildbeck indicated the figure with an inconspicuous gesture.

"My brother-in-law," he said in a slightly lowered tone. "Just here from the old country. I got him here and on the quota. Him and my sister and the two children."

One hears rumors of happenings in Mr. Wildbeck's old country which are not easy either to believe or to dismiss. I would have liked to ask some questions. But Mr. Wildbeck negatived the idea.

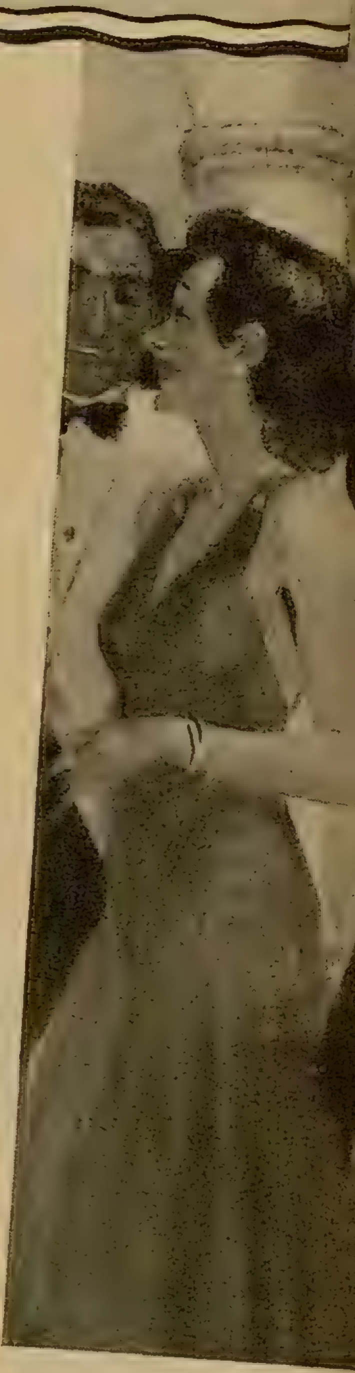
"He does not speak our language yet," said Mr. Wildbeck. "But he hass been talking to me. It is terrible in the old country! Terrible!"

He shook his head. Then he gave me my change and stopped on the way to the front of the store to show me some rather clever silhouettes. As he parted from me at the door, he referred again to his brother-in-law, still lurking furtively in the back of the store, somehow tragic in the shadows.

"He was given a decoration for bravery in the war," he said impressively. "Wait till he hass been here a while. Then you will see him different. Yes."

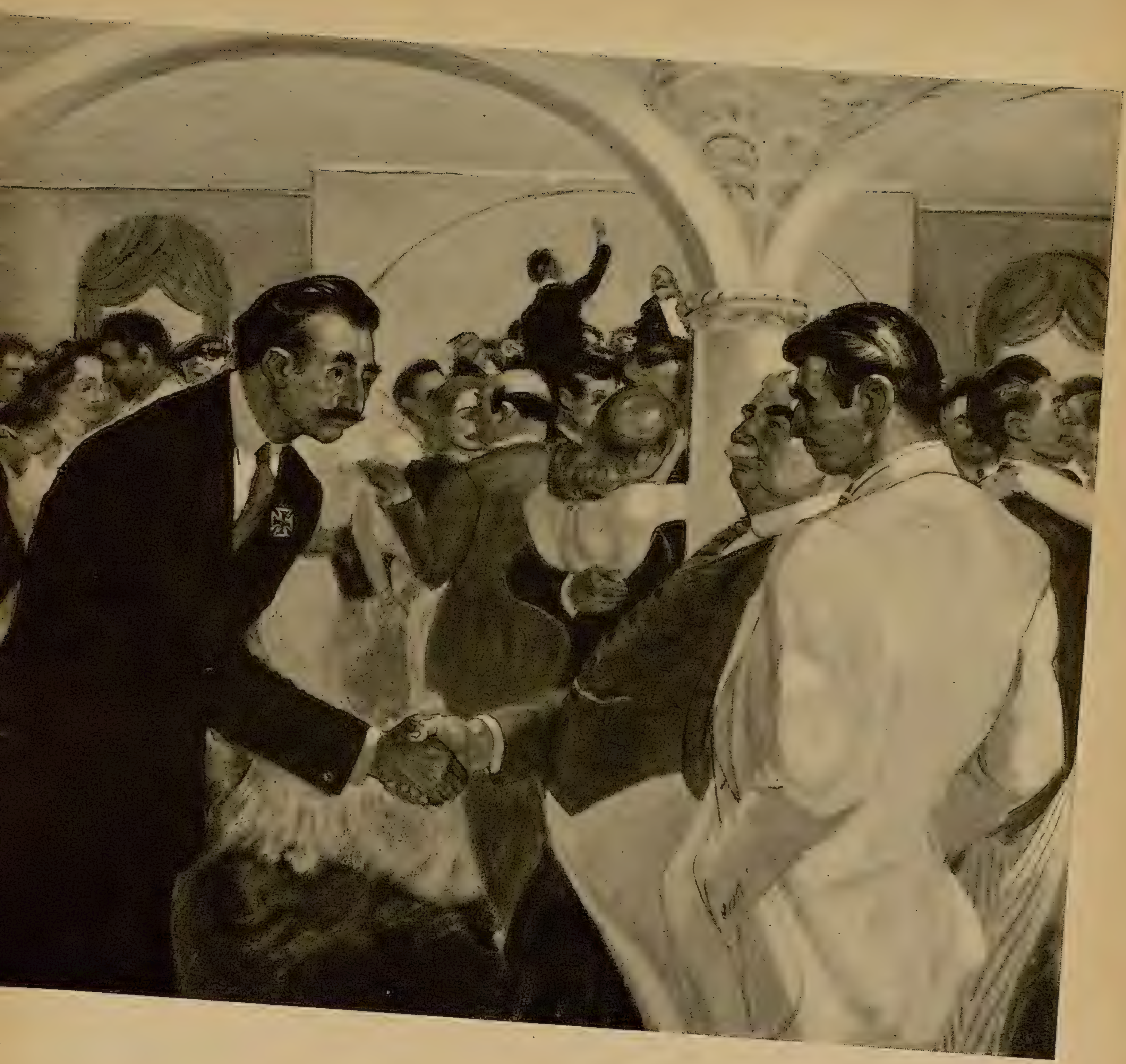
On one of those days in summer when all the retail merchants combine to close their shops at three, I saw Mr. Wildbeck and his brother-in-law walking on the street. Mr. Wildbeck walked assuredly, neither cocksure nor cringing, fully aware of his equality to all other men. Since he is six feet or better and well built to boot, people unconsciously give him his full share of the sidewalk. He walked hatless, talking to his brother-in-law and now and again pointing out this or that—a shopwindow, a car, such oddments as one would show to a person fresh from Europe as samples of the superiority of America. Mr. Wildbeck is a believer in America, because he started as a deserter from a ship, and now he owns his own shop and has been admitted to the bar.

His brother-in-law looked dutifully but without zest. His eyes—if I had been near enough to see them—would undoubtedly have been lackluster. His shoulders stooped. And always—always!—he moved aside to allow other people the right of way. Once the interposition of three fat women separated him



"When it seemed to him that the Mayor and the Judge had spoken to him as a man as good as themselfs, my brother-in-law did belief his own mind had gone. He was scared."

From life—A story to stir the heart of every American . . of a man who knew the face of fear, and left it behind at last



from Mr. Wildbeck by a space of yards. He jerked his head and ran clumsily, with a quite unnatural gait, to where he could put his hand on Mr. Wildbeck's arm again. And in running what was at most ten feet, he found occasion to dodge almost abjectly around two other people on the sidewalk. Mr. Wildbeck had not missed him.

Then, a day or so later, I went into Mr. Wildbeck's shop again. I bought a brass fire screen, and Mr. Wildbeck told me that he had one exactly like it in his own apartment. As the proprietor of a gift shop, I suspect that his apartment is strangely and wonderfully furnished with gift material. He wrapped up the bulky package for me.

"I have been talking to my brother-in-law," he said suddenly. "It must be terrible in the old country now, He wass a rich man once. Maybe not rich, but comfortable. He had his own business. And it is all gone. All! It iss hard for him to see anything ahead. He feels dependent."

I said something unimportant and tucked the package under my arm.

"He should start to study our language," said Mr. Wildbeck. "It will be hard, but it would encourage him. The children cannot go to school yet, because they cannot speak our language either. So he is depressed. . . . Things are terrible in the old country! They were terrible for him, even, who had his own business and was decorated for bravery."

So far, he had mentioned only his brother-in-law. His sister apparently did not exist. But suddenly he smiled.

"I am glad for my sister, that she is here," he added. "She sits and does not believe the things my wife hass in our apartment. She holds them in her hands and still does not believe. And I tell her that she shall have them also, and she cannot realize at all. It is like a dream to her. I think she is going to be happy. The children, I know!"

He went with me to the door of his store, smiling.

There was another wedding about that time, and I revolted. But ultimately I had to give in. I went resignedly into Mr. Wildbeck's store with exact instructions to buy a modernistic lamp, electrified, with a jar-shaped bottom of blue crystal glass and a parchment shade. Mr. Wildbeck was smiling to himself as I went in the store, and

When your head feels like a cabbage -

—get relief FASTER

● Take Bromo-Seltzer! Doctors proved that this gentle remedy relieves morning-after headache FASTER than any other remedy they tested.

It brings you extra help . . . settles upset stomach—soothes irritable nerves—ALKALIZES excess acidity caused by hearty eating or drinking. You'll be on your feet in no time!

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BROMO-SELTZER

Relieves **headache**—
settles **stomach**—
soothes **nerves**

he smiled more widely when he saw me. He identified the lamp instantly.

"You remember my brother-in-law?" he asked me as he began to wrap it. "The one that just came from the old country?"

I said that I remembered.

"He is hafing a lesson in our language," said Mr. Wildbeck. His dark face was warmly contented. "His first. This morning. I took him to the Hadassah dance last night. You know about it?"

I knew, though I had not been there. In Mr. Wildbeck's home town a Hadassah dance rates at least with an American Legion affair, and any practicing politician would not hesitate an instant between appearance there and at a Ladies' Aid supper. The Hadassah represents a big section of the business of the city.

"I took him to the dance," said Mr. Wildbeck, contentedly savoring the memory. "I made him dress up in his best—a new suit that I bought him here. A good suit. I made him wear his decoration, the one he got for bravery in the war. I tell you, he wass a fine-looking man last night! He is six feet three and built—so! Better than I am!"

He reached for the string.

"He was surprised," said Mr. Wildbeck contentedly, "to see that we had a big ballroom in the biggest hotel in town. I could see that he hesitated about going in. The music was going on when we went up in the elevator. I introduced him to some other people going up, and Mr. Baum—you know him?—could talk to him, and he did. But my brother-in-law was nervous, nefertheless."

He put down the bundle and sat comfortably on the counter. As he lost himself in the story, Mr. Wildbeck's accent became much more noticeable, and then I knew he was absorbed.

WE went into the ballroom," he said, smiling contentedly, "and my brother-in-law stared. He could not belief his eyes. There was a mob of people at the Hadassah dance. A mob! And they were all dressed in their best, and there were good-looking girls and fellows, and there were older people all well dressed, and there were some fery old people. And there was noise. A lot of noise! The kind of noise that shows that people are hafing a good time! And my brother-in-law stood fast in the doorway and he looked frightened."

Mr. Wildbeck made a gesture with his hands, still smiling.

"It was instinct. Instinct that has been developed in the past years in the old country. He thought of the police. In the old country the police would not have allowed people like my brother-in-law and me and old Mr. Baum to have a party. Not a party where we made a lot of noise. And if we were well dressed besides, it would not be—" Mr. Wildbeck hesitated, and then said, "healthy. No. It would not haf been healthy to haf a party and to be better dressed than the men who would haf come to arrest all the people at it."

Mr. Wildbeck leaned toward me.

"I explained the matter to old Mr. Baum," he said, "and Mr. Baum said, 'We fix that greenhorn!' And he went away and brought back the Chief of Police. You should haf seen it! I know the Chief of Police. I wass in his office one day raising rumpus because the cop on the beat let somebody stop up the alleyway behind my store with ash cans. And he shook hands with me, and grinned, and shook hands with my brother-in-law—he could not talk to him, of course—and asked me to ask him how he liked America. And he asked me about the ash cans, and offered cigars and my brother-in-law wass afraid to refuse. And the Chief of Police struck a match, and he held it to my brother-in-law's cigar while he joked with Mr. Baum and me, and I thought my brother-in-law would drop dead on der floor. The Chief of Police holding a match to his cigar!"

Suddenly I began to see. In the old country the police are considerably more numerous than here, and they have vastly more authority. And officers of the police force have no need whatever to build political fences or win personal friendships among the citizenry. I began to like this story.

"I thought he would drop dead!" repeated Mr. Wildbeck, chuckling. "And Mr. Baum marched off, and he came back with Dr. Eckinrode. You know him? A good doctor and a good man."

I did. And if there is a human being on earth who looks Aryan it is Dr. Eckinrode.

"I told my brother-in-law that he was the highest-priced doctor in the city. And Dr. Eckinrode shook hands with him and with me, and talked with me, and he slapped me on the back when he went away. I had him when my wife was sick, and after I had paid my bill I sent him a very fine humidor—a beautiful thing—for a present besides."

Somebody came in the store to pay some money. Mr. Wildbeck sometimes sells things on partial payment too. He took the money and came back to finish his tale.

"And then I brought the president of the Exchange Bank," he said contentedly. "He knows me, because when I started this store I borrowed a lot of money from his bank. And I introduced him to my brother-in-law. And Mr. Baum brought up the City Attorney, and he shook hands with my brother-in-law, and then Dr. Miller, the surgeon, passed by and asked how my little boy was since he took out his appendix, and I introduced him—and all the while," said Mr. Wildbeck—"all the while my brother-in-law stood there with his face growing paler and paler. He stood stiff and straight now, like he was expecting a firing squad, and the decoration he got for brafery during the war was plain on his breast. He is a big man, my brother-in-law, and finely built—better than I am! But with these Americans treating him as Americans do treat each other . . ." Mr. Wildbeck grinned. "A medical student would haf thought it beneath him to speak to my brother-in-law in the old country. And here were doctors and bankers and surgeons shaking hands with him, and the Chief of Police had held a match to his cigar as to an equal. And this was a Hadassah dance, and the people were hafing a good time and making as much noise as they pleased, and there wass not one face there that looked frightened, or one man who cringed to any other. . . . My brother-in-law was like my sister, sitting in my apartment and holding my wife's things in her hands and refusing to belief her eyes. He could not belief!"

MR. WILDBECK'S accent was growing distinctly stronger. He drew a deep breath.

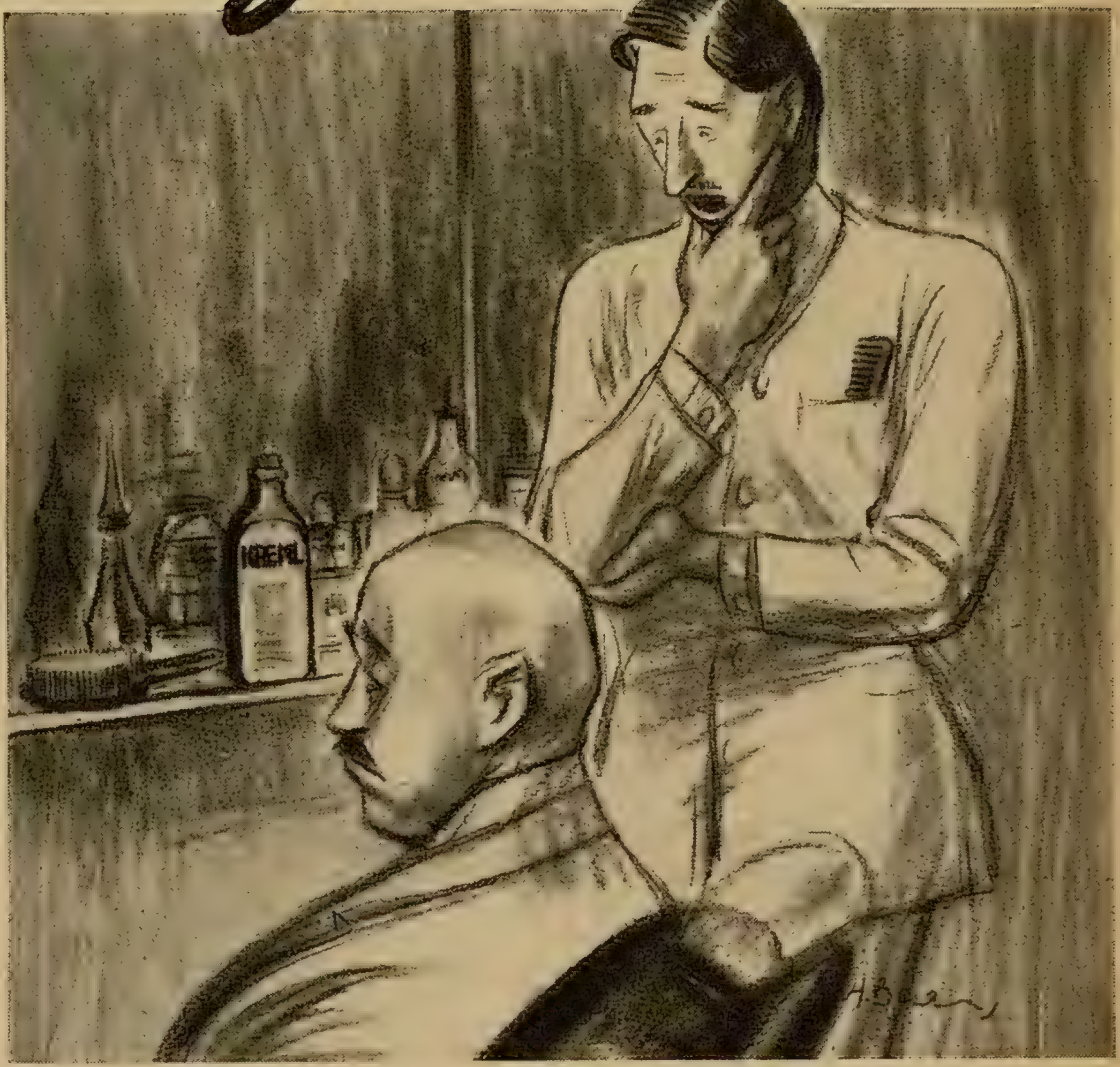
"When the Mayor and the Judge of the District Court came by, speaking to their friends, efen I was a little bit frightened. Because this seemed like madness to my brother-in-law. He had had a business of his own in the old country, and was almost rich besides, and it was all gone with all his hopes for his children because—" Mr. Wildbeck hesitated, and then shrugged off the need of explaining the systematized persecution of a minority which had turned his brother-in-law into a beaten, furtive figure. "Yes. It was like madness. When it seemed to him that the Mayor and the Judge of the District Court had spoken to him as a man, a free man, a man as good as themselfs—my brother-in-law did belief that his own mind had gone. He told me in a whisper that I must take him home. He wass scared. Truly scared. But I made him stay for a moment longer, and I am glad that I did."

Mr. Wildbeck rummaged under the counter. He brought out three or four cardboard boxes, perhaps half an inch thick by six inches by eight. The top one was dusty. He blew off the dust and opened it. Inside was a picture frame embellished with cannon and stands of arms and eagles and the shield which is the emblem of the United States. They were small, because they surrounded and set off a small silk golden-fringed American flag. And you and I know that the American flag is not usually hung up in American homes as a wall decoration, no matter how ornamentally it is framed.

"I made a business mistake in stocking these," said Mr. Wildbeck reflectively. "They did not sell. But I like them. I haf one up on the wall of my liffing room. And I am glad of it. You see, my brother-in-law was stunned. He was dazed. He did not belief what his eyes and ears told him. He has just come from the old country, you see, where things are different."

He set the rather gaudy small frame against the roll of wrapping paper and eyed it meditatively.

"Yes. Things are terrible in the



Shine, Sir?

ONCE you're bald your barber shop days must be confined to a shave, shine and manicure.

You're bad news to a barber—and you don't look so hot to the rest of the world, either.

Baldness is no disgrace—but it can be mighty humiliating.

So if dandruff is drifting down to your coat—if your comb is sprouting hairs after it's gone through your hair, it's high time you started using Kreml—and started at once.

For Kreml won't grow hair on a bald head. But it will remove dandruff and it will check falling hair. Thousands of letters from satisfied Kreml users attest to *that.*

Kreml is the perfect hair dressing, too. It keeps your hair trim but never sticky or greasy.

Ask your barber for it. Ask for the Kreml Treatment, too.

And you, ladies—ask for Kreml at your beauty shop, see how it adds glamour to a permanent and serves as the finest kind of wave-set.

Kreml Shampoo is the staunch ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It cleanses thoroughly—and it's made with an 80% olive oil base and leaves the hair lustrous and easy to arrange.

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Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

WIVES TELL HUSBANDS —

Now millions know it's a *better* laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

It's getting around . . . flashing from family to family . . . from wife to husband . . . from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is *better than ever!* Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

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• • •

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old country. I made my brother-in-law stay at the dance. And then Tommy Burrell came ofer. Do you know him?"

I did not. But I wanted to hear the end of the story, and why Mr. Wildbeck's brother-in-law was having his first English lesson this morning.

"He works in a garage," said Mr. Wildbeck. "He is going with Mr. Baum's granddaughter. I belief her family objects, but no matter. He is a sort of president—no. He is vice-commander of the American Legion post here. He was at the dance last night. And there were drinks going around, of course. Maybe"—said Mr. Wildbeck honestly—"maybe it was because of the drinks. I do not know. And I do not care. But he came ofer to my brother-in-law and he did not wait to be introduced. He shook him by the hand, and he said to me, 'Mr. Wildbeck, they tell me this is your brother-in-law and he was on the other side in the war.' And I said yes, that he was. And Tommy Burrell, he touched my brother-in-law's decoration that he got for brafery in the war, and he said, 'Well, you tell your brother-in-law that any man who earned that decoration is a brave man. And you tell him that the Legion has a pretty good clubhouse, and though he can't join the Legion, because he was on the other side, still, we'll be mighty glad to have him come down.'

"Then he wafered a little bit on his feet, but I did not care. He meant it anyway; and he went on, 'The war is over, and he will be welcome. Tell him to come down and have some beer with us and to make the Legion clubhouse his headquarters as long as he is in town. That cross he wears is membership badge enough.' And he put his arm around my brother-in-law and shook his hand again and patted him on the back. And then he went away. He was not walking altogether straight—not altogether straight. But I am glad it happened!"

Mr. Wildbeck was no longer smiling, but his eyes were bright.

"I felt fery proud, but I had to take my brother-in-law home. He was dazed. He did not belief. I took him back to my apartment. I said to him, 'What do you think of the America I haf shown you tonight?'—in the old-country language, of course. And he put his hands to his head. 'I don't understand!' he told me. He still could not belief. Because things are terrible in the old country."

Then Mr. Wildbeck's voice softened.

"So I explained to him. I am a member of the bar, you remember. I am a lawyer, though I do not practice. I explained to him carefully the Constitution and the Declaration of Liberty. And then I pointed to the little American flag, just like this, that iss on the wall of my liffing room. 'And it is all because of that flag,' I told him, 'because the Constitution and the Declaration of Liberty and all else that iss America comes from that flag.' And then I said, 'Now what do you think?'"

A CUSTOMER came in, but Mr. Wildbeck went on:

"And my brother-in-law, he got to his feet. There were only the two of us there, you understand. My wife and my sister had gone to bed and were sleeping. My brother-in-law stood up with his new suit on and the decoration that he was gifen for brafery in the war. He stood up in my liffing room, fery straight and tall, with eferybody else asleep and all the whole town silent, and he faced that little American flag that I haf framed on the wall, and he clicked his heels together, and he gafe our flag a fine, a beautiful military salute, just like they used to give the Emperor!"

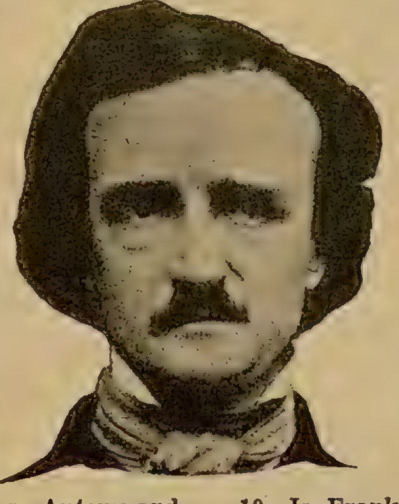
And Mr. Wildbeck added proudly:

"He went to take his first lesson in our language this morning. I had made an American!"

I bought one of those small gaudy ornamentally framed silk-and-golden-fringed flags. I do not suppose I shall ever hang it up, but I bought it anyhow. And any day now I expect to see Mr. Wildbeck's brother-in-law stride down the street with his shoulders back and his head erect and the look of a free man on his face.

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—He was poor and tragic and a genius. He lived but forty years; his haunting poems and weird stories endure. Alcohol was his foe; his wife, who died in '47, his inspiration. Whose features appear at the right?

2—How fast can a finback whale swim?

3—Who was billed in vaudeville as the Original Nell Brinkley Girl?

4—Which is a purer form of carbon, coal or a diamond?

5—The "O. O." stood for what in the name of a late columnist?

6—What is the lowest body of water in North America?

7—How may "ring" become "bell" in six letter changes?

8—Which of the following Shakespearean plays were tragedies: Antony and Cleopatra, Twelfth Night, The Merchant of Venice, The Tempest, Othello?

9—Do more wives outlive their husbands than vice versa?

10—What former public official composed Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?

11—Which is the so-called "anti-infective" vitamin?

12—Are there about 3,700, 1,730, 1,307, or 370 "incorrigible criminals" on Alcatraz Island?

13—In what business are the Wuppermann brothers now?

14—What would be the minimum down payment if you bought a house and lot, appraised at $8,000, under the new FHA plan?

15—Which dogs other than greyhounds are used for racing?

16—Why won't an electric bell ring in a vacuum?

17—Which President was bald-headed?

18—Is it true that Indians who are wards of the U. S. government vote?

19—Is Frank Wykoff, Frankie Frisch, Paavo Nurmi, or Eddie Tolan known as the Fordham Flash?

20—Which ex-Mrs. Powell starred in Nothing Sacred?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

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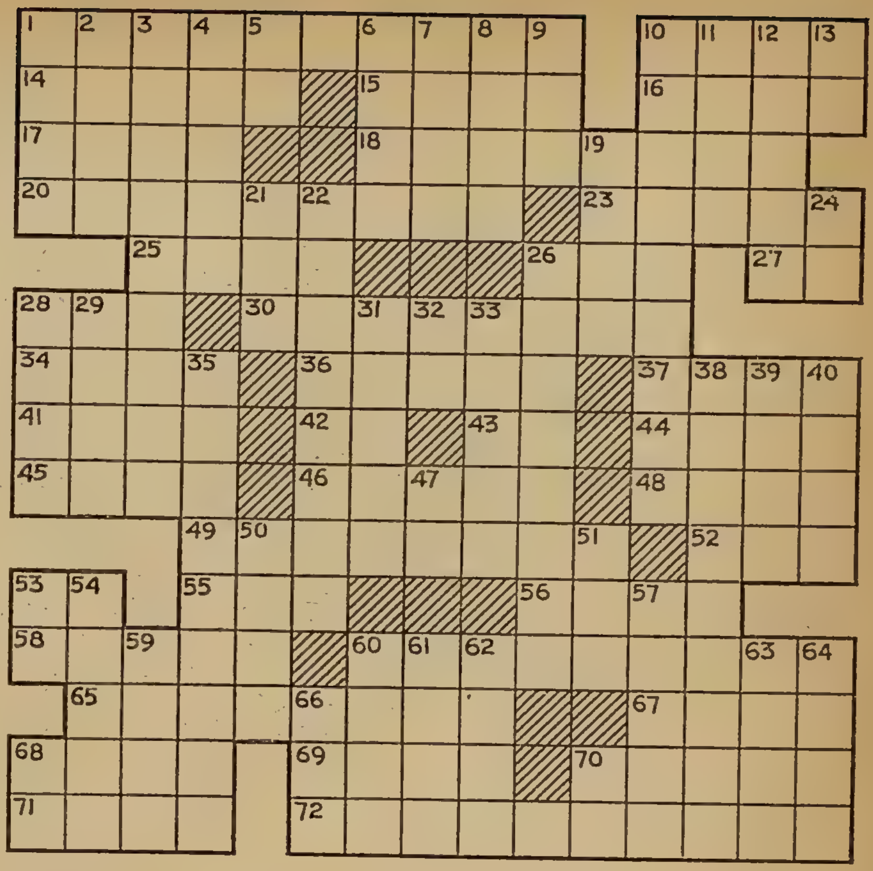
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane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HORIZONTAL

1 They get taken for a ride every spring (two words)
10 It takes a big strong man to swallow this
14 Blushing turnips
15 Profession very popular with the younger set
16 Russian tea party
17 Scandinavian Red
18 Bathrobe with sex appeal
20 The noodle dog
23 How they reckon in the Ozarks
25 "Quick, Watson, the needle!" (abbr.)
26 The Wellington of China
27 This keeps saying "Buy-Buy!"
28 Best known mail university (abbr.)
30 Cure for present-day Europe's headaches (pl.)
34 The facts
36 Everything of Paganini's starts this way
37 The way things're going, they're beginning to deny relationship to man
41 Bad Biblical bargainer
42 Independent Radishsmellers (abbr.)
43 A dog with no hole in it
44 Leading cause of world revolutions
45 What a big corporation does in the middle
46 The soul of Caspar Milquetoast
48 Threw a bunch of lead into a body
49 What Elsa Maxwell uses to stir things up
52 Rustic flophouse
53 Bit of an ass
55 Rail without a spike
56 You're in for a wet spell here
58 These heavenly swingsters do some lofty warbling
60 Every man is for five reasons
65 It's fitting to be this
67 Fluid inside sourpusses
68 Preposition
69 With, for the French
70 Name commonly heard in Greek restaurants, as "Gimme a —— beans!"
71 Possessive in a feminine sense
72 He has no trouble in laying his hands on a lot of money these days (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Where most of the world's lying's done
2 Christian suburb of Constantinople
3 Hitler's Charlie McCarthy
4 Sandpaper's good for a surface that feels this way
5 Lewd Sausages (abbr.)
6 Rahshn N. G.-men (abbr.)
7 Augury
8 Dropped a fowl ball
9 Sing, sightlessly
10 Requests for women to form a union and share men's wealth
11 Two pairs of black eyes
12 That Doone woman again
13 Just room enough to squeeze a little lieutenant in here
19 Moment when a big hand covers a tiny one and goes on strike for lunch
21 Healthiest place in Europe today
22 A house run by Men in White
24 The end of every biped
26 They've figured in Shakespearean horse trading
28 Time of March, Roman style
29 It's bum proof against Franco's air raids
31 City of Falling Cabinets
32 Headless pig
33 Modern Babel
35 Pawns in the European chess game
38 It doesn't pay to start this kind of argument around Hitler
39 Steven's twin
40 The rent, got together
47 English gas bag, awfly Common
50 Southwest bad man
51 Tip of a nose and a pair of eyes
53 Kind of current used in D. C.
54 The Outline of Woman
57 Horse manor
59 What fish have on Sunday in Gloucester, Mass.
60 Very handy Indian god
61 How brokers'd like to break these days
62 Seat of most human pain
63 This is fast for the French
64 sdrawkcab edoR
66 What you keep for the day of reckoning
68 Two of these make one warning
70 Rope end

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

B	O	D	E	S		S	P	O	T	S		D	R	A	W	S
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Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN? DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME... WHY, I'M ONLY 22!
THEN... WHAT A SHOCK!
WELL, NO WONDER YOUR POWDER "FLAKES"! YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING...YOU'VE ACTUALLY GOT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP RIGHT AWAY!
WELL, PALMOLIVE CERTAINLY KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY, BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!
I'LL GET SOME PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

Hotel Hostess

BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

JUDY GILLMORE

When Judith Gillmore's father kills himself after having been robbed of his fortune by a dishonest friend, Judy and her invalid mother are almost penniless. Leaving her mother in Chicago with an aunt, the girl goes to New York to hunt a job. But the search seems hopeless.

Then she hears that the Rivermount Hotel in Hillhigh needs a hostess, and she decides to apply for the position. She knows the place well, because she and her family have spent many summers there, and she hopes that the regard Alex Corbin, the manager of the hotel, had for her father will influence him to overlook her youth and inexperience.

Corbin consents to give her a chance. The season is dull now, he tells her. There are only a few guests at the hotel besides the regulars who make the Rivermount their home. Among the latter, in addition to Corbin himself and his eighteen-year-old daughter Betty, is Dr. William Martin, a Hillhigh boy Judy knew when she was a child.

Wildly happy at the prospect of earning her own living, Judy rushes out of Corbin's office. In the lobby she collides with a dark young man carrying a bag. He glares and demands angrily, " Why don't you look where you're going? "

PART TWO—TROUBLE ON THE HORIZON

I'M sorry," Judith apologized automatically; and then, as her breath returned and her spirit asserted itself, she added in astonished annoyance, " but I don't see why I *should* be! "

" What's that? " inquired the human projectile, down on his knees engaged in repacking his bag. He looked up, slammed the last object, a stethoscope, in the bag, and rose. " Did I hear you correctly? " he inquired with deceptive calm.

" You certainly did." She was laughing now. Her color was high and her eyes were very black. " I was walking along, minding my own business, an innocent bystander —or bywalker, if you prefer—and harming no one, when you came barging out of the corridor like a bombshell. I think the shoe is on the other foot, Dr. Martin."

She had placed him, of course; an impetuous young gentleman with a black bag. He gaped at her a moment solemnly. He was, she saw, now that matters were restored to a semblance of normality, an attractive person, despite the gape and the beginning of a scowl. Dark hair, unusually blue eyes, a brown skin, white teeth a little crooked, a belligerent jaw, and a high-bridged nose. He had the bag in his hand and was glowering down at her. He said, " You have the—"

" Please don't say I have the advantage of you," implored Judith. " I'm Judith Gillmore. . . ."

He looked at her; the scowl vanished and a slow smile touched the corners of his mouth. " So you are," he said, as if amazed. " I thought I knew you. I said to myself, That hair could only . . ." He stopped, looked faintly embarrassed, and added calmly, " Well, we're even, then."

" Even? "

" Why not? Once a good many years ago I was raking leaves on your lawn and you rode over me on a bicycle."

" I never did . . . I . . . Oh, golly," said Judith, " I do remember! "

A lanky little girl with pigtails on a new bicycle, and a big odd-job boy raking leaves. And Judith flying by, the pigtails streaming, calling, " I'm sorry! " And the boy picking himself up out of the leaves, examining a bumped knee, and calling down silent maledictions on the departing red head.

She held out her hand. " Quits, then, Dr. Martin? "

" Quits, Miss Gillmore."

They walked toward the lounge doors, and Bill Martin asked: " Can I take you anywhere? I'm on my way to the village."

" Would you? " asked Judith. . . . " I was going to walk, but now you're here—if you'd let me off at Hank Parsons'? "

" Hank a friend of yours? "

" Indeed he is. I left my bag at his house."

" Coming up to stay here? "

" For good," said Judith firmly, and crossed her fingers.

" For good? "

" I'm the new social director," she explained; " the hotel hostess."

" Well, I'll be a . . ." He left the sentence unfinished. Now they were going down the steps and the battered car was in evidence. Judith looked at it and then at him.

" And by the way," she said, " talk about not looking where you're going! You nearly ran over me less than an hour ago! "

" Was that you? Why in time do you have to walk in the middle of the road? " he asked severely.

Judith climbed in beside him and sighed.

" I give up," she said sadly, " and I refrain from asking you why you have to drive fifty miles an hour and why you didn't warn me that you were coming."

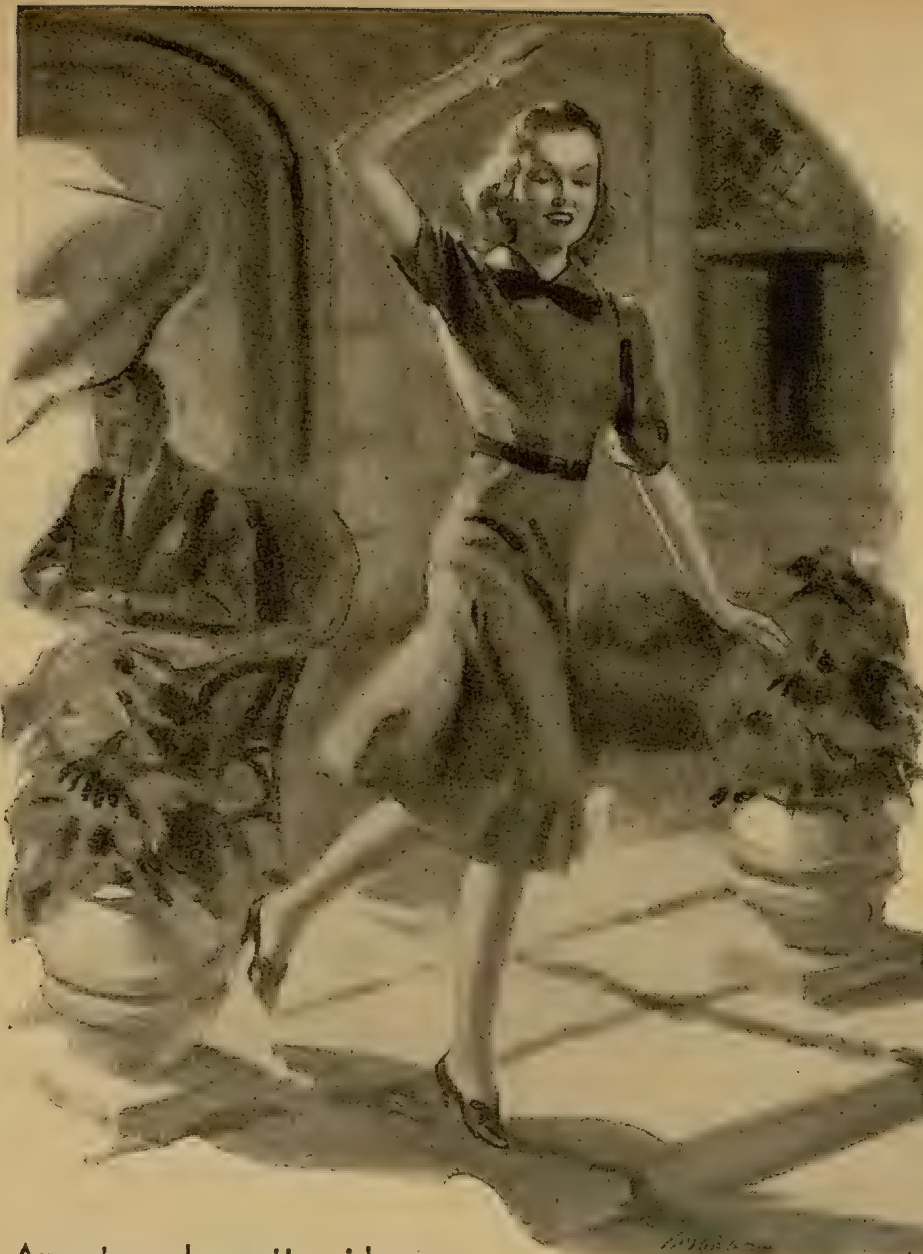
" I was in a hurry," said Dr. William Martin.

" That," said Judith, " was obvious."

He guided the car down toward the village with a slightly more cautious hand. At that, a corner on two wheels seemed to be routine, and Judith murmured,

Rich . . dramatic . . revealing!—Our best-loved novelist gives you a brilliant st

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN



An extremely pretty girl came flying down the steps. "Bill," she called. "Bill darling!"

of a modern girl who faced life unafraid

"Never a dull moment," as they skittered around the first turn.

"A sissy, eh?" said Bill, grinning. "Can't take it?"

"Not at all," she said with dignity; "but I would like to survive long enough to try to hold my first job."

He slowed their speed and said gravely: "I—I heard about your father, Miss Gillmore. I was more than sorry. He was very good to me . . ."

"He was good to every one," she said, low, and there was a little silence as the car bounced and wheezed and whirred along the roads. The trees were coming into their new fresh green, and in the stronger sunlight the mountains were green and violet and deep blue.

He said, after a moment: "I hope you like your job. It's no cinch. You have to maintain a bedside manner twenty-four hours a day, so to speak."

Judith laughed. "I think I know what I'm up against," she told him, "but I'm not afraid."

"No, I doubt if you're afraid of anything very much."

"I'd prefer to take that as a compliment," she told him, "so I won't inquire how you meant it. But I *am* afraid—of a lot of things. . . ."

"What, for instance?" he asked. And then, as she hesitated, "Come across; doctors are used to confidences."

"But you aren't my doctor," she reminded him.

"I will be," he told her cheerfully. "You're a hotel employee, aren't you?"

"Yes, thank heaven! Well, then," she said, sobering, "I'm afraid of failure . . . and of poverty—and of loneliness . . . and of illness . . ."

He shook his head. After a moment he said: "So am I. Do you suppose every one is?"

"Of course," said Judith.

"Funny thing, your knowing that," he told her, remembering the beauty and peace and charm of Carcassonne and the kid on a bicycle without a care in the world. "I grew up knowing," he added, "every waking moment . . . telling myself, 'You've got to get out of this; you've got to be *somebody.*'" . . .

They were passing a small brown house of nondescript appearance. Dormer windows looked like eyebrows and shades were drawn down like eyelids. There was one lone lilac tree in the neglected front yard and a bent elderly woman was engaged in coaxing a cat from the high branch of a maple. She had a shawl about her shoulders and head, and wisps of gray hair straggled out about a dour, weather-beaten face.

Bill honked his horn. "Hie, Aunt Hetty!" he shouted.

The woman turned, and then turned back again, every line of her bent figure expressing disapproval. Bill laughed shortly.

"That," he said, "is my only living relative, my father's sister. She hates me. Or perhaps you'd have guessed without my telling you."

"I remember Miss Hetty Martin," said Judith, feeling

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absurdly sorry for him. "She had the little sweetshop by the post office, didn't she? And lived in back?"

"That's Aunt Hetty."

"I used to buy all-day suckers there," said Judith, "and once I rescued her cat from a fight with some one's stray dog. She gave me a licorice stick. We were quite friendly after that."

"You should have a medal," said Bill gloomily. "She hasn't been friendly with any one before or since. It's probably her glands," he added, smiling, "but infuriating nevertheless. I always yell at her when I go by, because—you can't tell—some day she may yell back. Lord knows *what;* I shudder to dwell on it! But once in a blue moon it might be, 'Hello, Bill; come on in and have a cup of tea.'" . . .

"She's a wretch," said Judith severely.

"Oh, I don't know. She was a lot older than my dad, and thought he was pure gold. She was jealous of him . . . and when he married my mother . . ." Bill shrugged. "Not that it matters," he went on; "but when mother and father died, every one thought she'd take me. But she wouldn't. So the orphanage got me. They were good to me there—I have no kick."

Judith had. She would have liked to shake the old woman. She said, with spirit, "I'm sorry I rescued her darned cat!"

"That's nice of you," said Bill quite soberly. "Well, maybe I wouldn't have been as happy with her as at the Home. Only, kids are sensitive. It's a queer feeling not to have any one of your own, and a queerer feeling to have some one who doesn't want you. But that's all ancient history."

"She gave up the sweetshop?" asked Judith.

"Yep. Too sour for it," said Aunt Hetty's nephew. "Moved into the brown house which she'd rented before, and now lives on heaven knows what. Well, here we are, at Hank's."

HE stopped the car, and jumped down to help her out. "When are you coming back to the hotel?" he asked.

"I've just to get my bag."

"O. K. Let's pick it up now, and if you don't mind going on a couple of calls with me, I'll drive you back."

"I won't be a minute."

She fled through the yard and into the house, and Prudence, who had been looking out of the window, opened the door.

"Isn't that Bill Martin . . .?"

"In person. He's going to take me back to the hotel. I got the job!" Judith took Prudence in her strong young arms and hugged her soundly.

She picked up the bag before Prudence could recover her breath and was off down the steps. Bill came to meet her and take the bag from her hand.

"Whoops!" he advised. "Hold your hat—we're off!"

Their first call was at the drugstore, and then out of town on rutted country roads to a farmhouse.

Sagging gate and overgown yard. A spick-and-span barn, big, new, and fine, with two silos. A house which needed paint and a carpenter. The gingerbread on the eaves broken, the porch steps in bad condition. In the yard some aimless hens and a nondescript dog. Apple trees, the buds pink and tight. A pear tree, white foam.

Judith sat there waiting, thinking of all this day had brought her, when she was startled by a yell.

"Hey!" shouted Bill, from the porch. "Come in here, will you?"

Astonished but docile, she climbed out of the car, picked her way across the yard, and confronted him.

"Come in," he said impatiently. "Believe it or not, I've got to pull a tooth! It seems that Doc Peters, the Valleytown dentist, is down with grippe, and young Master Stevens' tooth has to come out. His mother can't do anything with him. I'd like to wring his neck. Give me a hand, will you? It will take two of you to hold him."

"But I can't," began Judith—but Bill had seized her hand and was dragging her across the threshold.

IT wasn't the neat New England farmhouse of your dreams. It was anything but tidy and it smelled to heaven of decaying apples, cabbage, mustiness, old wood and smoke. In the kitchen, where chairs jostled the range, a table on three legs collapsed drunkenly against the wall, and a large broken-down couch occupied one corner, a small boy was howling dismally. His mother stood by helplessly. A thin woman perhaps thirty years old, she looked fifty. She wasn't very clean. Neither was Master Stevens.

"Come on, now," ordered Bill; "open your mouth."

Master Stevens kept it shut and shook his head. Then he saw Judith.

"Who's that?" he inquired suspiciously, still keeping his mouth shut as much as possible.

"She's a nurse," replied Bill mendaciously; "she's going to help you."

Judith smiled at the sullen child.

"Listen," she said, and took his hand, which was hot, damp, and dirty. "Did your mother tell you it wouldn't hurt?"

Fascinated, Master Stevens nodded.

"That was just because she wanted to make it easy for you," pursued Judith, to Bill's horror and the mother's amazement. "It will hurt. But not as much as it hurts now. And once it's out it won't hurt at all. Only girls make such a fuss about a little pain. Boys don't. Not real boys. You *are* a boy, aren't you?"

"You betcha I'm a boy!"

"O. K.," said Judith cheerfully, "prove it to us. Open up that mouth and we'll believe you."

He opened it, to his own astonishment. Judith seized him strategically, his mother took his hands. There was a brief struggle, but Bill emerged victorious, the tooth a trophy. Master Stevens howled some more. He was heard to mutter something about a dirty trick.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Stevens, wiping her hands on her apron. "That was just fine. What do I owe you, Bill?"

Every one, decided Judith, called him Bill. She would, too.

"What does Dr. Peters charge you?" he inquired.

"Fifty cents."

"Make it a quarter," said Bill. He slapped Master Stevens on the back. "You'll cut a great figure at school tomorrow," he told him, "when you show the other fellows the hole in your face."

Master Stevens put his hand cautiously to his jaw and decided that he felt better. He grinned at Judith. "I *am* a boy," he said proudly, "ain't I?"

His dirty little face was wreathed in sudden smiles when Bill took the coin which Mrs. Stevens had fished from a worn pocketbook, and dropped it in his hand. "For every tooth a quarter," he said; "but I advise you not to buy candy with it for a day or two."

"Gee!" said Master Stevens, awed. "Thanks, doc."

"Bill, you shouldn't . . ." began Mrs. Stevens.

He put his arm about her. "Nonsense," he said cheerfully. "This isn't my job, anyway. Look here, Nellie; I want you to have him rinse out his mouth often with salt and water." He went on explaining, as Judith looked about her, a little heartsick at the disorder and the confusion, and concluded presently, "His teeth aren't any too good, are they? Does he get plenty of milk and fresh vegetables . . .?"

A LITTLE later, when they were in the car, he said soberly: "Stevens is a good farmer. His cows are in perfect condition, his barns spotless. But his house and family!" He shrugged. "They don't bother to grow their own table truck; they live out of cans. They sell all the milk. Nellie's been ill ever since the kid was born. She and I are the same age; we went to grade school together. She married at seventeen, lost three kids before she had this one. All the ignorance and poverty isn't in city slums, but in this case it's ignorance and stubbornness. Because Stevens makes a good living. Every time he has a surplus he buys more cattle. . . . By the way, thanks for helping out; you were swell."

"Just applied psychology," said Judith, laughing. "By the way, I didn't enjoy that little scene any more than you did. Or as well. I hate blood!"

"You do? You don't look the swooning type. Well, thanks all over again, then."

As they drove up the road to Rivermount, Judith sighed, and Bill looked at her curiously.

"What's it all about?" he inquired.

"Nothing. Just that I love Hillhigh and am so glad to be back—"

"And now," he told her, "the job begins. You haven't much to work on for a starter. Some kids, a youngster who's here with her aunt, convalescing from pneumonia . . . nice kid; I'm looking after her . . . some old people, and a few all-year-rounders: Mrs. Orson, Mrs. Renwick, and old Mr. Smith. Week-ends will be busier. Not scared, are you?"

"No." She smiled at him as the car came to a stop, and he commented, grinning, "Well, we didn't get off to a very auspicious start, did we? But we're old friends now." He held out his hand. "Bill, meet Judy," he said gravely; "Judy, meet Bill." . . .

She put her hand in his. "Hello, Bill," she began, when there was a shriek from the direction of the veranda, and an extremely pretty blonde girl came flying down the steps. . . . "Bill," she called. "Bill *darling!*"

"Betty, for Pete's sake! Why aren't you in school?" asked Bill.

He's forgotten me, thought Judith. Her moment of contentment with life, her sense of high adventure and of a heart-warming friendliness, had passed, and she got out slowly and went up the steps, where Bill was vainly trying to extricate himself from the embrace of Alex Corbin's daughter.

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WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

“This,” he said to Judith, “is Betty Corbin. Betty, you remember Judith Gillmore?”

Betty advanced on Judith with exclamations of delight. She cried exuberantly:

“Of course I do . . . I had the worst crush on you, Miss Gillmore, about four years ago, when I was just a kid. You used to come over to the dances with Bert Wallace and a half dozen others, and I'd hang around corners and hope you'd smile at me.”

Judith said, smiling now: “That was sweet of you. And I do remember you . . .”

“Dad just told me,” the girl cut in, hanging on Bill's arm with one hand and to Judith's with the other. “I'm thrilled to death. I mean, it's too marvelous that you're going to be here with us. . . . What a divine hat!”

“Don't mind her,” said Bill. “She just runs on like that. Even under ether. Betty, what in the world are you doing at home?”

“Isn't it silly?” she said, making a face at him, her blue eyes crinkled at the corners. “But they've measles at school. So I've been shipped home. The graduating class will go back for a week and graduate after it's all over.”

“Oh,” said Judith, remembering, “my bag.” . . .

Bill said, “I'll get it,” and ran down to the car, and Betty looked at the older girl with open friendliness.

IT'S going to be grand having you here,” she said. “We'll have such fun! I've asked three of the girls who live in Boston to come up and spend a week or so with me. We'll plan things—you will, won't you?” she asked anxiously. . . . “Oh, boy,” she concluded with enthusiasm, “what a chaperon you'll make!”

Her duties, Judith decided, were beginning with a vengeance.

“And Bill,” said Betty—“isn't he marvelous? I'm crazy about him. But *crazy!* My dear, if you could have seen him in the hospital, in his white coat, looking around the door at me and saying . . .” She broke off as Bill came back with the bag.

“Well,” he said, looking from one to the other, “here we are.”

Judith had luncheon at the Corbin table with Mr. Corbin and Betty. Bill was nowhere to be seen. The big dining room seemed very empty, but Corbin assured her week-ends found them quite full and that there were some conventions coming in, next week, which would keep them busy.

After luncheon Corbin presented her to the guests and showed her the small desk in the lounge which was to be hers. It had a framed card on it . . . SOCIAL DIRECTOR, it read. And back of it was the bulletin board on which it would be her duty to post the typewritten reminders of various activities. Closeted with Corbin in his office during the afternoon, she looked through the files of former activities at the hotel. Riding parties, picnic parties, sailing parties . . . dances, contract, biweekly motion pictures in the ballrooms, special activities for the children, golf tournaments, tennis matches, badminton, swimming contests. . . .

“Think you can manage?” he asked.

“I'm sure I can. And I've a date this very afternoon,” she told him.

“A date?”

“I'm going driving with Mrs. Renwick. I had a little talk with her after lunch. It appears she doesn't like to drive alone and she's had a little disagreement with Mrs. Orson . . .”

“Mrs. Renwick,” explained Corbin, “has three million dollars and no relatives—except a niece whom she loathes. She lives here all year round. We have had her four years. She has a personal maid, a car and a chauffeur, and no friends. My former hostesses were utterly unable to get along with her. She isn't easy to handle. Don't let her impose on you.”

“Thanks for the warning,” said Judith, smiling. “I'll do my best. Any more helpful hints?”

“Mrs. Orson,” said Corbin, “is Mrs. Renwick's best friend. They are at swords' point half the time, but depend on each other. Old Mr. Smith, who is also one of our regulars, is a different matter. If you keep him supplied with library books, look after his occasional guests, and accept his invitations to dinner at his table now and then, he will be perfectly happy. Another of our regulars—that is, he flies up almost every week-end—is your old friend Bert Wallace.” . . .

“Yes,” said Judith without enthusiasm; “I had heard that his house was closed.”

“He spent a holiday vacation with us at Christmas,” said Mr. Corbin. “And will spend some of the summer here as well as week-ends.” He paused, looked fixedly at a paper knife, and said as if casually, “His father, as you perhaps know, underwrote our indebtedness here.”

Well, thought Judith, that's something of a warning. Not that I need it. . . . Bert and I always got along fairly well.

BY Decoration Day Judith had her new job pretty well in hand. She had patched up the trouble between the bewigged and formidable Mrs. Renwick and her fat friend Mrs. Orson, and had persuaded old Mr. Smith to make a fourth at contract several evenings, immolating herself on the altar of her duty. Mr. Smith had never before permitted himself to be drawn into what he scornfully called the old women's brigade; but he didn't mind, with Judith facing him across the table. She had arranged a picnic for Betty and her school friends, even rounding up three of the visiting week-end young men. She had helped take care of a Mrs. Pendleton, at Rivermount for a short stay and stricken with influenza, until a nurse was available from the Valleytown Hospital, and had made arrangements by telephone for Mrs. Pendleton's daughter to come up from

New York and take her home when she was well enough to travel. And she had made her plans for that first big week-end.

Bert Wallace had not flown up, as they had expected, during her first week-end at Rivermount. Judith was rather glad of his nonappearance. She had known him not only as her next-door neighbor but in New York on her frequent visits there. He had been a rather overbearing if extraordinarily good-looking young man, and she had always held a grudge against him . . . because of Ruth Cummings.

Ruth had visited her during the Gillmores' last summer at Hillhigh, and Bert had given her a magnificent rush. Ruth, susceptible and shy, had taken his lightest word for gospel, and had managed in a brief month's time to break, or at least fracture, her little heart.

Ruth was married now, happily, but Judith had never forgotten the last night of that visit. She had sat with her until the early summer dawn, and listened to what she had to say. It hadn't been much, she'd cried so hard. Like most women, she had blamed Bert's sudden loss of interest not on his own character but on that of the other girl who had taken his attention completely.

"Listen," Judith recalled herself saying in exasperation. "He isn't worth it, Ruth. Honestly, he isn't."

Nor had he been, she thought.

DECORATION DAY fell on a Friday that year. The guests began to pour in Thursday and there was a constant confusion of arrivals. The last of the conventions had gone. The new visitors were mostly blithe young creatures out for a good time. The hotel would see that they had it. The stables were ready, the horses polished down to the last hoof. Picnics were planned, and hikes. There were to be two dances, a motion picture, and a concert. And for the dances there would be the new orchestra.

"College kids," explained Mr. Corbin to Judith. "Their first real job. They're willing to come from Decoration Day to after Labor Day. The leader, Lewis, graduated last June, and has been kicking around ever since, getting his boys together, playing short engagements. He was tickled to death to get the job, board and lodging for the summer. He's a nice youngster, a little crazy, and he has a good band."

Saks Lewis and his boys came up early, to be on tap. Judith, meeting him, saw a lean and smiling young man, with what is known as personality plus, a pleasant tenor voice, and a curl in his dark hair.

On Thursday Bert Wallace flew up from New York. The hotel maintained a private landing field, and Bert flew in and made an excellent three-point landing. He had wired when he was to be expected, and one of the garage attendants drove over the short distance in the car Bert kept at Rivermount, to pick him up.

Judith was at her desk when he came in, and very busy. Mrs. Renwick had decided to give a small dinner party and had left the arrangements to Judith—flowers, place cards, seating. She must also see that each incoming guest would find flowers in his or her rooms, and a personal note from her as social director. There were a hundred and one things to attend to, and she was too new at her job, and too anxious, to take them in her stride. She had asked Mr. Corbin if she could not inaugurate the pleasant custom of afternoon tea in the lounge, for all the guests who happened to be about at the time. It would serve to get them together, and she would preside. There were always lonely people. You had to be careful, she thought, frowning at her list, but, heaven helping, she would try not to make mistakes.

Some one loomed up at her desk, a shadow between herself and the sun. Some one said, "I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes!"

IT was Bert Wallace, big, tanned, beaming. Judith looked up and smiled at him, giving him her hand.

"Hello, Bert," she said. "We've been expecting you." He squinted down at the card on the desk.

"Is this a gag?" he demanded.

"No, of course not. It's a job," she said evenly.

She was looking, he thought, prettier than he had remembered her. She wore a cool linen frock, and her hair was in loose burnished curls about her temples.

"Trying to see how the other half lives?" he asked.

"Don't be silly," she said a little shortly. "This isn't a pastime with me, Bert. It's a job."

Lots of the girls he knew worked. Some for amusement, some because they were natural exhibitionists. And some because they really had to work. He knew dozens of them. But he kept the two kinds apart. Judith fell into neither category. She was a girl he had always known, a girl he'd rather admired but who had never given him a tumble, and now she was working because she needed the money. She was alone, living in the hotel which was virtually his father's, and the situation might be very amusing, he thought.

He put his hand on her shoulder and kept it there.

"Well, I'm part of your job," he reminded her pleasantly, "and I'll expect a lot of attention. Altogether," he added, releasing her shoulder and walking toward the waiting bellboys, "it looks like a very large summer season. I'll be seein' you! Cocktails at seven in my suite. I'll be expecting you. *Alone!*"

Do Judy's duties as hostess demand that she accept Bert's invitation? Problems and pitfalls bring new excitement in the coming chapter of this brilliant modern story of love and the hazards that surround a beautiful girl on her own. Don't miss next week's Liberty!

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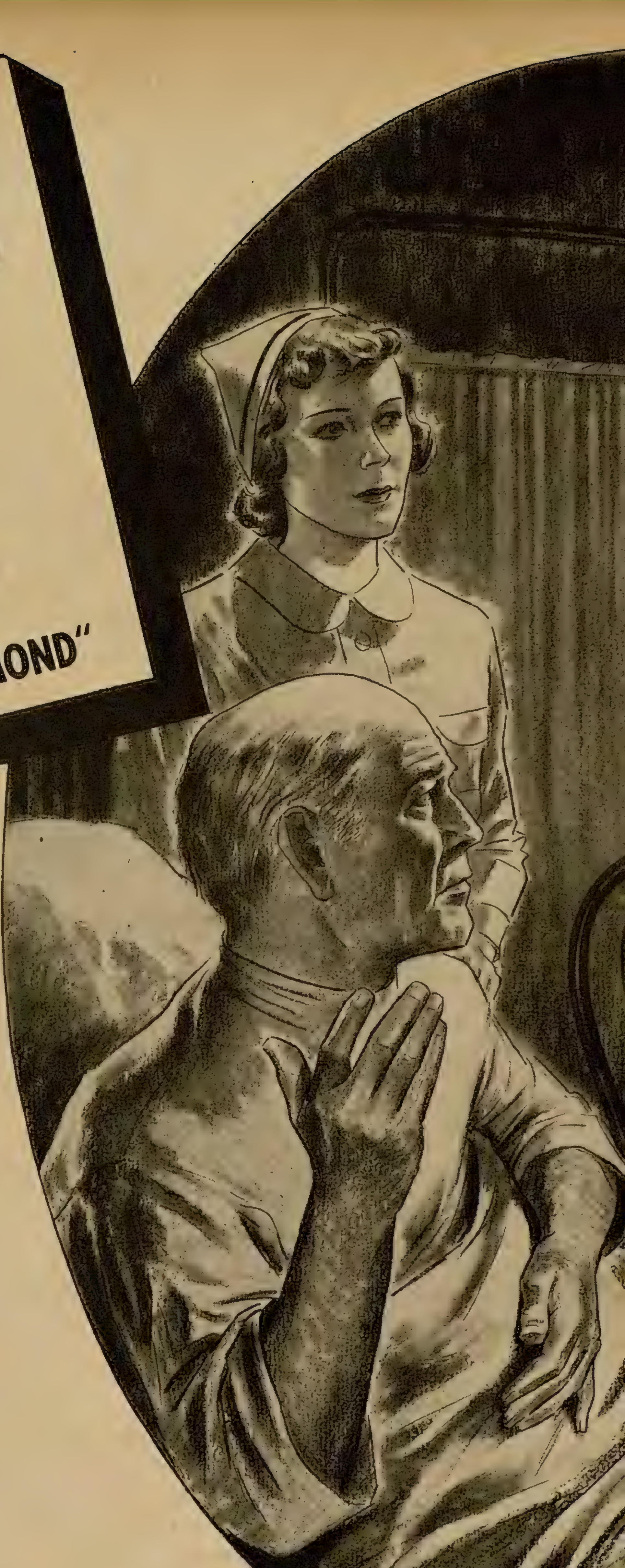
Doctors DON'T Tell

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"



READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"An indictment against a whole people" would be impossible, as Edmund Burke pointed out long ago; and certainly there could be nothing approaching a just indictment against the whole medical profession. Good doctors, honest, able, and devoted, are numerous, and everybody knows it, including the author of this series, as his disclosures frequently attest. His point is that there are also too many doctors to whom "good" does not apply. He feels—and so does Liberty—that his frankness should help to bring about the elimination of these others, who are covered up by "medical ethics." His story states facts, though all names and places are changed beyond the possibility of identification.

While Dr. "Raymond" was a hospital interne there was a flu epidemic, and he learned from experience about the disease and the pneumonia that so often complicates it—and, as he says, about "how little common sense some physicians show in treating them." Of eighteen fatal cases, he believes all but two might have been saved. Last week he told the harrowing history of one of these cases, and told of an appendicitis operation that resulted fatally, having been performed upon a patient who really had typhoid. He then gave a glimpse of the exhausting yet inspiring overwork that devolved upon the hospital's staff after a train wreck.

PART SEVEN—I TACK UP MY SHINGLE

RIGHT after New Year's, a Jesuit priest, Father Bradley, from Canaking, a town of twenty-five thousand population, came into the hospital for treatment. He was a patient of Dr. Silbert and was about sixty-five, tall, rather slender, and given to joking and wisecracks—in fact, a character.

One night he was joshing me about the medical profession: how punk we were; how we never agreed with one another; lastly, how the medical profession could not determine what was really the trouble with him.

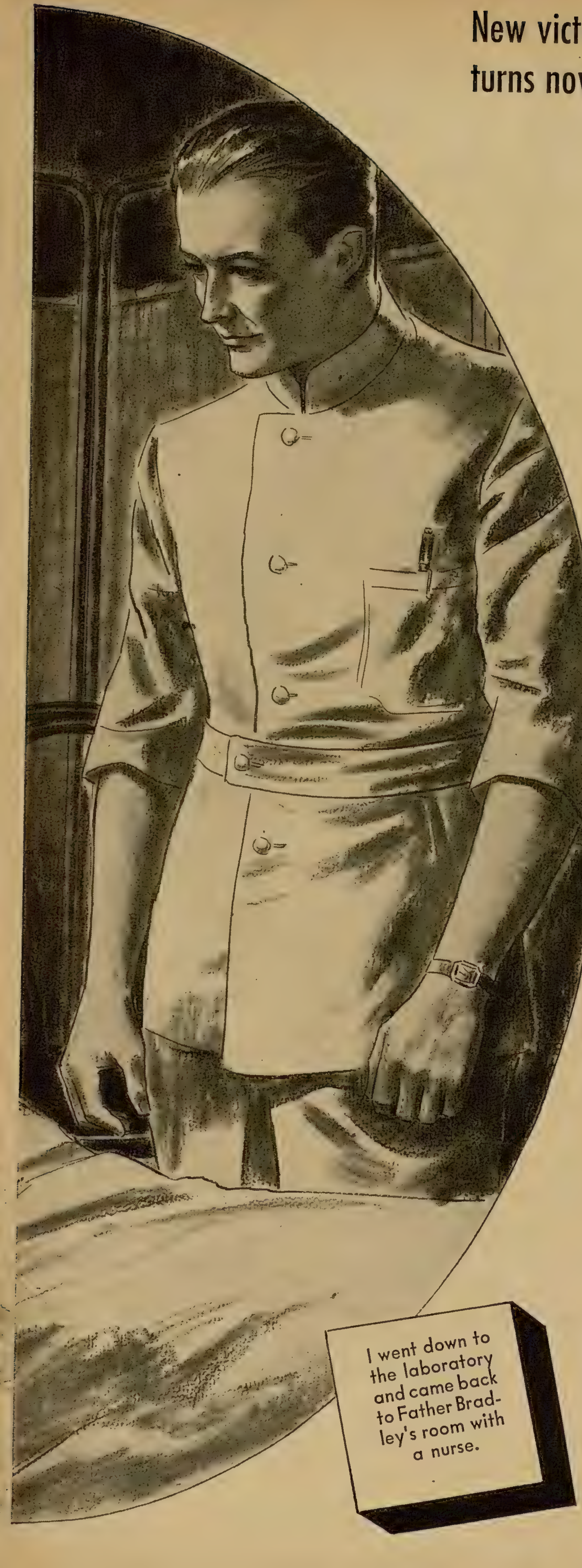
Dr. Silbert, by the way, was treating him as a heart case, but had confided in me he suspected Father Bradley had a beginning exophthalmic goiter.

After a lot of good-natured banter back and forth, he demanded bluntly, "If you say the secret of medicine is diagnosis, why don't you diagnose my trouble?"

"I would, as a sporting proposition," I retorted, "but, you see, Dr. Silbert is your physician, and I can't unless he says I may. That's medical ethics."

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

New victories, new friends—A remarkable true story turns now to the problems of a small-town physician



I went down to the laboratory and came back to Father Bradley's room with a nurse.

"What do I care for medical ethics? Think you could find out, if Silbert would let you take me over?"

"Sure I could!" I boasted, never dreaming he was serious. "But Dr. Silbert and I are good friends. That sort of thing might spoil our friendship."

"Nonsense!" he said. "Give me that phone."

After some bantering between him and Silbert, it was arranged that I should go as far as I liked.

I went down to the laboratory, got a blood-chemistry tray, a few extra bottles, a few slides, and came back to Father Bradley's room with a nurse. The nurse prepared his arm.

My test showed the good priest's blood had a high sugar content—in other words, diabetes. Silbert had told me he thought Father Bradley had a toxic goiter. Often you get diabetes with toxic goiter. Was this goiter with diabetes or just diabetes? I gambled it was the latter, worked out a diabetic diet, calculated the insulin that would be needed, and prepared to sell Dr. Silbert the idea that we could later run a metabolism test to admit or rule out goiter. Then I went to bed.

In the morning I had a conference with Dr. Silbert, who agreed to put Father Bradley on a diabetic diet with insulin by injection, and ordered the test, which resulted in a final diagnosis of diabetes.

Of course both Dr. Silbert and I took quite a verbal bombardment from the priest over the insulin treatment.

"You weren't satisfied with a good doctor," laughed Silbert, "so now you can take your punishment."

AFTER three days our patient began to show decided improvement. Then, one night, he sent word down that if I was not too busy, he would like to see me.

"Sit down, butcher," he said. "I want to have a serious talk with you."

"Not feeling worse, I hope?"

"If I were, you would be the first to hear of it—and plenty! But, thanks to you and your old stick-in-the-arm medicine, I feel better than I have in years. I want to go back to Canaking tomorrow."

"Why the rush?"

"Why should I stay? I came to find out what was wrong. The fellows in my own town couldn't tell me. You fellows did. I can learn to give the insulin to myself."

"What does Silbert say?" I asked.

"I can handle Silbert. But what I wanted to talk to you about is this: How would you like to come up to my home town and tack up your shingle?"

I started to speak.

"Now, don't you dare interrupt until I finish," he commanded. "I need a good physician and surgeon in my town. We have fifteen doctors in Canaking for twenty-five thousand people. They are all terrible—horrible, to be exact."

"That's putting it a little strong, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. Every last doctor at home had a crack at me. Tried to find out what was wrong. Did they find out? No! They told me I had everything from paralysis to plain cussedness. I came down here. I got my troubles diagnosed correctly. Thanks to you, I'm getting well."

"Perhaps you didn't give your men back home a fair chance?"

"Chance, my aunt! I've been on the downgrade for two years, ever since Dr. Ellis died. He was our only good physician. Now that he's gone, I've got to replace him." Then he added solemnly, "We are having too much sad fun when any one gets sick."

Well, we talked it over from all angles until after midnight. When I left, I said I would have to ask my wife how she felt about it. After all, she would have to move there, and it was a great venture.

"Do that, by all means," he advised. "You and your wife can come up, look over our little city, and then be ready to start May first."

I asked Silbert about this proposition, and he said:

"Well, the old boy is a queer bird but a fine one. He likes you. He has inquired into your background. If he says he'll back you, he means it. He's presenting you with a nice little practice right on a platter."

Father Bradley received us with open arms. He sold Cleo the idea of starting in Canaking; I didn't have to.

The house of Dr. Ellis was still vacant. We arranged with Mrs. Ellis to rent the office part until fall, when we hoped to take over the house as well. I arranged to purchase most of the deceased physician's instruments and equipment on time payments. I also had to buy a great many additional instruments, as visits to both of the town's hospitals indicated that they were very sketchy on the equipment side.

We rented a cottage near the office, where we had an extension phone installed, so that when I was out, my calls could be taken care of at home. I certainly hoped I would have calls, but naturally I was somewhat apprehensive on that score!

In Canaking, physicians dispensed most of their own prescriptions. Mrs. Ellis sold me the drugs in the pharmacy for fifteen dollars. Dr. Ellis had accumulated a great quantity of remedies, which I went over carefully, dusting the bottles, examining their contents, throwing away those which had deteriorated.

There were all sorts of medicines: cough remedies, stomach remedies, pills, capsules, crude drugs, and a large quantity of cathartics, a year's supply. Most of the last-named I traded to a drug salesman for more useful things, as I did with most of the cough medicine, which Dr. Ellis must have bought in dozen-gallon lots.

Back of the pharmacy was my surgery and examination room. A dandy! Bright—two windows, several instrument cabinets, an examination table, a sterilizer, a laboratory table, a sink, and a connecting room with a lavatory. This room, painted in white enamel with a heavy linoleum block floor, looked efficient, clean, and medical.

Gosh, was I proud of my set-up! I had just finished arranging everything when, by golly, the bell rang!

I opened the door. There stood a taxi driver.

"Are you Dr. Raymond?" he asked. "I have a man in my cab. He can hardly walk. Now that I know I'm at the right place, I'll bring him in."

BACK to the cab he went, and assisted a rather heavy-set man up the office steps into the waiting room, where I took him by the arm and guided him into the office. He sank with a groan into one of my new chairs.

"What is your trouble?" I inquired.

"I got a rupture," he gasped. "Had it for years. Tonight it came down. I can't get it back. Happened up in church. Father Bradley sent me here. He said you're all right. And he's got a good head on him."

"I'm sure he has," I agreed. "Now suppose you take off your coat. I'll help you into the other room."

Due to inflammation and tenderness, it took quite a little manipulating to snap the hernia back into place; but I finally got it back and taped it in. While I worked, I chatted with my patient, and learned that he was Horace Williams, a bachelor, who owned a small brass foundry in town which employed about two dozen men. He had had trouble with the hernia for nearly two years.

His case was serious, for if a hernia strangulates, gangrene is likely to occur. But I carefully refrained from suggesting an operation at this first meeting.

"You do surgery, don't you, doc?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, I do."

"I thought I understood from Father Bradley you did. Who did he tell me you were with back East?"

"With Dr. Mann of Duggan."

"We hear about him out here. He's quite a surgeon, I understand."

"Yes, a marvelous surgeon."

"How much will you soak me, doc, to fix this hernia up once and for all?"

"Oh—er—" I stammered, taken aback, "not so much—about a hundred dollars."

"What else will it cost, and how long will I be laid up?"

"About sixteen days in the hospital—with room, anesthetic, and an assistant for me, about two hundred and fifty dollars altogether, I should judge."

"Not bad. Give me a good job?"

"Best I know how."

"When can you do it?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Any time you say. Tomorrow—next week—next month—tonight, if it has to be done."

"Well," he drawled, after pausing and scratching the sparse hair on top of his head, "why not? It's got to be done. By jiminy, I'll do it! We're not busy at the plant right now. I'll get it over with. Better safe than sorry. Make it tomorrow."

"Just a moment," I managed to say. "You, of course, realize that any operation is serious. Before I send you into the hospital, I want to examine you carefully. Besides, are your affairs in order?"

"Don't take it so hard, doc," he laughed. "I got a will made. You can give me a good going over right now. I'll phone my bookkeeper. You phone the hospital. Simple! Easy!"

The directness of action demanded by Mr. Williams was something new in my experience. Generally, people put off operations until they endanger their own safety.

I PHONED St. Vincent's Hospital. Yes, they had a single room, and the operating room would be available at eleven o'clock in the morning. Fine!

"The only thing I don't like is taking that ether. Don't like the idea of going to sleep," commented my patient as I began giving him a thorough going-over.

"You don't have to take ether if you don't want to. I can do your operation with a spinal anesthetic. In fact, I had intended to."

"Spinal anesthetic? What's that?" he inquired, his face brightening.

"Spinal anesthetic means we inject something into your spine, so that you have no sense of feeling or pain. You are not put to sleep, as with ether."

"And I won't feel a thing?"

"Not the slightest."

"Ever done any like that before?"

"Yes, many. As a matter of fact, I have kept account of them. To date, I have given over two hundred and fifty spinal anesthetics for many different types of operations. Patients like them because they experience no bad aftereffects."

"Good! I'll be the first person in Canaking to have a spinal anesthetic. Ain't that gonna shock these old shellbacks nigh into hysterics!"

A most peculiar individual, but a brave one! When the examination was over, he asked with a grin:

"Well, how do you find me, doc?"

"Excellent, except that you are somewhat overweight, which also favors the use of a spinal anesthetic."

"Good! I guess you know what you're doing. If you'll call a taxi, I'll get going."

I called a taxi, then the hospital.

"Book that hernia and suspension for eleven o'clock tomorrow," I instructed. "Name of patient is Mr. Horace Williams. He will be in before midnight tonight."

"Yes, Dr. Raymond."

"And it will be a spinal anesthetic."

"Yes, doctor. You say a *spinal* anesthetic?"

"Yes, a spinal."

One thing was certain: I was going to be under very close scrutiny the next day not only from the hospital personnel but from the rest of the medical profession in Canaking.

I would need an assistant. Whom should I ask? I was acquainted with only one physician in town, a young man who was my neighbor, Dr. Larry Baker. He had had the grace to stop in to welcome me to Canaking, and to wish me success. That was little enough to go on, but it was in his favor; and so I decided to call him.

On the way to the hospital he became quite communicative. "The old fellows in town are saying some pretty sarcastic things about you being brought here!"

"I'm sorry if they are, but I expect they will get over it."

"Oh, they will—in time! Personally, I'm glad you came to town. For the three years I've been here, I've been the principal butt of their thrusts and innuendoes. Now," he chuckled, "I'll get a little relief."

I look back at the hernia operation on Horace Williams with a great deal of honest pride and satisfaction—although, to this day, I cannot understand how, with practically every eye in the hospital and in the profession shooting disapproval at me, I was able to hold a scalpel steady, much less get between the vertebrae into the spinal cord with a hypo needle to inject the anesthetic.

Many were the uplifted eyebrows and whispered conversations before we got into the operating room. But the main idea—that of performing a successful and painless major operation—was a success.

Big jolly Mr. Williams was shortly hopping about lively for a man of his weight, and hugely enjoying the prominence he had achieved.

"Hear about me?" he would yell at all and sundry. "I'm the first person in this town to see his own operation performed!"

This was stretching the facts a bit. Mr. Williams was so deeply under the influence of hypnotics that he took no part in witnessing the operation, other than to mumble an incoherent "yes" or "no" when asked if he felt any pain.

He embarrassed me more than once by being so gushy in his praise, but he certainly sent me enough of his friends for either operation or treatment to make up for his overeffusiveness.

He even went into physical combat in my defense.

Dr. Halstead, Williams' former physician, was known in the town less for his medical prowess than for his vile temper and heavy drinking. Apparently he was suffering from both of these afflictions when he met Williams in the bank one fine spring morning.

"How did the amateur's operation turn out?" he jeered. "It should have killed you."

Whereupon Horace Williams, never tactful to a marked degree, countered with this jolting blast:

"Well, if Dr. Raymond is an amateur, then you and the rest of your has-been friends ought to go back to kindergarten and brush up on your blocks."

Halstead turned purple. "You mouthy old fool!" he shouted. "For two cents I'd punch your face in!"

"You and how many more dozen?" Horace was just getting warmed up. "Now I'm going to tell you something! For years you have roamed around this town, drunk or half drunk, shouting and yelling about every other doctor and nurse in town, how punk they were. You've cursed everybody. Nobody was right but you—you drunken, half-crazy old sot!"

Dr. Halstead launched a fist at Williams. But Horace beat him to the punch with a hefty uppercut smack on his chin. Spectators rushed to separate them. No separation was needed. Williams had knocked the doctor cold. Some one obligingly threw water in what was left of his face, and helped him to his feet. Whereupon the rotund foundryman resumed his lecture right where he'd left off.

"And let me say this to you: If I ever hear of you making any more dirty cracks or snooty remarks about Dr. Raymond or any other doctor or nurse in this town, I'll hunt you down and beat you to a pulp—and don't you forget it!"

With that, he grabbed Halstead by the collar, shoved him out the front door of the bank, and turned to complete his banking business.

The story of this incident, of course, spread like wildfire. By nightfall gossip had enlarged on the incident to the extent that Dr. Halstead had been taken to the hospital for his injuries.

During all my stay in Canaking, whenever I met Dr. Halstead I went out of my way to speak to him. He never acknowledged my greetings. This did me no harm; in fact, Dr. Larry Baker jokingly suggested that I should pay Dr. Halstead for acting as my publicity manager. I guess, though, the emoluments of that position really belonged to Williams!

The latter's pride in *his* physician did me good in other ways. It set me to thinking constructively on the great differences which existed between my previous experience

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MICHIGAN

and the one into which I had now entered.

In hospital work I had found that most patients viewed the resident physician as a necessary evil, and treated him, at best, with distant awe and respect. More or less automatically, the ritual of hospital routine rendered the patient a willing but timid subject for the activities of the physician and surgeon. The personal equation was not so important.

In general practice I was beginning to see that the physician must, in addition, serve as friend and confidant, a sort of family adviser.

Women held back almost nothing in the way of personal secrets. Men confided in me because they felt that I saw, as a doctor, so much of the seamy side of life that I would not be easily shocked.

So I early decided to hear people out, to let them unburden their hearts and minds. And I found this wasn't bad medical technique, either. Often, if a patient had some secret thing bothering him, it was the repression which was the chief cause of his physical ills through stifling the emotions and thus blocking the functions of the ductless glands. Just by listening to other people's troubles, I broke up the formation of more than one complex. In such cases the illness disappeared, not from the pills taken after the visit but from the visit itself.

Their problem might or might not be momentous to me; it might bore me exceedingly to listen to it; but to the patient it was uppermost. And the patient, although not always right, is always important! So I tried to make each patient feel I was as interested in his troubles as he was.

THE idea had its drawbacks and could be carried to extremes, as was the case with Mrs. Buehl, whose young son started to kick up that first winter. The Buehls lived on a farm ten miles out in the country. She had had her four-year-old Jimmy in for immunization against diphtheria, and one night, about a month later—or rather, one morning; it was two o'clock—she telephoned me.

"Oh, doctor," she gasped, "Jimmy is terribly sick, doubled up with cramps, and is vomiting something awful! Could it be the 'shots' you gave him sometime ago?"

"I don't think so," I answered. "What have you been feeding him?"

"Oh, nothing unusual. Just regular food—apples, milk, crackers, and so on."

"What sort of apples? Green?"

"Well, they might have been."

I tried not to smile even through the telephone.

"Give him a half teaspoonful of the same medicine I prescribed for your older girl when she had the stomach-ache. If that doesn't help him in an hour or so, let me know and I'll come out."

"All right. Thank you, doctor. I'll let you know."

I could get the big sleep now, and I needed it. I had had three very heavy nights in a row just previous to this one, and was dog-tired. It seemed as if I had just gotten to sleep—really, it was two hours later—when I heard that bell again. Getting up, I looked at the clock. It was quarter to four.

"Hello," I said sleepily.

"Is this you, Dr. Raymond?" a breathless voice inquired.

"Yes."

"This is Mrs. Buehl."

"Yes, Mrs. Buehl. What's wrong? Jimmy not worse, I hope?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "Jimmy's fine! That's why I called you. I knew you'd be glad to know about it."

I *was* glad, of course—but doctors sometimes get awfully sleepy!

A PATIENT'S confidence in his doctor can be carried too far in another direction, and often leads to abuse by the physician. I don't suppose I met a dozen patients that first year who had not been told that their particular ills were the worst, the largest, the most deadly ever seen by the physicians attending them.

I was forced to believe that either many of my confreres in Canaking were born-and-bred Baron Munchausens or else Canaking's population produced the largest infections, the largest tumors, the largest appendices, the largest babies, the largest gall bladders, and so on and so forth.

A conversation with Dr. Larry Baker enlightened me on this point.

"Do you have people describe their past ills as the 'worst case this' and 'the most terrible infection that'?"

He laughed heartily.

"Indeed I do! Our old-timers here take the position that no matter what a patient has the matter with him it is always the worst in history."

"What's the idea?"

"Several," he replied. "This is how they figure it: Tell every patient his case is the worst they've ever seen. Then, if the case goes sour and somebody dies, the inference will be, 'How could Dr. So-and-so help it? It was the worst case of appendicitis ever. A doctor can't cure everything.' If, on the contrary, it turns out to be a simple affair, and the patient recovers promptly, the doctor is a miracle man."

"A sort of heads-I-win-tails-you-lose proposition?"

"From the doctor's standpoint, yes. These Canaking medics may be short on diagnosis and treatment, but they are long on salesmanship."

I didn't laugh. I knew, after my six years in medicine, that this was a true indictment of too many of those who were supposed to be walking reverently in the footsteps of Galen and Hippocrates!

A child between life and death, the doctor at the bedside, the anguished parents looking on imploringly—an old familiar picture, but a scene as true as ever to the human heart and to medical experience! Dr. "Raymond" will give two gripping versions of it in Liberty next week.

How to Dress on $250 a Year

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

News! The author of Orchids on Your Budget tells how to look like a lily of the field on a dandelion income!

EVER since I can remember, I've heard that chic wasn't a matter of money. A Girl Who Knew How, the wiseacres said, could look like the Duchess of Windsor or her current counterpart in a little dress whisked off the bargain rack for next to nothing. And to make it all even more irritating, the statement is true. Young ladies whose papas make excellent citizens but very little money, or who have no papas or bank accounts at all, are as likely as any one else to be the ones who look like the fashion illustrations, while the rest of the world wonders how they manage to do it.

The answer is that there are substitutes for cash that the wiseacres didn't bother to mention. Without them you might as well give up trying to be chic or else look around for a rich husband. With them and, let us say, $250 annually, you can accomplish small miracles.

The first—and it probably saves more money than anything else known to woman—is a good strong will power, a will power that will take you right by all the tempting little bargains that don't happen to be on your chart. For the second is a chart, carefully thought out and complete to the last stocking, and built around a definite color plan. Given these, and a figure that doesn't demand outsizes or too special designs, your $250 can dress you, if not like Mrs. Vanderhoosit, at least like that semi-fictitious individual, the Well Dressed Woman.

It sounds simple. So simple that it seems odd that about seventy-five per cent of the women you see in any bus, subway, or streetcar look as if they'd assembled their costumes at a rummage sale. But did you ever stop to analyze the reason for their dowdiness? If you have, you've discovered that half wore a conglomeration of ill-assorted colors and the other half were distressingly over-trimmed or had put on a hat that was planned for a party, with shoes that were made for a hike, and separated them by a dress designed for an office.

They haven't made that chart, which would easily double their money in the effect they would get, or, if they have made it, they haven't stuck to it with the iron will that adds another hundred or two in chic. And if you make a mistake on $250 a year, you have to wear the mistake. That's why the ladies are—well, not exactly tramps, but pretty dowdy.

Nobody can plan such a chart for you, down to the last detail. A wardrobe is personal. It must depend on where you live and what's available there, and on what you do. A ready-made budget is, at best, an outline to work from and on which to make your own variations; the chart to stick to is your own original creation.

There are a few rules, however, that are pretty likely to apply to you and me. The first is to build your wardrobe around your coats and suits and to spend the largest sums on them. My own opinion is that, out of $250, about $40 should be used in the autumn, one year for a coat and the next for a suit, each to be worn two seasons. In the spring, about $20 should be used, one year for a spring coat and the next for an evening wrap. And these purchases should be the color keys for your day and evening wardrobes.

The coats should be untrimmed, and that means that they'd better not have even a dab of fur. Not at $40 and $20 respectively. A good bet for the lady on this allowance is a plain well cut soft wool coat that is neither formal nor sportslike and that can be worn with scarfs and without, over a suit now and then, sometimes with a flower in the buttonhole or with a separate fur piece if the owner runs into a windfall or has a rich aunt. You can find really good ones at this price, with a little hard hunting, and you'll look a lot more aristocratic than in fur that's gotten just a shade mangy.

As to color, if you have to buy piecemeal, so that the hats and bags and shoes you've acquired through one season stay in service, for a time at least, into the next, you'd better settle down to one all-year-round basic color and get your variety in contrast. Navy blue is out, because it disappears from the shops with the first hint of autumn; green is out, because it presents too great a problem in matching; red is out, because you'd see red if you wore it all year round. And that leaves black and

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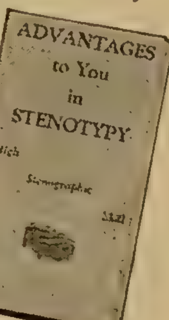
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brown. Fortunately, it leaves them in vast quantities, in unlimited variety, and in every garment in which you'd want them and some others besides.

Having chosen your color and bought your coats, the next rule to remember is that, while dresses may seem like large items in your wardrobe and accessories like small ones, that isn't the way to divide your money. With $250 to go on (which is pretty close going) and $60 of that already accounted for, there is just one way to get that elegant woman-of-the-world look we are aiming at, and to get it consistently. That is, to buy excessively simple dresses, each planned to go with the coats and each with some one definitely new feature in its cut and design. Such dresses are to be had at amazingly small cost, but you've got to know them when you see them. You've got to be able to recognize them, sometimes under a gaudy clip or a cheap buckle or an over-fancy collar. You've got to know what's what in fashion and to learn to suppress any instinct to add a little bit of business here, little bit of business there. Unless, of course, it's exactly the right bit of business.

I'VE said before that no one else's plan is likely to suit you exactly; but a wise average would be to spend only about $85 out of the remaining $190 on dresses. This might include one (the best) at $18; for which amount you should be able to find a simple well cut dress, suitable for luncheons and teas, that would be an effective background for well-thought-out accessories. There might be three dresses, two of silk and one of wool, at from $8 to $10 each—and there are many stores and budget departments all over the country that have such dresses. Dresses of the shirtwaist type, very effective indeed with contrasting "jeweled" shirt studs, come into this class, and give that look of Knowing Your Fashions (which a surplice dress, for instance, or one with a lace collar seldom gives). One of those dresses in this trio might well be a print, with the coat color in its design, of course; and so should one of the two cotton dresses at about $5 each that are part of the scheme. There might be, also, two dinner dresses, one of them black and one (or both) with a jacket, for the evening clothes in this wardrobe have to go lots of places—or should, at least, be able to.

You still have $105 for accessories and underwear. For the underwear, which is certainly *your* problem, you might allow approximately $40, at least $15 of which would probably go for stockings. The $65 that is left is dedicated to accessories—and here is where those glamour girls referred to in the first paragraph, those fabulous creatures who achieve incredible chic on a shoestring, get in their innings. For every accessory in these ladies' wardrobes accomplishes something. Not more than $7 may be spent in a year for gloves—two pairs at $2 each, perhaps, and three or four fabric pairs at 75 cents or $1—but there will be a smart white pair that ties up with a white blouse and white carnation to wear with the suit, and possibly a pair in chartreuse to match a scarf, and the black ones will have open-stitched seams and a chic bulky look. None of them, however, will have pleating or perforations or other misguided whimsies.

There can't be more than two blouses and a sweater at about $3 each (though there will be one or two sweaters from another season, in all probability—we're not writing about a lady who has been through a fire), but the blouses won't be fancy ones, with no special style—they will be trim mannish well cut shirts of silk or cotton piqué. There may be a checked wool skirt—or it may be a jacket—to give variety to the suit; but it will be tracked down for no more than $5.

There will be at least five hats, since a change of hat can do more to change a costume than any other one thing. The hats will be cheap—they'll have to be!—and probably three of them will be absurdities picked up for $1 or $2 each, like a silly white scoop or a scarlet pillbox held on by a strap or a tall towering dunce cap to match some accessory. But two, one for spring and one for winter, will be conservative enough to wear with practically anything.

THERE are still shoes, bags, and whatnots to be considered, and not much money left. But you don't need to suffer. There are perfectly good inexpensive shoes on the market. Those for evening and for summer ought to last two seasons, so one pair of each a year should be enough. About $3 for each of these and two daytime pairs for about $4 each gets our budgeting lady pretty close to her margin—but not too close.

She can pick up her bags at sales, and she'll spend the most on one for every day. It will match her coat, and will be big, plain, and important-looking. The rest should be bargains, hunted down like the rare birds they are—a white one for $1 and an odd little suède for formal use, and maybe a coarse linen one for summer. Here is where her ingenuity is at its best—here and in her use of the very little money left for a gay little evening jacket (perhaps a white one that can go over daytime dresses too in summer) and an unusual clip, that looks ten times its $1 price mark, and a scarf that is exactly right with two or three costumes, and a boutonnière or two for spring coat lapels, and half a dozen other chic-making bits.

It can't be done, you say? It's being done, lady, all over the country. What's more, it's probably being done by one out of every three of the really chic women you see—and look at with envy.

THE END

An article on how to dress on $500 a year, by Marjorie Hillis, will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

A Bumper Week in the Movies

Your reviewer offers pleased reports on some items involving the blithe Miss Durbin, the bird-brained Kilbournes, and the sourpuss Mr. Sparks

By RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ MAD ABOUT MUSIC

THE PLAYERS: Deanna Durbin, Herbert Marshall, Arthur Treacher, Gail Patrick, William Frawley, Jackie Moran, Helen Parrish, Marcia Mae Jones, Christian Rub, Charles Peck, Nana Bryant, Elizabeth Risdon, Joan Tree, Sid Grauman, Franklyn Pangborn, Charles Judels, Bert Roach. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson from an original story by Frederick Kohner and Marcella Burke. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Universal. Running time, 90 minutes.*

WHAT a bumper week for a movie reviewer this turned out to be! For the sweet girl debutante of the screen, Deanna Durbin, launches a film even finer than her previous ones (and they were both honeys, as you probably recall). Everything in Mad About Music—the settings, the casting, the situations—is as fresh and sparkling as its star.

Deanna is a fourteen-year-old in a most refined Swiss school. Her widowed mother is a movie star whom Deanna had been taught from babyhood never to mention because of the possible risk to Mother's career through the revelation of her true age. In order not to seem quite bereft, the girl invents a father, writes herself letters from him which she reads to her impressed classmates. Comes the inevitable moment when she must produce this adventurous paragon. Cornered, she picks Herbert Marshall off an incoming train with hilarious and heart-touching consequences.

Norman Taurog, that wizard with children, has directed this to produce an April-like blend of tears and laughter. Every one is quite flawless, but the production is still Deanna's all the way and she tosses it off as easily and lyrically as she sings.

Herbert Marshall makes a dream father any girl would covet, and a magnificent bit is contributed by Jackie Moran as a very young suitor for Deanna's hand.

VITAL STATISTICS: Modest Deanna Durbin actually has no idea of her importance, though her confidence in her ability knows no limits. Her own name is Edna Mae, studio wanted something fancier, so she took Diana, mispronounced it Deanna, and when some nonintellectual publicity man misspelled it too, it stuck. Her nickname Deedee comes in this way: Diana Durbin: Dee Dee—get it? She got 9,000 fan letters last Xmas, started a stamp collection, featuring air mails. Her health is carefully protected; she eats by chart, featuring Vitamins A, B, C, D, and G. Meals are regular as clockwork, three per day. She's 15 now, never been to a night club, is good at her studies, terribly neat. . . . Somewhere in the cast is an Arthur Treacher of Brighton, England. Six feet four, Art's one of the tallest men in Hollywood; used to be the tallest chorus boy in Charles Cochran's London revues. Art's the best paid butler in pix next to Will Powell, getting about $3,000 (free lance) a week for his services. . . . Jackie Moran is Miss Durbin's first cinematic boy friend. He's fresh from being Huck Finn. . . . Folks wanted Herb Marshall to be an accountant, of all things, and he probably would have been the most romantic one you ever did see. Bart's good at hating cricket, soccer, and polo; takes his workouts indoors at chess, poker, pingpong, and billiards. . . . Will Frawley's a Burlington, Iowan. He was a court reporter till one day a judge got annoyed at Frawley's singing in the reporters' room, threw him out of court. Bill landed in vodvil; isn't sorry. . . . Nana Bryant's a Dutch English from Cincy, she usually plays a duchess. . . . Helen Parrish was Rich Dix's dotter in Cimarron, John Boles' in Seed. . . . Technical Stuff: Studio claims the first 360° set ever created is used herein. What is a 360° set? This one represents an exclusive Swiss gals' school with driveways, groundkeeper's lodge, greenhouse, dorms, and cute shower bathrooms built without any false fronts. That is, it's built three-dimensional—the cameras can shoot it from any angle. All around the set ran a cyclorama of Alpine scenery completing the 360° circle and enabling a full pivot of the camera to any point of compass. Painted mountains in cyclorama could be shadowed to represent any time of day, no matter how the lens faced them.

★ ★ ★ ½ MERRILY WE LIVE

THE PLAYERS: Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Patsy Kelly, Ann Dvorak, Tom Brown, Bonita Granville, Marjorie Rambeau, Phillip Reed, Clarence Kolb, Marjorie Kane, Paul Everton, Willia Best. Original story and screen play by Eddie Moran and Jack Jevne. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 90 minutes.

PERSONALLY we had believed we couldn't sit through another screwball comedy, but this one, as mad as they come, is gorgeous entertainment, being, underneath all its merriment, a most romantic story peopled with utterly delightful characters.

The Kilbournes are a completely bird-brained, very rich family, with Mama Kilbourne the most dim-witted of the lot. She (Billie Burke) has a penchant for rehabilitating tramps and turning them into butlers. Thus when Brian Aherne, who isn't a tramp at all but a well bred writer in need of a shave, happens along, Billie jams him into her always waiting butler's uniform and introduces him to her brood.

Brian, meeting the gang, and particularly Constance Bennett, the eldest daughter, decides to stick around for the fun. Whereupon the whole family falls in love with him, with his identity never revealed until the proper moment, which is just before lovely Connie melts into his arms.

Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall, co-stars in Universal's Mad About Music.

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* Recommended for children.

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Opulently stuffed into this is a series of riotous gags and laughs, and while the piece technically stars Miss Bennett, the production is really wrapped up into three equal parts by Miss Burke, the immensely comic Alan Mowbray, and the bland Mr. Aherne.

VITAL STATISTICS: With Topper having gone such great guns at the b. o., and this promising to be the second M-G-M moneymaker since Thalberg's death, Hal (Heil) Roach will shelve two-reel custard comedy for good, concentrate on biggies. . . . Least credited and most normal person (for an actor) in Hollywood is Alan Mowbray. He's free-lanced for eight years, operates @ $4,000 a week, is a creative actor; that is, he never reads his scripts, picks up lines before scene. He's led loads of movie orchestras, can't read a note. . . . Do you detect strains of Galsworthy's The Pigeon in this? . . . The house you see herein is entirely streamlined, entirely operated by electricity. Danger of such a house—you don't eat if you blow a fuse! . . . Brian de Lacy Aherne whiskers up for this part, first time in his clean-shaven life. Brian's dabbled in architecture, was once a West African merchant, is 6/2, unmarried, doesn't believe he'll be real good till he's 40 or 50. Recently piloted his plane X-country, Macfadden style, solo to Palm Beach; likes to sky-scoot down to Guaymas, Mehico, for the fishing. This is the first dizzy role he's ever played. . . . Next year Connie (Icicles) Bennett will turn movie producer. She's buying stories quietly now. She's a darned good interior decorator if you have a million to spend; eats spinach like a horse does hay. . . . Cast was insured against illness, delays, etc., for a mere $1,250,000. . . . Least known actor in cast: a huge pepper tree, uprooted from Sunset Blvd., which, because of unusual size and absence of woods around Hollywood, rents @ $500 a week, makes its owner $1,000 a year; can be made up with plaster of Paris and phony foliage to play any kind of tree a dog can imagine. . . . Billie Burke takes a two-mile hike every morning in disguise; dotter Patricia's ditched acting for good; is attending college; will become an author. . . . Patsy Kelly finished the Santa Anita season ahead of the nags she bet on.

★ ★ ★ HAWAII CALLS

THE PLAYERS: Bobby Breen, Ned Sparks, Irvin S. Cobb, Warren Hull, Gloria Holden, Juanita Quigley, Mamo Clark, Pau Lani, Raymond Paige, Herbert Rawlinson, Dora Clement, Philip Ahn. Screen play by Wanda Tuchock, adapted from the novel, Stowaways in Paradise, by Don Blanding. Directed by Edward F. Cline. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 73 minutes.*

IT was smart business putting Ned Sparks opposite Bobby Breen in Hawaii Calls. For the presence of Hollywood's leading sourpuss makes the glucose personality of Master Breen bearable, and with the plot set against the haunting loveliness of Hawaii, it is Sparks' acid wit which keeps the proceedings from getting too sticky and which produces the comedy.

Bobby is an orphan bootblack (ouch!) who stows away with a little Hawaiian boy on a boat sailing for the islands. Sparks discovers the kids, feeds them, has Bobby sing at the ship's concert. But the ship's captain, Irvin S. Cobb, though moved to very large tears by Bobby's rendering of Macushla, says the lad must return to San Francisco and face the punishment for his small crime. The little boys run away and straight into a plot involving the plans for an aviation base of the United States government. Now, what would an orphan bootblack do then? Even at the risk of his life become a hero, sir. Which is what our Bobby does, stopping occasionally to sing in his falsetto. Nevertheless, all this somehow works into relaxing, pleasant entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: They actually moved the principals and production over to Hawaii to make this pineapple-flavored musical, violating all Hollywood principles! That's Honolulu's famous Pali, the 600-foot precipice over which the ancient Hawaiian king Kamehameha once drove an opposing army—not tourists—to destruction. A high wind that blew during production almost swept Bobby Breen over Pali into the blue tropical sea, and but for the quick action of Bobby's big sister Sally, who tackled and saved him, the world might have lost that precious boy soprano, voice and all. Bobby had the time of his citified life in Hawaii—rode the outriggers, speared octopi. . . . Well, sir, it turns out the hula wasn't invented by a night-club footer with the jitters and a lot of extra hay but that it's genuine Hawaiian; was originally a heroic religious dance-prayer. You're supposed to dance it dignifiedly; cupping and extending the hands represents opening flowers, wiggling the hands over head is rain, lightning you get by opening and shutting the eyes fast. Tipping the digits overhead means a roof; swaying the arms, palms out, means fish—hence food. Real hula skirts are fresh picked leaves, not old worn hay, and no tacks should be left lying around, because it must be danced with bare dogs. There you are, Princess Kropotkin! Try that out on your parlor rug! . . . Irv Cobb won the O'Henry Award back in '22. He did quite a lot of debunking of war atrocities back when he was one of the first war correspondents to hit Belgium. Thinks that war itself is quite an unbunkable atrocity. . . . Ned Sparks is a Canadian; has a 2,000-acre estate in the Quebec wilds.

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* Recommended for children.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl.

★★★—The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 30

1—Edgar Allan Poe's.

2—About seventy miles an hour.

3—Mae West.

4—A diamond—which is pure carbon in crystalized form.

5—Oscar Odd (McIntyre).

6—The Salton Sea.

7—Rind, bind, bend, bent, belt, bell.

8—Antony and Cleopatra; Othello.

9—Yes; according to the 1930 census, there were 4,734,207 widows to 2,025,036 widowers in the U. S.

10—James J. Walker, ex-Mayor of New York City.

11—Vitamin A.

12—About 370.

13—The moving-picture business—the Wuppermann brothers being better known as Frank and Ralph Morgan.

14—One thousand dollars; the down payment is 10 per cent up to $6,000 ($600) plus 20 per cent on the portion above $6,000 ($400).

15—Whippets.

16—Because without air no sound can be heard.

17—John Quincy Adams.

18—Yes; and all Indians in the U. S. are wards of the government.

19—Frankie Frisch.

20—

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME-THE CASE — THE CHALLENGE

by Former Governor
HAROLD G. HOFFMAN
of New Jersey

Was it a fair trial?—A revealing look into some ways of "Jersey justice"

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE things Jafsie had done and said that "fitted into the scheme of the prosecution" were "paraded at Flemington"; those that didn't are still being "protected from public scrutiny." Mr. Hoffman made these affirmations and gave his grounds for them last week. He went on to examine some of Jafsie's "mystifying stories and activities," especially his account of his first visit to Hopewell and of what he did with his copy of the "symbol signature"; his statements, and his silences, anent the pins from the baby's crib; his stories of his parley with "John" at Woodlawn, of the delivery of the sleeping suit (with discrepancies as to those who were present when he opened the package), and of having seen "John" from a bus. Mr. Hoffman made public a signed statement by Robert Riehl, the Woodlawn guard who frightened "John." Riehl was not put on the witness stand at Flemington.

PART ELEVEN—"GOOD JURORS"

VOLUMES, as I have said, might be written—volumes of interesting, challenging material that would substantiate my claim that there is an "other side" of the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case. Much must be passed over until a subsequent opportunity is provided to present the mass of evidence in greater detail, and I am now obliged hurriedly and briefly to discuss topics and persons without regard to their relative importance and without consideration of their chronological places in the story of the tragedy, the blundering investigation, the hysterical, disorderly trial, and the bewildering aftermath.

From the records may I first direct your attention to *the convenient wind* on the night of the kidnaping.

One question asked many times, even before the trial, was, "Why didn't the Lindberghs' dog bark that night?" A pertinent question, but the state was prepared for it. When Mrs. Whateley, the housekeeper, was upon the stand, Attorney General Wilentz, heading off the expected question from the defense, used the witness to give the jury—and the world—the answer:

WILENTZ: By the way, some mention or reference was made to a dog in the house. Was there a dog in the house that night?

MRS. WHATELEY: Yes, there was.

WILENTZ: What sort of a dog was it?

MRS. WHATELEY: A terrier, an English terrier.

WILENTZ: Was he a barking dog or a quiet dog?

MRS. WHATELEY: Well, I always thought he was sharp; if he heard a noise, he would bark, as a rule; *but the wind was so bad* that night you couldn't hear anything.

WILENTZ: Did the dog bark that night between the hours of 7.30 and 10 o'clock?

MRS. WHATELEY: No, he did not.

WILENTZ: What was the condition of the weather?

MRS. WHATELEY: *It was very, very windy.*

Let us go back to the official files of the State Police, to the transcription of the stenographic notes of the memorable conference between Colonel Schwarzkopf, Assistant Director Nathan of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and other officials, held on May 18, 1932.

The State Police officers have been telling the federal men how the kidnaper entered the nursery window by means of a ladder, took the baby, climbed back on the ladder with the baby in his arms after having left the ransom note upon the windowsill.

The alert Mr. Nathan had a question, but again the state had an answer.

This is the way it is recorded:

MR. NATHAN: Could a note have been left on the windowsill, inside, by any

"You were asked if you got any money or not, and you said all you got was being taken to New York for dinner?"

one leaving from the window, with the wind that was blowing?

MAJOR SCHOEFFEL: That night between 8 and 11 *there was not much of a wind*, but from then on it was bitter cold and it was windy.

Good old wind! Like the stories of some important witnesses at the trial, it adapted itself to the needs of the state. It was blowing so hard at the time of the kidnaping that the terrier could not hear the criminals, but it stopped blowing, at the same time, so that the ransom note would not blow off the windowsill.

Next, as to *the voice at St. Raymond's:*

On the night of April 2, 1932, Colonel Lindbergh, sitting in his car in front of Bergen's greenhouse, heard the kidnaper in St. Raymond's Cemetery, at least two hundred and fifty feet away, call, "Hey, Doctor," to Condon, and on the witness stand at Flemington he identified the voice as being that of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. That Colonel Lindbergh should have carried for more than two years the memory of a voice he had heard only once may not have been extraordinary, in the tragic circumstances; yet the Colonel should also have remembered just what the voice had said.

Doctor Condon was standing just outside the cemetery, and it always seemed to me unusual that a kidnaper—and a murderer, if the contention of the prosecution is correct—would deliberately and unnecessarily shout so that people hundreds of feet away might have their attention called to his nefarious business.

Now let's look at the record:

To Inspector Harry Walsh, on May 20, 1932, Colonel Lindbergh gave a signed statement which includes: "A voice from the cemetery called, *'Ay, Doctor.'* "

To the Bronx Grand Jury, on September 26, 1934, Colonel Lindbergh, answering the question of Mr. Foley, "Did you receive any impression as to whether or not the voice that you heard was a voice of a foreigner or a man of foreign extraction?" replied: "It undoubtedly was. It was a very distinct foreign accent. The voice simply called to Doctor Condon, saying, *'Hey, Doc,'* but there was a very distinct accent."

Again at this Grand Jury hearing Colonel Lindbergh was asked the question, "Do you think you would recognize that man's voice if you heard it again?"

The Colonel replied, "*I can't say positively* I remember the voice very clearly. I would recognize the voice to be identical with the one I heard. It would be very difficult for me to sit here and *say that I could pick a man by that voice.*"

Thus the Colonel is down in the records as having given, upon three different occasions, three different versions of what "John" called to Condon.

Now, how does Doctor Condon report the occurrence?

On May 13, 1932, to Inspector Harry Walsh, at Hopewell: "I started to walk away, but some one from the cemetery yelled, *'Hey, Doc, here I am!'* "

On May 20, 1932, to the Bronx Grand Jury: "I turned to go back . . . and some one yelled out, *'Hey, Doc.'* "

On June 21, 1932, to Inspector Walsh, at Alpine, New Jersey: "I was called by the man . . . he said, *'Doc.'* "

On June 26, 1932, to Detective Leon, at Alpine: "The man called *'Doc, Doc.'* "

On March 23, 1934, Doctor Condon relates: "I walked a short distance, when I heard some one call, *'Doc.'* "

BUT how the stories change after Hauptmann has been arrested! In Jafsie Tells All, Condon writes: "Instantly, from behind one of the monuments . . . the *guttural* voice of the kidnaper called, *'Hey, Doktor!'* "

On the stand at Flemington he tells: "Some one said in a very loud, clear tone, *'Hey, Doctor, over here.'* "

The *tones* of the voice burned so deeply in the minds of two men that they could identify that voice two and a half years later, yet the simple words claimed to have been spoken in those tones were, at various times during that period, "Ay, Doctor," "Hey, Doc," "Doc," "Doc, Doc," "Hey, Doc, here I am," "Hey, Doctor," "Hey, Doktor" (guttural), and "Hey, Doctor, over here."

Turning now to *the Hauptmann jury*:

Cicero wrote, "Let us remember that justice must be observed even to the lowest." Our understanding of American justice has been built upon this concept; we have always held that members of a jury, especially those in whose hands may lie the life of a human being, must be free from prejudice, and from a preconceived idea of the guilt or innocence of the person on trial.

The State of New Jersey "overlooked no bets" in the selection of the jury in the Hauptmann case. Perhaps these precautions were wise, but I shall place the facts before the public so that it may be determined in individual minds whether or not it was possible for the German carpenter, under the circumstances, to receive what we so often refer to as "a fair trial."

Lloyd Fisher was worried over the impression that would be created in Hunterdon County by the appearance of Edward J. Reilly, of Brooklyn, as the chief defense counsel. He suggested to Mrs. Hauptmann that an effort be made to add to the counsel staff former Judge George Large, highly regarded in Hunterdon County. Fisher found that Judge Large was interested, and when Mrs. Hauptmann said that she had no money to retain the Judge, Fisher felt that under the circumstances, with Reilly being paid from funds that came from an outside source, Justice Trenchard might assign Large to the defense. A few days later there came the news that Judge Large had been retained by the state. Large, ostensibly, had been secured to help draw the jury. For this he received from the State of New Jersey $8,043.

TEN special investigators were paid $100 each in order to check the persons from whom the jury was to be selected. Local people were used for this purpose. I have before me their findings, as compiled by Detective Sergeant John Wallace of the State Police for the information of the prosecution. Some of the people referred to were drawn; some were not. I am obliged to withhold their names, lest a lot of good Hunterdon County folk be embarrassed. Every person on the jury list was carefully labeled "Republican" or "Democratic."

Here is some of the illuminating information:

"Advised she wants to see Hauptmann get all that is coming to him. Should be good juror."

"Very good type. Has remarked that Hauptmann should get the chair."

"Good type of juror. Father-in-law of Sergeant ——— of State Police."

"Very poor head. Has remarked that she couldn't send Hauptmann to chair if found guilty."

"Good type of juror. Belongs to K. K. K. and they are against Fisher in that township."

"Good type—easily led—should make fair juror."

"Would make good juror. Not friendly to Fisher."

"Learned that he may be led $$$$. Poor type juror."

"Would go along with state."

"Can be reached $$$$$."

"Her reputation is questionable. Gossiper."

"Believe she could send Hauptmann to the chair without any hesitation."

"Carpenter, approachable $$$. Poor type juror."

"She would be weak and hesitate about sending a person to chair; also learned she had said Hauptmann resembles a person she knows and she couldn't convict him."

"Would favor the state, provided several good Lambertville jurors were on the panel to influence him."

"Stated state has weak case against Hauptmann. Poor type juror. OUT."

"He is acquainted with Millard Whited and would doubt very much the veracity of this man's testimony."

"May be handicapped by his age, but would go along with the state."

Even the constables selected to guard the jury were checked and double-checked.

Within a month after the Hauptmann trial Juror No. 5, Ethel Stockton, was placed in a position as a stenographer in the office of Prosecutor Tony Hauck.

Of *Millard Whited* I have already made some mention. This Sourland Mountain woodsman was one of the state's important witnesses. He it was who went to the Bronx and identified Hauptmann as a man whom he had seen twice in the vicinity of the Lindbergh estate a short time before the kidnaping. Without Whited it is doubtful that Hauptmann could have been brought to New Jersey to stand trial for murder, as it was essential that there be evidence to place the accused at the scene of the crime, in order to take him from the hands of the New York authorities who were preparing to try him on the extortion charge.

At Flemington, Whited testified that he saw Hauptmann, on February 18, 1932, come out of the woods near Whited's property, wearing a gray suit and a gray felt hat and carrying an overcoat. He again saw Hauptmann, dressed in the same way, between the 25th and 27th of February, "on the crossroad that leads to Zion."

On April 26, 1932, *less than two months after the crime*, Whited gave a signed statement to Sergeant Sam J. Leon of the *State Police* and Detective Robert Coar of Newark. Asked, "Have you noticed any persons walking through the woods in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home before March 1, 1932, that acted in a suspicious manner?" his answer was, "*No, I have not.*" Asked, "Is there any information that you can give that would assist us in this investigation or help the police recover the Lindbergh child?" he answered, "*No.*"

Yet *two years later* Whited was taken to the Bronx County Jail, where he identified Hauptmann and said that he was the suspicious man he had twice seen in the neighborhood of the Lindbergh home before the kidnaping.

Whited's testimony, in the face of the earlier statement that he had given the State Police, represents, in my opinion, one of the "rawest" things perpetrated during the investigation and the trial.

On the stand Whited admitted that Corporal Wolf of the State Police had twice visited him after Hauptmann's arrest, and had shown him photographs of Hauptmann before he went to the Bronx to identify the carpenter. He admitted that he had been taken to the Hotel Hildebrecht at Trenton; that there he had had read to him, by some one from the Attorney General's department, the testimony that he had given in the Bronx.

The following is from the Flemington testimony:

Mr. Fisher: How much money were you paid for testifying in the Bronx?

Whited: None.

Fisher: No expense money paid?

Whited: Expense, yes.

Fisher: How much expense money?

Whited: I was took over there and my dinner.

Fisher: Nothing for your day's work?

Whited: No.

On February 22, 1936, after I came into possession of the statement in which he denied ever seeing a suspicious person in the Lindbergh area, I had Whited brought to my office in the State House, and there, in the presence of Anthony Hauck, prosecutor of Hunterdon County, C. Lloyd Fisher of the defense counsel, and Lieutenant Andrew K. Dutch, I questioned him. I have the stenographic transcript before me. He admitted that he had been paid "about $150"; that he had "hollered" for thirty-five dollars a day before he agreed to go to the Bronx.

Here is an excerpt from that hearing:

Fisher: Now, Millard, in the trial you testified. You were asked if you got any money or not, and you said all you got was being taken to New York for dinner?

Whited: I know it.

Fisher: Did you lie about it?

Whited: I absolutely thought that was my business, what I got out of it.

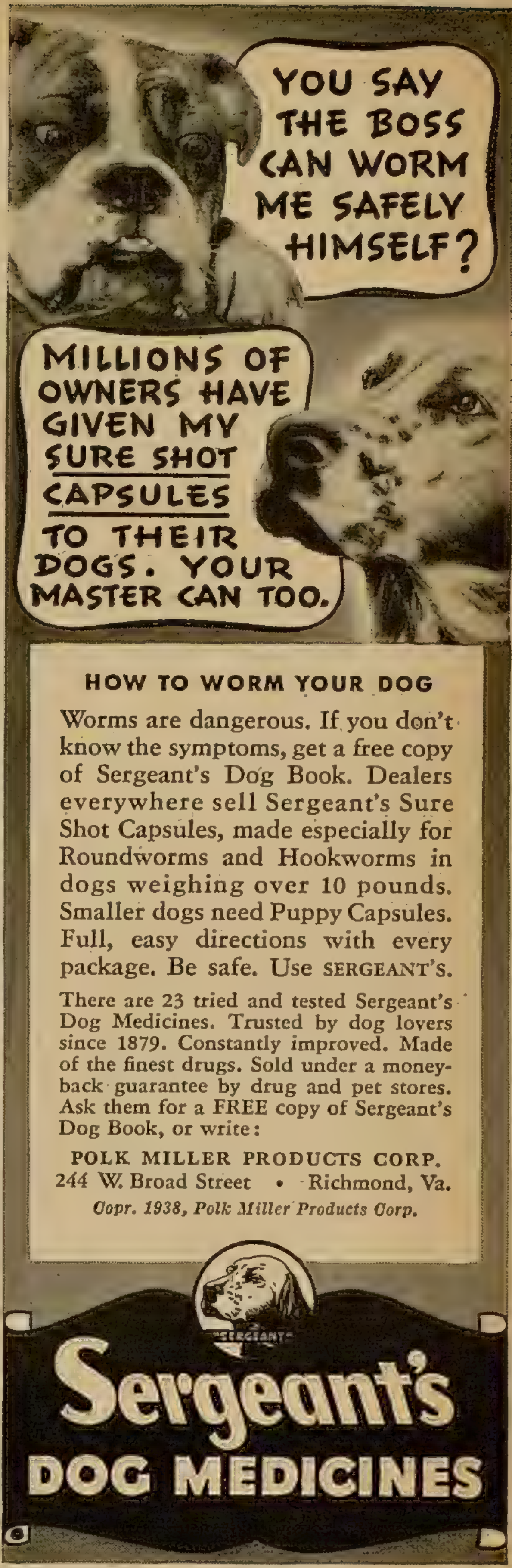
It was brought out during the questioning that Whited had been told he would be entitled to share in the reward. Asked how much he thought he was entitled to, he said, "As much as the rest were—about one third."

Whited tried to explain the change in his testimony from the answers he had given two years before by saying that the State Police had told him to "keep secret" the knowledge that he had really seen a suspicious man near the Lindbergh home before the crime. It seems to me utterly ridiculous that the State Police would never place in their files, if this were so, Whited's *true* statement, and would make part of their records a statement that they knew to be *false*.

Once Whited had identified Hauptmann in the Bronx, the State Police took no chances on Whited again changing his story. For weeks troopers were assigned to watch him day and night, and even to ride with him into the woods when he went to haul timber.

It would take pages to set out all the discrepancies in the testimony and the statements of Whited. All that searchers for the truth in the case will have to do to obtain an estimate of his value as an important witness for the State is to take a day's jaunt into the Sourland Mountains and ascertain what his neighbors hold as an opinion of his integrity and veracity.

Joseph Anthony Perrone is the New York taxi driver who testified that on the night of March 12, 1932, he was given a note to take to the home of Condon by a man whom he later identified as Hauptmann. I have before me as I write a signed statement of Perrone in which he says that he was taken to New York Police Headquarters on September 19, 1934, and was told that six men were to be brought in and he was to see if he could identify the man who gave him the note. "*Six men* were brought into the room," Perrone states. "They were in the room for about three minutes and they walked out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again. Inspector Lyons then asked me if I saw the man that gave me the note. I said there was a man in the group that looks very much like the man who gave me the note." They were brought in the room again. Hauptmann was in the middle of the group. . . . I put my hand on Bruno Hauptmann."

Now let's look at the *police record* of the identification of Hauptmann by Perrone, as it actually took place at the Greenwich Street police station:

> A line-up is arranged in the room consisting of *Ptl. John McNamara, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, Det. Thomas Coake.* Inspector John A. Lyons resumes questioning:
>
> *Q.* On March 12, 1932, at about 8.30 P. M., you were driving a taxicab in the vicinity of Mosholu Parkway and Gunhill Road. Did anybody accost you at that time? Do you see him in this room?
>
> *A.* Yes, that's the man. (Perrone walks over to Hauptmann and puts hand on his shoulder.)

What a travesty of justice! A man held for the murder and kidnap of the Lindbergh child, a German carpenter in ordinary clothes, stuck in between *two* New York police officers, while a nearsighted taxi driver is called upon to identify him! And the taxi driver had said that there were *six* in the line-up, which would have been bad enough.

But the police had reason to be wary of Perrone's identification. On twelve or fourteen different occasions he had either identified or had picked out as "closely resembling" the note-giver various photographs in police rogues' galleries. Once he had said that he saw Doctor Condon, at City Island, talking to a man who he thought was the man who had given him the note. He had the police check a man named Hognell whom he met at an American Legion affair, and who he said "must be the double of John." He sent the police after a man who he said had hired his cab and who went into 285 203d Street.

At another time Perrone said he saw a man coming out of 412 West End Avenue, a "perfect resemblance of John." He said, again, that a man named "Chetel" ran as he (Perrone) looked at him, and went into a movie. At another time he said that the man who gave him the note had some of the facial characteristics of Colonel Schwarzkopf. He then saw "John" and a woman come out of the Hotel Albert, and reported it to the police. He identified one Otto Steiner, under arrest for stealing harness at Princeton, as the man who gave him the note. He reported once that he had seen another man resembling "John," but that this man was now wearing a monocle.

I have examined all these reports, and have photostatic copies of them to exhibit to doubters. I also have copies of some of the pictures of persons identified by Perrone as bearing great resemblance to the man who gave him the note. They look no more like Hauptmann than I look like Haile Selassie.

DID Hauptmann have a fair trial? Don't accept my answer to that question. It may be that my experience and my knowledge of what went on behind the scenes have made me a prejudiced witness. Most of the newspapers took the position that I was "all wrong"; that as Governor of New Jersey I shouldn't have investigated; that I shouldn't have said anything that might be taken as a reflection upon "Jersey justice." Let's get the answer elsewhere:

The Editor and Publisher magazine, principal mouthpiece of the newspaper profession, made this comment: "No trial in this country has so degraded the administration of justice. . . . If the life of one man and the unhappiness of hundreds are to be commercialized for the benefit of entertainment, of radio broadcasters, newspaper publishers, newsreel producers; if a public trial means protection from star-chamber tyranny but not from the indignities of the mob, then the ancient institution of trial by a jury of peers is without meaning."

The report of the American Bar Association's Committee on Criminal Procedure, in Boston, 1936, contained this paragraph: "Both Mooney and Hauptmann based their appeals on the ground that they were tried and condemned by the press and that their court trials and convictions were therefore unfair and not according to law. No responsible American lawyer or newspaperman would feel that such appeals are completely answered by a retort that both defendants were guilty and got what they deserved. The better answer must always be that the defendants in any criminal case have received a trial which was essentially fair, dignified, and according to law."

Richard A. Knight, a distinguished New York lawyer, writing in the Forum, said: "Hauptmann was tried and found guilty, allegedly on circumstantial evidence, not of kidnaping nor of extortion, but of murder. . . . And in the record compiled at that trial there is no more evidence that the man is guilty of murder than there is that you are or I am. . . . No reasonable man can believe that an adult and a baby can fall off a ladder into soft mud without making an impression in the mud. No reasonable man can believe that the baby, in falling, can have its skull crushed in three places by the wall of a house or the rungs of the ladder without its brains and blood staining either the wall or the ladder, or the sleeping suit in which it is clad. In the alternative no reasonable man can believe that a baby can be done to death in its cradle with a chisel without either the bedclothes or the chisel retaining any evidence of the deed. . . . A child's murder can set no legal precedent; but a judicial lynching can."

HERE are some excerpts from the press of the day: "Men and women sat on windowsills and jammed the small space between the bench and the walls." "The fourth broken courtroom window was registered today." "Among questions discussed was the practice of attorneys from both sides of issuing subpoenas ostensibly to 'witnesses' but in reality to friends seeking a seat in the courtroom." "Half-hysterical crowds that paw and claw and shove and jostle their way," "circus spirit," "thronging as they would throng to a bullfight." "It's a side show—a jamboree"; "thousands laughingly gathered to see a man fight desperately for his life."

Socialite and stenographer, rich and poor, famous and unknown, all converged on the peaceful village for the big show. At times it is estimated that as many as eight hundred persons, with others fighting to get in, were jammed into the little courtroom built to accommodate two hundred and fifty people. On a given day might be found, in the spaces set aside for witnesses, outstanding figures of the social, sport, or theatrical world. There were frequent interruptions during the trial, giggles and sighs and out-and-out laughter; a sound camera, the presence of which seemed to be known to every one but the venerable Justice Trenchard, clicked away from a concealed vantage point; photographs were taken of witnesses; the jury was paraded back and forth, as was Hauptmann, through jostling, jeering crowds.

When Hauptmann was arrested he had a few thousand dollars in a bank account. The federal government placed a lien upon it. He had left, according to Lloyd Fisher, as his sole asset, a $3,750 mortgage, which was sold for $2,950. Against this $2,950, which was all that was available for the defense up to the time of the conviction at Flemington, the state had appropriated $125,000, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands spent in the course of the Lindbergh investigation.

Against such odds, with the combined resources of the federal government, the State of New Jersey, and the City of New York arrayed against him, with a chief counsel paid by a newspaper that had convicted him in its news and editorial columns long before he faced the jury, and in the atmosphere of circus hilarity and prejudice that enveloped the little town of Flemington, Hauptmann went on trial in a futile attempt to prove that he was not the man who had brutally murdered the little Lindbergh child.

More about the trial and about the way the defense was conducted, with pointed questions concerning the crime and the case—questions that have never been answered!—will be included in next week's installment of this series by former Governor Hoffman.

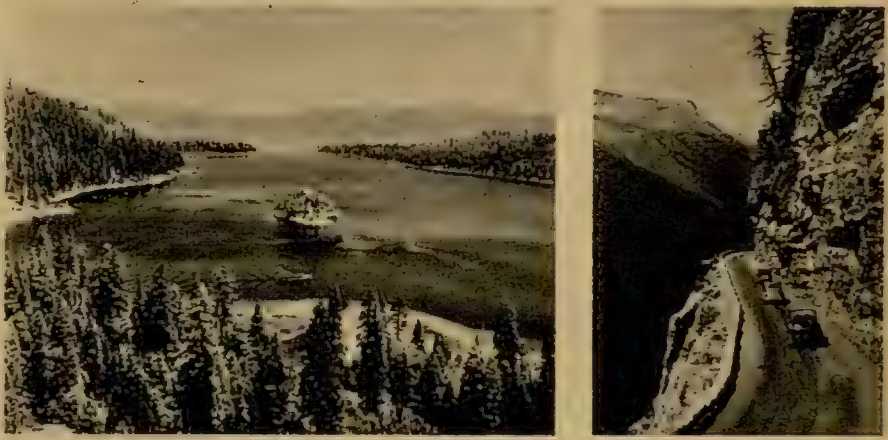
100,000 MILES *Free* VACATION TRAVEL

Greyhound supercoach amid the redwoods.

THINK of winning 25,000 miles of free transportation for your 1938 vacation! Most people never make a trip like that in a lifetime. Yet your chance to win it, or one of the many other travel awards, is excellent. Don't delay. You can start from this page by solving the jumbles on Coupon 3. As an illustration, a jumble like YONLOWTESEL can be rearranged into YELLOWSTONE. That's all there is to it. Just get the letters into their correct order. Every letter is there. There are no extra letters. Now, if you need to make up lost ground, you can obtain reprints of the first two coupons by making written request to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. You can solve these first two sets of jumbles at your leisure. Save all coupons until your set of ten is complete.

The Shrine of the Little Flower, Royal Oak, Michigan. Department of Conservation photo. National shrine at Mount Vernon, Va. Baltimore & Ohio photo.

Can't you almost hear the drums as these Indians dance in the Black Hills of South Dakota? Chicago & North-Western photo.



Emerald Bay, Lake Tahoe, rendezvous of movie folk. Southern Pacific photo. The Going-to-the-Sun Highway, Glacier National Park. Great Northern photo.

THESE BRIEF RULES TELL HOW TO WIN!

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

No. 3...USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

JUMBLE SOLUTION

1. **HIXENPO** ....
2. **NESTLAGOV** ....
3. **TALCITINCATY** ....
4. **DOWNBENTAR** ....
5. **TOYEMISE** ....
6. **LOWLOHDOY** ....
7. **OPBLUE** ....
8. **STRIPHUNE** ....
9. **TORNWEP** ....
10. **HIKERBRESS** ....

SHE *Woke Up* SMILING

Too many men, too much money!—The story of as strange a predicament as ever brought dismay to a lovely girl

BY ELMER DAVIS

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

PART SIX—THE MISSING MEMORANDUM

"WHEN I told you to get a press agent," Cramer said acridly, "I didn't mean that kind. Heavens, Gail! How could you?"

"I didn't!" she wailed. "That picture—" She told him about it. "There were plenty of scenes where that chorus wore clothes," she finished dolefully. "But I suppose that isn't what the papers want."

"Why should they, when they can get a picture like that of the richest girl in the world—appealing to both the elemental instincts? Not that you are the richest girl in the world," he added dryly; "but that's your label and you might as well get used to it. . . . Now if you've got another picture—never mind what it is, how unflattering it is, so long as you've got clothes on—bring it down to my office this afternoon and we'll send copies around. Though heaven knows who will use them now."

"Bring it to the office?" she said. "Dr. Ohrstrom told me—"

"Of course; you'll have to take care of your knee for a few days. Well, I'll drop in late this afternoon, then, on my way home. And meanwhile, don't talk to reporters. Don't talk to anybody till you've seen me."

When she was dressed she hobbled, with Rena's aid, to her chaise longue—annoying to be unable to get around just now—and read the text of the will in the Times. Ten thousand to Marcum—she was glad of that; ten thousand to Miss Beeding— Poor thing, she deserves more, Gail mused; she's old and tired. I'll give her more. For—the realization gave her a thrill—for now I'm Jasper Hawes. Or will be, when I get the money. . . .

Nothing about the memorandum in the will as filed; but that line that Hawes had struck out was quoted in the news stories. Cramer had talked to reporters about that; had told them that the mention of the memorandum had no legal value, that Hawes had canceled it at his insistence; and had added that so far as he knew there had never been a memorandum; it had remained an unfulfilled intention in Hawes' mind. . . . That helps, Gail thought gratefully; that ought to convince anybody.

And then the telephone again. Doris Reick.

"Hello, my dear!" she said joyfully. "Congratulations! This is simply wonderful! I never dreamed—" and so on. Gail explained that she had never dreamed either; then there was a pause. "Gail," said Doris, "I hope it isn't too much to ask—you can't blame me for being curious— Did the chief say anthing about Billy and me in that memorandum?"

"But I never—" Gail began. Cramer had told her not to talk to anybody, but he couldn't have meant Doris. "He never gave me any memorandum," she said. "He might have meant to, but he seems to have changed his mind. Didn't you see what Mr. Cramer said about it?"

"Oh, yes," said Doris. "I saw that." But there seemed a certain lack of enthusiasm in her voice now.

Half a dozen other women of the chief's party crowd, and two or three of the men, called her during the morning; they all began with congratulations, and they all proceeded, as soon as they decently could, to that same question. The first time or two she answered it; but it was plain that they didn't believe her. After that she fell back on Cramer's instructions—wouldn't talk.

The noon mail arrived; a whole armful

Jimmy: If I went to work for you now, on Jasper Hawes' money—

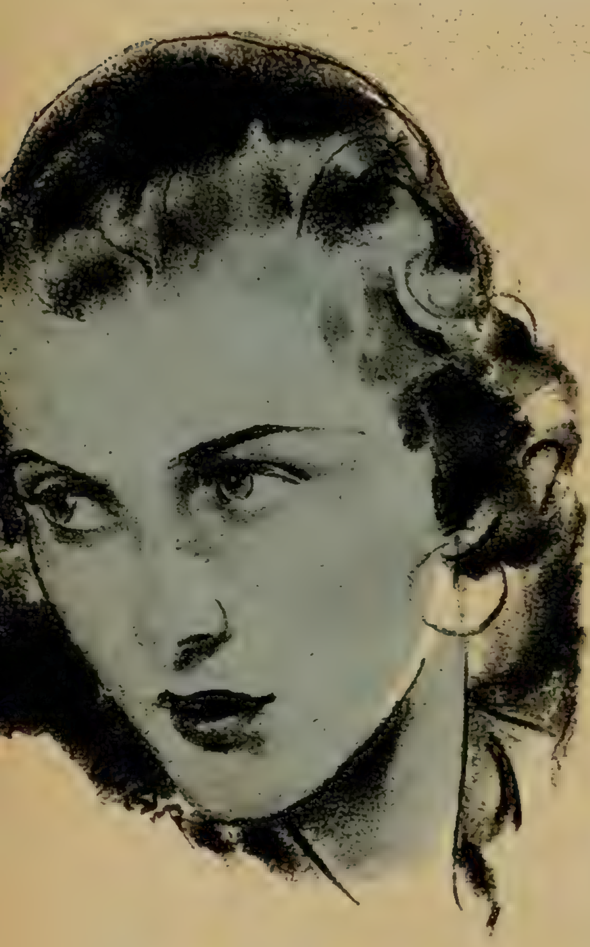
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

of letters for her—but none from people she knew. Begging letters, every one of them, and mostly illiterate.

Another telephone call from Cramer.

"Well, the fight's starting," he told her. "The Associated Press reports that three distant cousins—or alleged cousins—have announced already that they'll contest the will. One in Iowa, one in Georgia, and one in California. There'll be more—hundreds of them. I think you'll have to talk to reporters sometime, but we'll go into that later. Meanwhile, if you can get hold of anybody who might handle them for you—"

"I'm sure I can," she said. Jimmy would certainly help her out; whatever they weren't to each other any more, they were at least old friends, bound together by memories of the days when they were both poor. . . . I could do things for Jimmy too, she mused; back the production of one of his plays, without ever letting him know. . . . She called him up as soon as she could—



Doris: Did the chief say anything about me in that memorandum?

"Hello," said his drowsy voice. "Who? Oh, hello, Gail. Thanks for waking me; I must have slept right through my alarm."

"Could you stop in and see me, Jimmy, on your way down to the office? It's important. I—I need you."

"Do my best," he told her. "I'm late now; I'll have to check in at the office first and get my assignment. But I'll manage to drop in some time this afternoon."

"Thank you so much," she sighed gratefully. And it didn't occur to her till later that a man just waked up hadn't yet seen the papers.

HE read his own paper at breakfast, in astonishment and bitter rage. At the subway station, on his way to work, he bought a tabloid—and when he got out at Times Square he needed a drink before he could report at the office. In the Astor Bar he took a quick one, then another. The richest girl in the world. Publicity. . . . Funny—a few days ago she had been the girl he wanted; but now that she was the richest girl in the world, it was hard to think of her as anything else but that. A public figure. And only last year—

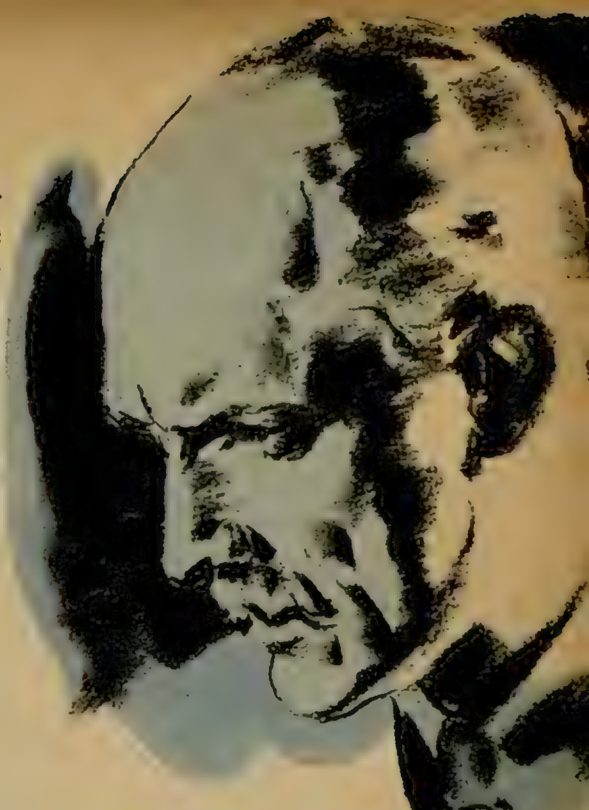
Himself, he was no farther along than a year ago—working for the same salary, aware that his friends thought none the better of him for coming back from Hollywood, licked.

GAIL had just finished lunch when Doris Reick called. "Hello," she said. "How's the knee? . . . Coming along. Glad to hear it." But she seemed abstracted as she sat down, lit a cigarette. "Gail—maybe I'm a fool to come and see you. Billy said I would be. But I hate to think— I haven't talked to any reporters, yet—"

"Talked to reporters? What about?"

"About you. They've been calling all the chief's friends to find out more about just who you are—and why. And they're finding out plenty, from what I hear. There's been a lot of telephoning back and forth among the crowd this morning after we heard about the memorandum. Most of them are pretty sore, and ready to line up against you. But I couldn't—"

"Line up against me?" Gail broke in. "What about?"



Cramer: Wear your severest clothes and look as innocent as you can.

"The will. It's going to be contested on the ground of undue influence—and what a sock in the eye the tabloids gave you this morning! The girl in that picture could use a lot of undue influence on an old man. And most of the crowd are willing to tell the contestants' lawyers all they know about your influence on the chief."

"Oh, they are, are they? Well, they don't know anything!"

"We all know what we've seen; inferences can be drawn from that," said Doris. "But I told Billy— Gail, what really is the low-down about that memorandum?"

"I never got it, I tell you! I don't know what Mr. Hawes intended, but he never gave me anything, never told me anything—" She paused; Doris didn't seem to be swallowing that.

"Maybe you've forgotten," Doris suggested. "I suppose any of us could forget a lot for fifty million dollars. But Billy says that even if Cramer made the chief cut it out because it wasn't legal, he wasn't the kind to have ever mentioned it if he hadn't given it to you already."

"So this is Billy's idea? I thought you and Billy— The last time you were here you were talking about Reno."

"Oh, that!" said Doris. "Everybody who's married feels that way sometimes, and gets over it. I'm certainly standing by him now, when he's likely to be gypped out of what is due him. The chief had practically promised to back that new company he wants to organize; and he wouldn't have left him out of the will unless the memorandum—"

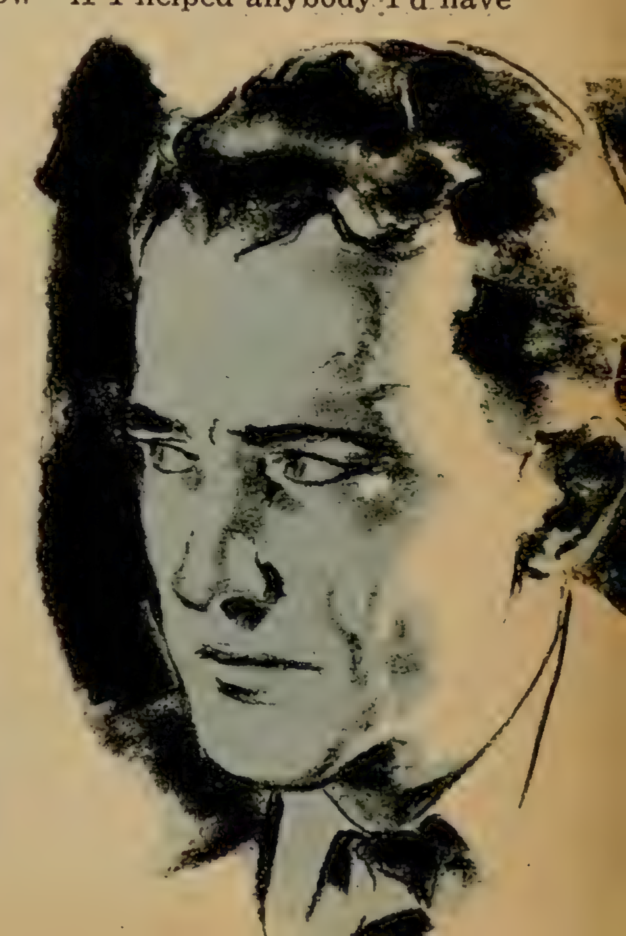
"Listen, Doris! If there ever was a memorandum I never saw it. I remember talking to Jasper once—" Doris' eyes flickered. . . . She's never heard me speak of him as Jasper, Gail realized. And now she'll think— Well, let her. . . . "—talking to Jasper once about what I'd do with money, if I had it. I said I'd help people who needed it, and he may have remembered that. . . . And certainly, whenever I get this money—it won't be for a long time, you know—if I helped anybody I'd have thought of you and Billy among the first. I would have. But now that he's acting this way—"

You could read indecision, now, in Doris' eyes.

"Well, if you know what the chief intended—" she began. "If you'd do the same, whenever you get the money— Will you put that in writing?"

"Put it in writing? I certainly won't! If you can't take my word—"

"I'd have taken your word about anything yesterday," said Doris, rising. "But when you



Marcum: I'd be no good—all this sort of thing is out of my line, Gail.

WHAT TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY?
ADAMS CLOVE GUM
BY JOVE — BUY CLOVE

Give yourself a treat — enjoy a package of Adams Clove Gum! The flavor is spicy — yet not hot or bitey — it's smooth and irresistibly delicious!

And remember, Adams Clove Gum is an effective breath sweetener — conveniently carried, it's always handy when you need it.

By Jove — Buy Clove!

ADAMS
CLOVE
CHEWING GUM

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

try to tell me there never was any memorandum— Oh, well, I might do the same in your place; I guess none of us can be sure how we'd be affected by—by turning into fifty million dollars. For that's what's happened. You aren't Gail Perrin any more. You're only the estate of Jasper Hawes."

IN the offices on the fiftieth floor of the Hawes Building it was a busy day, as every day was now; busy for everybody, but busiest of all for Mr. Edwin Brewster. Clothed now with authority, by the letters of temporary administration of the Hawes estate that the court had given him, he could do everything; he was, at last, Jasper Hawes.

Late in the afternoon he buzzed for his secretary, and told her to ask Miss Beeding to come in. Presently she stood before him—shriveled, white-haired, looking as if she were about ready to blow away.

"Well, how are you, Miss Beeding?" He smiled pallidly.

"Oh, I feel—so lost, Mr. Brewster! I haven't anything to do!"

"Dear me, I suppose you haven't. What I called you in for, Miss Beeding— Mr. Hawes, as of course you know, left you ten thousand dollars. Not as much as I'd have hoped—"

"Or as I'd have hoped," she admitted weakly. "He knew I wanted to retire—to some little town on the west coast of Florida, where I could live cheaply. But ten thousand wouldn't be enough."

"He was a queer man," said Brewster. "Stingy where you'd least expect it. But what I wanted to say— As you know, the will is to be contested; the estate may not be settled for years. And there are a few small legacies—to you, to Marcum, to the servants—that might as well be paid off now." He smiled. "I pay anything now at my own risk, of course; if the will is broken I'm liable. But in the case of such small sums I can take the chance." (Ten thousand is a small sum to him, she realized.) "So I'll pay you now, if you like; then you won't need to worry, or to wait. . . . I wish I could retire to Florida," he sighed. "With the cold weather coming on, it's tempting. But you haven't enough, you say?"

"Only a couple of bonds, a little in the bank—and of course," she said, "the qualifying shares in Mr. Hawes' corporations that he gave me so that I could be a—a dummy director. But those aren't really mine; I didn't pay for them. I suppose they belong to the estate, don't they?"

"Mine don't," said Brewster. "Nor yours. They're in your name, so they're your property."

Her heart began to flutter. "Oh. How much do you suppose they're worth, Mr. Brewster?"

"Well, now, that would be hard to say. They're just beginning the appraisal of the estate for taxes. Perhaps those shares aren't worth as much now as they were a couple of weeks ago. For of course there was an interval when no one had any real authority. Mr. Hawes was dead; I was advised by counsel to proceed very conservatively, as nominal head of the corporations, till I got letters of administration on the estate. No real authority. For Mr. Hawes had taken charge personally the day before he died—given certain instructions to brokers, told me to keep out. Do you remember that?"

"Yes, of course. I remember very well. And after that—"

"After that there was a certain amount of confusion," said Brewster,

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AMBITIOUS to be a great dancer, Gail Perrin meanwhile fills the position of social secretary and hostess to old Jasper Hawes, New York millionaire. To her astonishment, he proposes marriage. To his, she turns him down. Having been warned by his physician that he can't live long, Jasper makes out a will, leaving Gail his vast fortune.

Unaware of all this, two other men seek to marry the fascinating girl—Ed Brewster, who is Mr. Hawes' right-hand man, and Jimmy Yates, an old flame of hers, now employed on a newspaper. She encourages neither of them.

At a penthouse party given by the old millionaire, Gail dances for the crowd to great acclaim, but subsequently she injures her knee. Again Jimmy Yates proposes, and is rejected. Even before she hurt herself, Zora, a fortune teller, had predicted that Gail would never be a dancer.

Following his party, Jasper is near collapse. At this critical moment, Marcum, his chauffeur, unconsciously reveals himself to be Hawes' son, long considered dead, together with his mother. The disclosure brings on a stroke and the old man dies.

Excitement rises to fever heat at the contents of the millionaire's will. Tabloids play up the heiress as a cheap chorus girl. Gail finds herself in the role of a vulture, out for what she could get from an old fool in his dotage. Though the world seems turned against her, Ed Brewster says he is ready to marry her. Of course, she is infuriated at his smug crassness.

Lawyer Cramer advises her to obtain a good press agent to offset bad publicity. If she could only induce Jimmy to take the job. While she is thinking of this, Cramer calls her up about a tabloid picture of her almost in the nude.

"till I could take charge. So it's hard to say what your shares are worth just now. But last summer, before the decline in the market started, they were worth—wait a minute; I can tell you exactly." He took a paper out of a drawer, consulted it. "Worth about forty-two thousand then."

"Good heavens! But I suppose they're worth nowhere near that now."

"Well, not just now, perhaps; Mr. Hawes misjudged the trend of the market. But they'll be worth that again—now that the market's going up by leaps and bounds, and I'm in charge— So if you'd like to retire, Miss Beeding, I'll take those shares off your hands for forty-two thousand."

For a moment she was speechless; then tears began to roll down her cheeks. He buzzed for his secretary. "We'll just have Miss Linscomb draw up a contract of sale, get everything in proper form. . . . Oh, and by the way: You have the same recollection as I of our last interview with Mr. Hawes in the office. If you don't mind putting that in affidavit form—Miss Linscomb's a notary— As operating vice-president," he told her with a pallid smile, "I must account to myself as administrator; so I have to have things down on paper."

Twenty minutes later Miss Beeding was back in her own office, locking up her desk forever—and feeling curiously twisted between two emotions. Gratitude to Mr. Brewster who had made possible what she had begun to believe would never be possible; and a vague, intangible conviction that she might have held out for a higher price. . . .

"And now, Miss Linscomb," Brewster was saying, "call up the penthouse and ask Marcum to come down to my office."

IT was almost sunset when Jimmy appeared at Gail's apartment. He came in, eying her in dark suspicion. She felt herself flushing.

"You didn't tell me the news," he observed, "before you asked me to come and see you. It might have been a little easier to take from you than from the tabloids, but I don't wonder you were afraid to tell me."

"I wasn't afraid. I'd been up so long myself, thinking about nothing else but this, that I forgot you hadn't seen the papers."

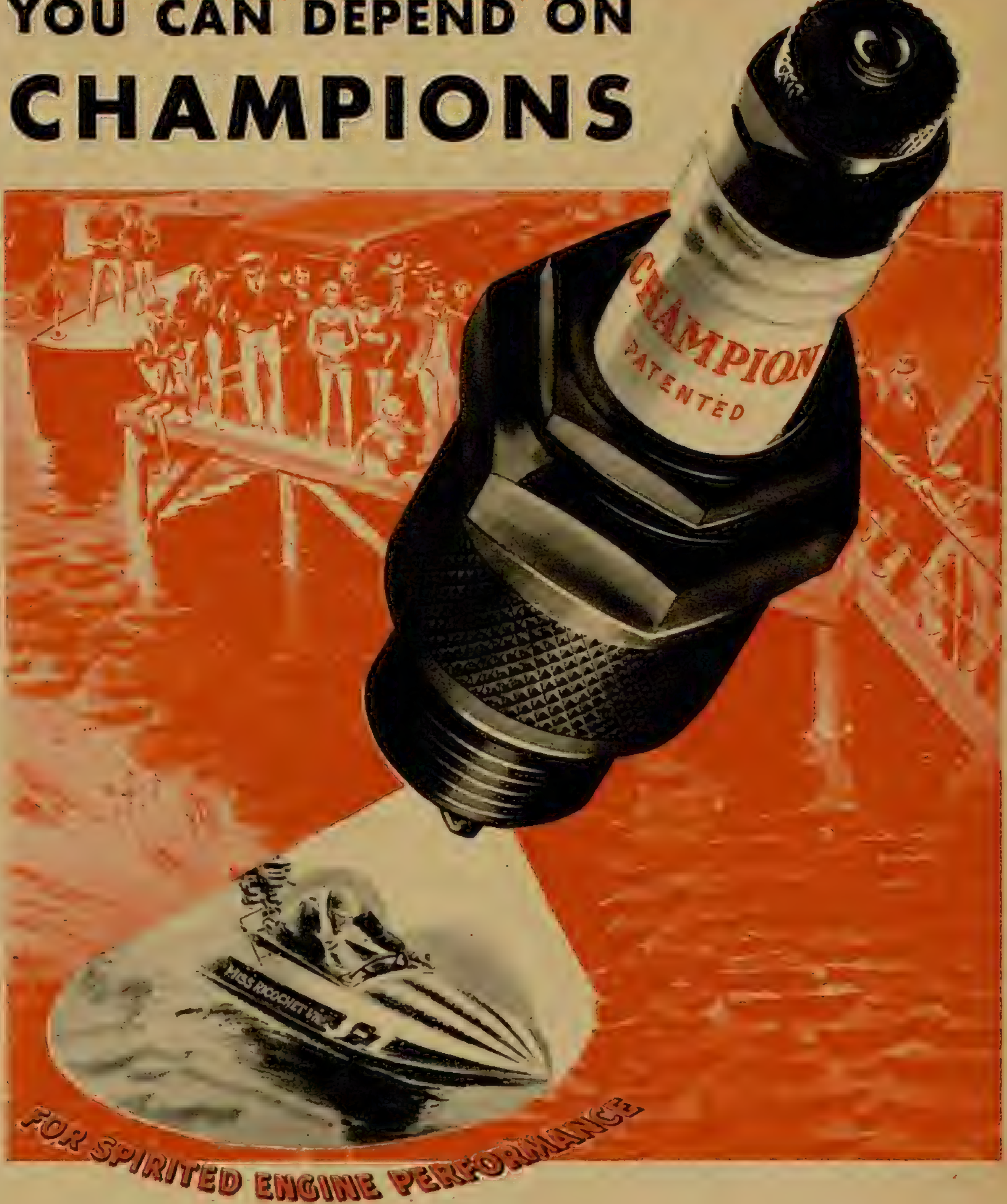
"I see. And you still expect me to believe—"

"I don't expect you to believe anything!" she interrupted wearily. "I've told you the truth. I've asked you to believe me, not appearances—and if you won't I can't help it. Only if you don't, say so, and I won't ask you anything more."

"I did believe you," he said. "I'm inclined to, still; but—why did he leave you all that money?"

"How do I know? I never dreamed he'd leave me anything. But that memorandum— He never sent it to me," she said, "but he may have intended to. We'd talked once about

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS



When an outboard racing driver guns his eager, whining mount across the starting line, his hopes are firmly pinned on a few all-important factors in his engine—not least among them spark plugs—to see him first across the finish line. Like most racing drivers who look only for the utmost in dependability and performance from their spark plugs, the champions of outboard racing, almost without exception, use Champions exclusively. Douglass C. Fonda, sensation of the 1937 outboard racing season, achieved a record such as has never before been compiled by a single driver in one year. Winner of three national awards, he always uses Champion Spark Plugs "because of their absolute dependability."

Every engine, whether automotive, aircraft, marine, truck, tractor or stationary, will perform better with Champion Spark Plugs. 27 years of ceaseless engineering and research, devoted exclusively to the constant betterment of the one product manufactured by Champion, have made this a fact. Demand Champions for your car because you can depend on them. Where-ever you find good service you will find a Champion dealer.

CHAMPION
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what could be done with money, and I think he left it to me with the idea that I'd give most of it away. As I probably will, when I get it. . . . But that's a secret," she said, belatedly recalling Cramer's instructions. "Don't tell anybody at all, will you?"

"I won't." He grinned. "I'm probably a goof, Gail, but I think I do believe you. And I'll bet I'm the only person in the United States who does, now. . . . You said you needed me. What for?"

She told him, and his face grew more and more incredulous.

"You want me to be your press agent?" he said at last. "I never heard such a crazy idea!"

"Why not? You say you believe me; won't you help me try to make other people believe me?"

"You want me to work for you? On a salary?" he demanded.

"Well, you'd have to have something to live on if you gave up your newspaper job. I don't see why—"

"No, you wouldn't," he said. "You've got less understanding of the way other people see things than anybody I've ever known in my life. You think I'd work for you. For money. Jasper Hawes' money."

She flushed.

"If you believe me— I didn't think of it that way at all. The money was just incidental. What I thought— Here I'm in an awful jam—"

"And you need a newspaperman to help you out, so you call on one who used to be in love with you. You wouldn't marry him, but you're willing to play on his feelings. Eat your cake and have it too. . . . No, Gail."

"I didn't think of it that way either!" (But maybe she should have.) "I like you, Jimmy; we're old friends, whatever else we're not— What harm could it do you to help me out?"

"I'm a hundred-dollar-a-week reporter and you're the richest girl in the world. Plenty of people know we used to be in love. If I went to work for you now, on Jasper Hawes' money— There's a name for men who do things like that."

"But, Jimmy! I never meant—"

"Maybe you didn't, but that's what it is. You can find plenty of men who'd jump at this job; but if you care for my advice, pick one as old as Jasper Hawes. If you take on any young man, people will start talking."

She was silent a while, ashamed to look at him.

"I GUESS I can do without anybody," she decided. "I— I feel so queer, Jimmy, since this thing happened to me —not myself; just a sum of money. It would have helped to have friends around me—but I don't know that I have any, any more. . . . What did you mean, you used to be in love with me? Only a few days ago— Has this news, that picture, cured you so soon?"

"It's a queer feeling," he said. "If I'd come here as soon as I read the papers I might have tried to choke you. Just a man, jealous. But now— You don't seem like you; you're something impersonal. The richest girl in the world. As if we lived on different planes, talked different languages."

"Oh, my dear, we don't! I—I don't want to lose everybody!"

"What we want doesn't count. It's a matter of dimensions."

She felt vaguely that there was a touch of the phony about this; he was striking a rather juvenile attitude. But she couldn't blame him, after her own blunders. Once their relation had been simple and direct; but now that the money had got in their way—

"Very well, my dear," she sighed. "Sorry I was so dumb and didn't see your side of it. . . . It might be fun to try to get reacquainted. Call me up if you feel like it, when I'm able to be out and around again. That is, if you aren't ashamed to be seen with me in public now."

"I certainly am not, when we're on an equal footing." (When I'm paying the check.) "I'll call you up, and we'll be seen in public."

Perhaps at the opening of the new show at Pete Polenta's night club.

SO, she mused drearily, I've lost Jimmy; he's only a man who wants to date me up now—not a friend I can depend on. And I've lost Doris—lost all my friends, practically. And what have I got? Not the money, yet; only begging letters. . . . Another armful had arrived in the afternoon mail; she would certainly have to get a secretary if this kept up—and that would mean a bigger apartment, more expense. Something to talk over with Cramer, when he came.

But when he arrived, after six, there were plenty of other things to talk over with him.

"Eleven contestants so far," he reported. "None of them claiming to be nearer than a fourth cousin. You understand, if fourth cousins are the nearest degree of relationship that can be discovered, all the fourth cousins get in on the argument, but nobody more remote."

"Jasper certainly wouldn't have left his money to fourth cousins he never heard of," she said. "I don't see where they'd have any claim—"

"Ah, well—if you had influenced him unduly— Have you seen the evening papers?" She hadn't; he took them out of his pocket, handed them over. She stared at her own picture, all over the front pages—herself in different poses, laughing, sober; but never with much on. . . .

"I wonder where they could have got those. . . . But at least they're bathing-suit pictures, Mr. Cramer. No harm in that, is there? Everybody has bathing-suit pictures; and people important enough to be news—"

"Oh, yes," he agreed dryly, "our best people are used to appearing in print nine tenths naked. But they also get into the papers with clothes on. You haven't, yet. There's a good deal more about you in these papers— facts and innuendoes. It sounds as if some of Jasper's party crowd may have been talking."

"They have, I know." Suddenly she felt sickened. "I know where they got these pictures, Mr. Cramer. Doris took them, last summer. So she's selling me out, too! . . . What good does it do them?" she demanded in helpless rage. "Even if they're sore at me because they think I destroyed the memorandum, I should think it would pay them better to—to try to make friends with the one who gets the money."

"It would—if you get the money." Cramer stroked his mustache. . . . Now I've called up all the newspapers and told them you'll see reporters, here, at eleven tomorrow morning."

"But I—I couldn't face them! I wouldn't know what to say!"

"You've got to face them; we've let the opposition have the newspapers long enough. As to what to say," said Cramer, "I'll draw up a statement for you. Read them that statement, hand around the copies, and say no more. No matter what they ask you, no matter how they insult you, tell them you have nothing to add to the statement."

"And would you be here too, to stand by me if I needed it?"

"I'm afraid that might make a bad impression—like an indicted defendant saying only what his lawyer lets him say. You are that, in effect, of course; but we don't want to make it look that way. But if you've got that press agent you spoke of—"

"I couldn't—" she began, and checked herself. "I decided not to get one," she amended. "Somebody to try to build up a good impression of me, to counteract a bad impression— I don't want to do that."

"Perhaps you're right; we tell a plain story and stand on it. But at this interview, remember, don't say a word beyond the statement; and wear your severest clothes, look as serious and as—as innocent as you can. We aren't, as the saying goes, trying this case in the newspapers; but surrogates are human too, and something might depend on the impression they form of the legatee. Look serious—and thank your stars you've got your knee in a cast," he finished with a wry grin.

"All right. What are you going to put into the statement?"

"Well— You haven't found that memorandum yet?"

"No, Mr. Cramer; he never gave it to me. He must have forgotten—"

"We can't admit he forgot. If his memory was getting vague, maybe he wasn't of as sound mind as we claim.

No. We can't admit that. . . . You say you'd be willing to give up some of the money after you get it?"

"I'd like to give up all of it! . . . Well, not quite all. But I want to get it first, just to show these people."

"Right! Well, then, we might say that it is your intention, after your claim to the estate has been upheld, to distribute some of it. You knew Jasper intended to distribute it but never got around to it; if he had left you instructions you would carry them out, but since he didn't you'll use your own judgment—after you get the money. How's that?"

"Fine. It happens to be the truth, too."

"Well, that's pleasant; but, much more important, that statement will win you a lot of support. Every college and hospital and museum and charity, every big foundation, will be pulling for you, hoping to be cut in on the money."

"But I told Jasper I wouldn't give money to things like that."

"Don't you tell anybody else!" he exploded. "Gail, you want *some* friends, don't you? At present, I doubt if you've got any except me and Brewster. . . . By the way, can Marcum do you any harm?"

"Marcum? Why, no; of course not. How could he? He wouldn't, anyway. I've been meaning to call him up. What makes you ask?"

"Brewster thought he'd pay the individual legacies—they're trivial—out of his own pocket, to get that much farther on. And also to remove possible sources of danger. Miss Beeding and the servants took it and were glad to get it; but Marcum refused. He said he'd been paid for all he did and didn't want any more; but Brewster and I are afraid that means he's thrown in with the people who are trying to break the will."

"But I can't believe—" She wished now she had called Marcum up today, or yesterday; she'd thought of it, more than once, but had found some obscure reluctance holding her back. "I'd thought of asking him to go on working for me," she said, and flushed. It seemed like a silly idea now. "Anyway, I want to find out about this! I'll call him up and ask him to come to see me just as soon as he can. But he couldn't do me any harm."

"I hope you're right, Gail. In some ways he was closer to Jasper than anybody else. . . . Well, I must go home to dinner." He smiled apologetically. "It would be good publicity—and you need that—if Mrs. Cramer and I gave a dinner for you, asked you to meet some of the right people. I went so far as to suggest it to Mrs. Cramer. But her maid takes a tabloid; she'd seen that picture— Well, that shows you what we're up against."

FACING her dressing-table mirror in the morning, Gail thought, Well, I don't know whether I look innocent, but I certainly look serious enough.

She had lain awake for hours, thinking bleakly about Doris' defection; about Jimmy, whose pride meant more to him than she did (perhaps he was right, but it was a shock all the same); even wondering if Marcum had deserted her. He had been out when she telephoned last night; but she realized now that she hadn't called him before because she had been expecting him to call her. Perhaps he felt that a chauffeur had no right to call her; but he wasn't just a chauffeur; he was a man, who had helped her when she needed it. . . . But that was before anybody knew she was to get the Hawes millions. Everything, everybody, had turned different since then.

So she looked tired and worn, and took care not to correct that by too much make-up. A dark dress, dark stockings—she couldn't help it if they were rather sheer, enhancing the loveliness of so much of her legs as the photographers would see. . . . She called Marcum again, and he said he could come up whenever it would suit her.

"About ten?" she suggested. "I'm to see reporters at eleven." She hoped he might stay; it would be easier to face the reporters, with him.

SHE was on the chaise longue when he came in—lithe, tanned, in dark tweeds. She held up a hand to him.

"Hello!" she said, smiling. "I'd been hoping you'd come and see me without being asked—"

"I thought you'd have a lot on your mind. How's the knee?"

"Better. The cast's coming off in a few days—but I'll never be able to count on it again. You told me once," she reminded him, "that people like me tell their own fortune. But that was before I hurt this knee."

"And before Mr. Hawes told your fortune for you," he added dryly.

"That's only brought me trouble so far," she sighed. He was still standing—like a chauffeur calling on his employer's heir, she thought. Not like—a man calling on a woman. "Sit down!" she said impatiently. "Cigarette?" He took one; they smoked a moment or two in silence.

"What was it you wanted to see me about?" he asked.

She flushed; she was ashamed of her special reason now. Another reason was that she always felt better when he was around; but she didn't intend to tell him that.

"For—for different things," she said. "Maybe you'd stay while I talk to the reporters. In case they get tough."

He frowned thoughtfully.

"They probably will. And I'd like to— But it wouldn't do. You've got to be simple, defenseless—an ordinary girl. A bodyguard in the background would spoil the picture. . . . I'm sorry. I'd like to. But—"

"Yes, I guess you're right. . . . By the way, I hear you won't accept your legacy. Do you mind telling me why?"

For an instant his eyes looked tormented; but only for an instant.

THEY WERE DRIVING HER WILD!
CLOGGED SALTCELLARS ARE DRIVING ME WILD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT THEM?
OH, I USE MORTON'S -THAT SALT THAT WON'T CAKE!
NEXT MORNING
WHY DOESN'T MORTON'S SALT CLOG SALTCELLARS?
ITS UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS DON'T STICK TOGETHER IN WET WEATHER LIKE IRREGULAR CRYSTALS DO!
THAT EVENING
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT'S RAINING, THE WAY THIS NEW SALT OF YOURS POURS!
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MORTON'S IODIZED SALT
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COSTS A FAMILY BUT 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY
WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS

Cruel Words

. . . but she knew she deserved them

She knew that frequent headaches and lack of pep had begun to get on her nerves. But she didn't quite realize how irritable she had become, how hard to get along with—until one night her fiancé lost his temper and threatened to break their engagement. She was frightened, but she still could hardly believe that her constipated condition was back of it all. Then—

A friend advised—and the world looked brighter

What a wonderful thing for this girl that on a friend's advice she got FEEN-A-MINT promptly! This famous laxative in delicious chewing gum relieved her constipation and the troubles it caused—gently, effectively, and easily. She found, as you will too, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT is so thorough, so dependable—so different.

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FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
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THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

"Mr. Hawes didn't owe me anything. He paid me good wages."

"He paid me good wages too," said Gail. "He didn't owe me anything—yet he left me everything. Do you think I shouldn't take it?"

"Why not?" he asked. "I didn't want mine, for my own reasons. But you've got more right to yours than distant cousins he never heard of. And as for those rats in the party crowd that are trying to sell you out— By the great horn spoon," said Marcum, "I'd like to break their necks!"

She laughed—partly in relief, partly in mere general happiness.

"They aren't worth it. As for the money, I wish he'd only left me a few thousand. But since he didn't— What are you going to do now?"

"I've got to stick around town a week or so to give evidence to the grand jury, in that shooting. You'll have to do that too, by the way. After that—I was thinking of going home," he said. "To the Big Bend country, in Texas. It's a good country, and I've got a little ranch down there. Rented now; but if a tenant can make a living on it, I can."

"A ranch?" she said. "Why did you leave it?"

His eyes were impassive.

"Oh, I got restless. I've been this and that—bus driver, deputy marshal in an oil town, and so on. This last job was a little out of my line."

"I could guess that." She had thought of hiring him as a chauffeur, but that was ridiculous now. "Look, Marcum—I won't call you Marcum!" she said, laughing impatiently. "Look, Joe—I feel so helpless. Not just because I'm lame; it's the—the burden of this money. Even though I won't get it for years, it weighs me down. Mr. Cramer was right. I'm not a woman any more; I'm just millions of dollars with a woman attached. And I need somebody I can trust to—to do things for me. Things I can't do myself." She paused; he said nothing. "And I'd been counting on you, Joe. Because you helped me before, when I needed it; because you said I'd qualify as one of your friends—"

"People don't generally hire their friends to work for them if they care much about keeping up the friendship. The two things don't mix."

Just about what Jimmy had said, but with Marcum it was different. This was no pose of juvenile pride; Joe was a man.

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "But—look at the spot I'm in. I need somebody to do all sorts of things; it's just about a full-time job right now. I'd been counting on you."

"If it was only Gail Perrin counting on me—" he began. "But you're the Hawes estate. Sorry, but I'd rather not work for you."

She sat up; her deep blue eyes looked steadily into his.

"Joe! Do you believe I was his mistress?"

"No. . . . I might think more of you if you had been."

"I might think more of myself," she said wearily.

"Nobody ever did anything for him. I don't blame you for not thinking much of me—"

"I didn't say that! I said I might think more of you—if you'd given the old man a break instead of only thinking of yourself. . . . And yet I'm glad you didn't," he added inexplicably. "But I never meant—"

"You meant you didn't want to work for me. That was fairly clear."

"But that isn't why I won't work for you. None of that. But I'd be no good—all this sort of thing is out of my line, Gail." (There—he had got out the name at last.) "I belong on a ranch in the Big Bend."

"But if you were—doing this sort of thing anyway, just to see the world, I don't see why—" This isn't getting me anywhere, she realized. Why do I keep it up? I let Jimmy go without this much argument. . . . But—"Why won't you?" she insisted.

His eyes had a sullen glow.

If you were just a woman," he burst out—"a woman, counting on me—but you're a woman with millions of dollars attached—Jasper Hawes' millions, at that. . . . No, Gail—no! It wouldn't be any good."

She sat still, conscious of her pounding heart, not half so startled as she supposed she ought to have been. He rose jerkily; she swung her feet to the floor, stood up facing him, her eyes holding his.

"Well?" she said. "I—I don't know just what's happening to us, or how much is going to happen; but—are you afraid? You?" she challenged.

"It'd be no good! I was his chauffeur; you get all his money—"

"And people think I was his mistress. Quite so. But are we what people think, or are we ourselves? Some men, some women, couldn't live all that down. But are you afraid to see what may happen? If I know you—"

"You don't know me, Gail. I'm a murderer."

She turned white; but—

"You?" she said. "I don't believe it. A killer, yes—I've seen you. But a murderer? No. You're not that kind."

"I am. I've done it. A—a kind of accidental murder. I didn't mean to, when it came to the point. Nothing I could ever be prosecuted for, but—No!" he said. "It'd be no good. Too much against us, Gail. You'll have to deal me out."

He picked up his hat and strode to the door. She tried to run after him, but she could only hobble, stiff-legged. The door slammed behind him.

To whom can Gail now turn in her great need for an honest, unaffected friend? Is she to be torn to pieces by a malicious world? How will she pull out of that deadly quicksand of gold? Her tremendous fight begins in the next issue of Liberty.

THE CAMERA WAS CANDID

BY DALE CLARK

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

MADAM," asked the young man, "do you mind if I snap the baby's picture?"

"Of course not. Why should I?"

"You shouldn't," he said firmly. "Most mothers are flattered by the request, in fact."

He got the camera out of its worn black case. He squinted into a light meter. He breathed upon a circle of colored glass, polished it solicitously with a bit of tissue. Mrs. Alwayne watched, amused. Baby Barbara stopped pouring sand over her fat little legs and gazed, wide-eyed, at the young man.

He said, "We'll have to wait until she gets used to this idea."

Clasping his camera with careful patience, he sat in the shade of the beach umbrella beside Jean Alwayne. He stared raptly at baby Barbara. "You certainly have an unusual child! If we talk, I think she'll soon forget us."

They talked. The young man learned that Jean was a widow; her husband, a navy pilot, had been killed in a crash the previous summer; she had taken a cottage at the beach for the season.

Young Mrs. Alwayne learned that direct sunlight makes photographically hideous eye shadows; that children at play should be snapped at 1/500th second or faster; that he hoped to win a prize in a national candid-picture contest.

His name was Tom Carr. He had crisp brown hair, merry brown eyes, and a winning grin. He was, Jean decided, nice but terribly shy.

He brought a briefcase stuffed with baby Barbara's photographs to the beach the next Sunday. They were baby Barbara to perfection—chubby legs, plump little body in the scantiest of play suits, liquid eyes a-sparkle with high lights, blonde curls made aureate in the sun.

"They're lovely!" said Jean. "You deserve to win your prize!"

"Well, hundreds of amateurs will enter pix. Some of 'em married men, with kids of their own they can bang away at all the time," Tom Carr muttered enviously. "Me, I can only work at this Sundays. I'll try again, if you don't mind."

"I don't see how you can *hope* to do any better."

"Oh I haven't started to take the angle shots."

He'd brought a chromium-plated 35-mm. camera for the angle shots. This involved creeping on hands and knees in the sand. He waded into the water, and climbed the life guard's tower.

Mrs. Alwayne lay and stared at the intensely blue sky. Tom Carr's nearby voice spoke intermittently of film emulsions, developing solutions, and something called grain.

Propped on one elbow, Jean looked thoughtfully at her own slim brown legs. She was slim throughout, but roundedly so. Her own blonde hair could, she suspected, be capable of aureate rim-lighted effects.

"Don't you," she asked acidly, "ever get tired of taking the same thing over and over again?"

He gazed at her in pained surprise. "Not," he said, "tired of this cute little trick!"

"Flatterer," said Jean, and wasn't flattered a bit. To him, she existed only as the mother of a photogenic subject, age fifteen months! As such she might just as well have been fat and forty.

She sprang to her feet. "Come on, heartbreaker!" she announced, reaching for baby Barbara. "Time for your nap!"

"Next Sunday," said Tom Carr, "we may have a cloud background."

Next Sunday Jean went to the beach. But alone.

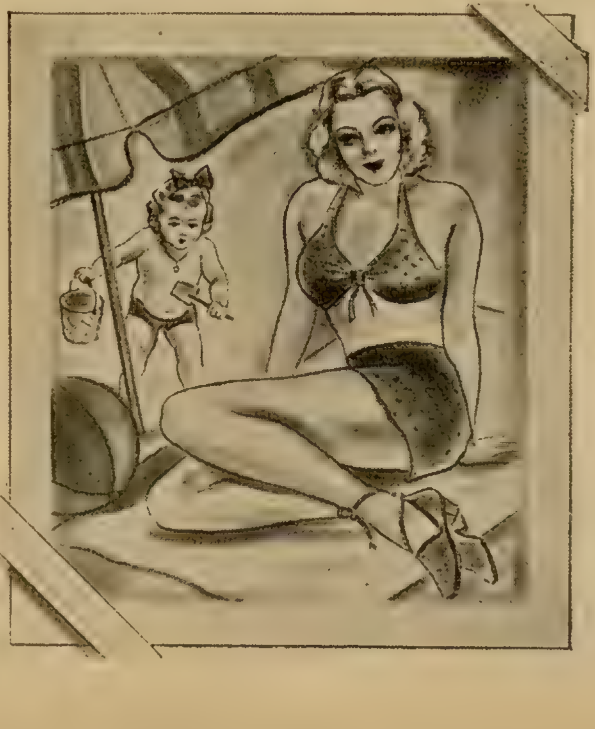
Tom Carr was visibly disappointed. "Where's the cherub?"

"Barbara's not well."

His brown eyes mirrored distress. "Serious?"

"It's only something she ate."

A silence fell.



"You know," Tom Carr said, "she's beginning to take to me. She called me dada last week."

"It doesn't mean a thing," said Jean coldly. "All men are dada to her."

"Well, she's a fine youngster, anyway. Pretty. Why, sometimes it's hard to take your eyes off her."

"I've noticed," said Mrs. Alwayne in a most unmaternal tone.

Tom Carr made an effort to discuss reducing agents and the paper-negative process. Both of which, it seemed, awaited him in his darkroom. He hurried away. His unopened camera case bumped at his side as he went.

Jean stood up, brushed the sand from her brand-new and utterly chic Tahitian sarong. She wasn't even worth a snapshot! Let alone his precious platinum paper.

"Who cares?" she muttered.

And if Tom Carr returned to the beach the next Sunday—or the next—she didn't know it.

But Thursday evening he sought out her cottage.

"Here!" he exulted. "Read it!"

Jean scanned the letter. "Congratulations," she said.

"Well, it's only second prize," said Tom Carr. "And I won't get that until I send them the model's release. Because there's a person in it."

"I suppose that can be arranged," Mrs. Alwayne said dryly. "Mothers are supposed to be flattered by this sort of thing, aren't they?"

The young man made several unhappy, gulping sounds. "I—first I'd better show you the prize picture!"

Jean said faintly, "Why . . . when did you—"

"Those angle shots. I didn't want you to pose. It was supposed to be *candid!* So I—well, Barbara's a cute little trick, but you—gosh, you're beautiful!" Tom Carr cried. "You aren't sore? Because I want you to come out tonight and celebrate this!"

Mrs. Alwayne smiled a curious smile.

"Tom Carr," she said accusingly, "you didn't care one bit about Barbara! You used her for a cat's-paw—now didn't you?"

The young man looked embarrassed—and defiant. "Well, if you have to know, yes I did! I mean, she's a grand kid—I guess—but I hate baby pix! I loathe and detest taking 'em!"

"Then it's all right," said Jean Alwayne, with feminine intuition for telling all at the proper time. "She's the neighbor's kid. They parked her on me once. After that I borrowed her."

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

TUNE IN!

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why Our Ambassador at Large Should Be Recalled

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—The common sense contained in Mr. Macfadden's editorials leads me to hope that he may be inspired to give us one on a subject that is evidently being ignored or neglected.

It is this: In recent years we have constantly maintained a spokesman, or ambassador at large, as he seems to be called, in Europe, in order to insure our participation in every scheme and intrigue which occupies the diplomats of that continent. Among other things, he seeks to discover, with the aid of these diplomats, what our attitude shall be toward nations who violate the doctrines we embrace. Upon his conclusions we consider joining European countries in economic boycotts or adopting joint resolutions with some nations, condemning the policies of others. It would seem from recent revelations that we even join them in devastating wars for the purpose of aiding them in some questionable enterprise against one of their own number.

This ambassador at large, who dances attendance upon every scheming statesman in Europe, enjoys power greater than even our elected President is endowed with; for, while we assume that he is responsible to the President and the State Department, he can implicate us inadvertently in very serious circumstances which may result in war or humiliating apology.

We hope he won't. We do not think he will. But we know that the present ambassador at large in Europe has already expressed, ostensibly for this government, sentiments very distasteful to the people at home.

On the other hand, we have Pan-American Congresses, a Pan-American Institute, and good-will expeditions and tours to neighbor nations of our hemisphere. We talk of closer association with and common interests of the Americas, and we contemplate an all-American alliance that will divorce us from transoceanic intimacy.

Why must the United States be joined by England, Russia, Germany, and other European states, or any one of them, in order to manifest our disapproval of another country's policy?

Canada, Mexico, and the countries of Central and South America, with whom we seek closer harmony and better understanding, joined by the United States, would offer a formidable combination to boycott any people on earth, especially the Japanese, who depend upon America for an outlet for a great part of their exports and emigrating nationals.

Withdrawal of our ambassador at large from the influence of European intrigue might be a first step in reducing governmental expenditures; for, while the expense of maintaining the "embassy" may be negligible, the hazards of his mission are potent. And what larger or more fertile territory does an ambassador at large need than that which stretches from the Mackenzie to the Strait of Magellan? Travel in that territory would lack much of the luxury and elegance attendant upon European peregrinations, and actual transportation would, no doubt, be more costly; but there would be little likelihood that any one stop in all that vast latitude would lead to the expenditure of more than the price of the usual transient comforts.

A few representatives of the type of the late Dwight W. Morrow assigned to ambassadorships at large confined to the Americas, North, South, and Central, and closing of the "embassy at large" in Europe, would, I believe, accomplish more for our peace aims than anything so far proposed.

It would be interesting to thousands, I am sure, to have Mr. Macfadden's editorial opinion.—*Peter Ames Cressey.*

WHO'LL WRITE AN AIR CORPS SONG?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There has been a long-felt need for an Air Corps song, something similar to the Marine song, Halls of Montezuma, or the Field Artillery song, The Caissons Go Rolling Along. Many efforts have been made in the past to interest capable song writers toward the production of something suitable, but to date there has been no satisfactory result.

It has occurred to me that perhaps Liberty would be in a position to help us to secure such a song.

Mr. Macfadden's very keen personal interest in aviation is well known. Hence this letter to you asking for any suggestions from you or your readers.—*O. Westover, Major General, Air Corps, Chief of the Air Corps.*

LIKED LUDWIG'S ROOSEVELT—NOW WANTS 60 FAMILIES

CHICAGO, ILL.—After concluding reading Emil Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt, I cannot help but congratulate Liberty for this splendid presentation to its readers.

I believe that Mr. Macfadden would do his readers another great justice by tearing off the lid by publishing the greatest book of the year, America's 60 Families, by Ferdinand Lundberg.—*William F. Dombrow.*

"WOMEN DON'T WANT PLUSH IN THEIR CARS"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As an old textile man—so much a veteran that I can tell friends about shooting Indians away from the mill doors in the old days and almost have them believe it—I rise to protest mildly against Helen Dryden's statement that "women don't want plush upholstery in their cars" in Princess Kropotkin's To the Ladies in December 18 Liberty.

Because that's like saying "women don't want buggy whips in their cars." There ain't no such animal any more! Plush went out with the bustle—and you'll not find a yard of it in an automobile today! In its place the textile industry has developed a far superior fabric—mohair velvet. Like plush, it is a pile fabric, and it has all the long-wearing characteristics that only pile fabrics can claim. But it is sleek and smooth as a kitten's ear, and it has been developed with women's tastes definitely in mind, because women are usually deeply interested in the interior of any car under consideration. It is the only automobile upholstery that can safely be cleaned with soap and water.

No, milady may not like plush in her car, but she certainly likes mohair velvet, for she specifies it for seventy per cent of today's cars!—*E. F. Castle.*

JUMBO'S TUSK ON THE WALL

HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.—In *re* Jumbo's Tusks Now Celluloid (February 26 Vox Pop), one of the tusks of Jumbo hangs in the house of my mother-in-law, Mrs. Lang Hutchinson of Hastings.

My wife's grandfather was treasurer of the company once known as Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson, owners of Jumbo. —*Rives Matthews.*

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

ATLANTA, GA.—I wonder why people like Donald Gordon (February 12 Vox Pop) are not big enough to accept a little well placed and equally well deserved criticism from Miss Elsie Robinson? She slaps me in the face occasionally, too, but do I whine about it? No, sir—I simply walk in and look at myself in the mirror, kick myself in the pants, and set about righting the particular wrong that Miss Robinson has so accurately and effectively tagged on to me.

And, boy, do I appreciate it? But, unlike Mr. Gordon, I am not yet "past fifty"; I am barely past twenty-three. —*Joseph E. Bradfield.*

EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE

Minneapolis, Minn.—J. H. Nolin of Fargo, North Dakota (February 26 Vox Pop), wants more fiction and fewer special articles. Well, I'm going to kill his vote. I'm for less fiction and more special articles. So there! I don't read the fiction.—*G. W. Walker.*

"GEE, THAT'S GREAT!" SAID HARDTACK

Walled Lake, Mich.—Enclosed you will find a snapshot of little Hardtack done in good old Michigan snow. The technique is scarcely equal to Rodin's, nor is the medium as enduring as his own, but the great master had no more enthusiasm for his subject, I'm sure.

Snowman Hardtack

My young daughter (a Hardtack fan) put in hours of labor to fashion this likeness and I added some finishing touches. We want you to have a portrait of the result.—*C. H. Monson.*

ROMANTIC RENO CONTRASTED WITH THE REAL TOWN

Oakland, Calif.—A good laugh was handed me, and probably to some other Reno residents, in Frederick Collins' article about the recent dope-ring smashing which you featured in February 19 Liberty.

He says: ". . . the Bank Club, with its beautiful women, gowned by the world's greatest couturiers . . . and its impeccably dressed men, nationally known figures," etc.

Apparently Mr. Collins has never flattened his nose against the smoky windowpane of said gambling emporium or he would have changed his ideas.

Never, as long as I lived in Reno, did I see the Bank Club filled with any but battered gentlemen, complete with beards and jeans, from surrounding cattle ranches and mines. A few tourists in casual street clothes are usually hanging over the gaming tables; but the beautiful women, gowned by great couturiers, and the impeccably dressed nationally known figures are conspicuous only by their absence.

Personally, I think that most articles written about Reno are whipped out by faintly inebriated gentlemen from New York who pop over to the Town House for a drink between planes (no reference to Mr. Collins here).—*Dorothy Mayes.*

WANTS BOTH HOOVER AND DEWEY TO HAVE GOLD MEDAL

Bridgeport, Conn.—In February 26 Vox Pop I note the just nomination of J. Edgar Hoover for Liberty's Gold Medal of Valor. I must add, however, that in my opinion it ought to be a double award, and that Mr. Bernarr Macfadden should personally bestow this award on Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and Prosecutor Dewey of New York together.

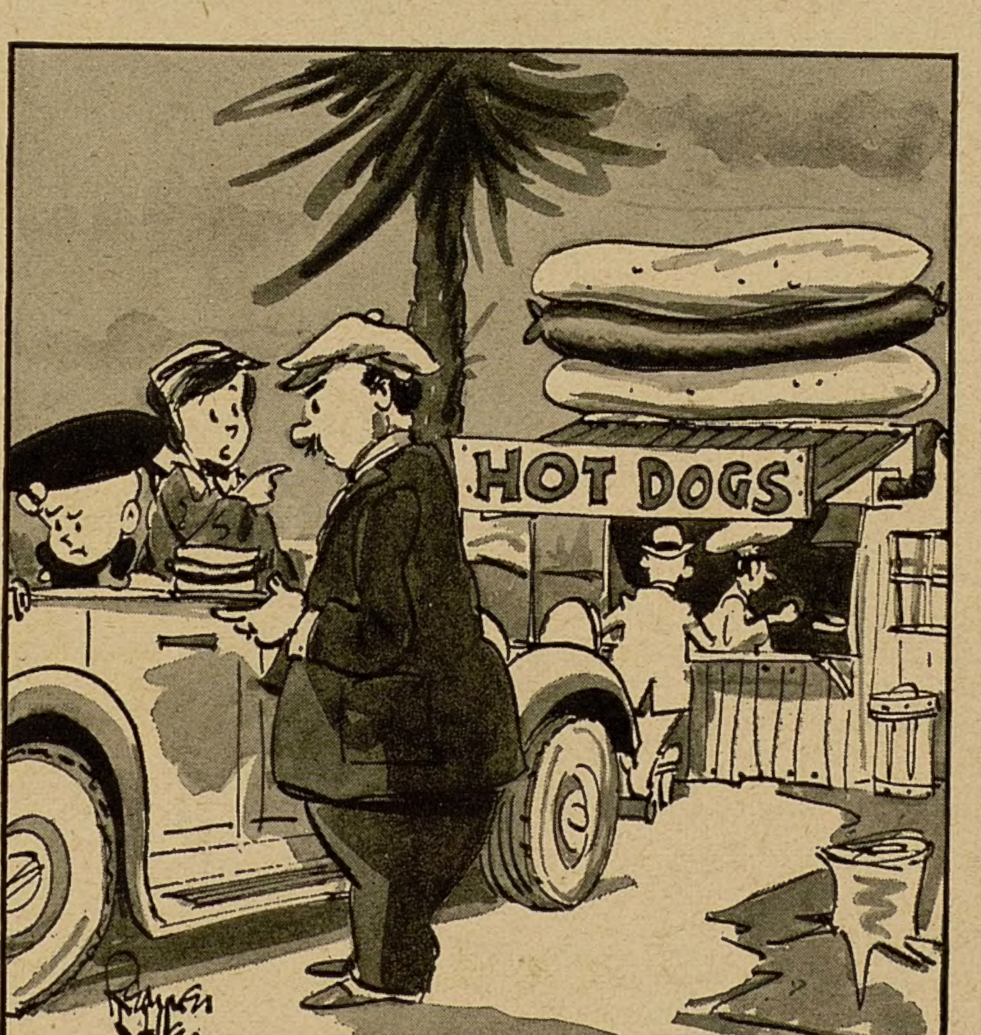
Such fearless men are too scarce these days to let recognition of their services to mankind go unrewarded. Too bad they weren't born twins.—*Harry C. Norrish.*

DUKE OF WINDSOR HAS A MIND OF HIS OWN

New Orleans, La.—I am sure the Duke of Windsor will be eternally grateful to Mr. Sinclair for his suggested outline of a ducal career to be (February 26 Liberty).

I suppose we, the public, are expected to assume that a man of such background, education, and experience as the ex-King of England is unqualified to think for himself, and must be guided accordingly. I may be wrong, but my impression of H. R. H. is that he has a mind of his own.—*J. Chapman.*

"HARDTACK"



"He wants that one."

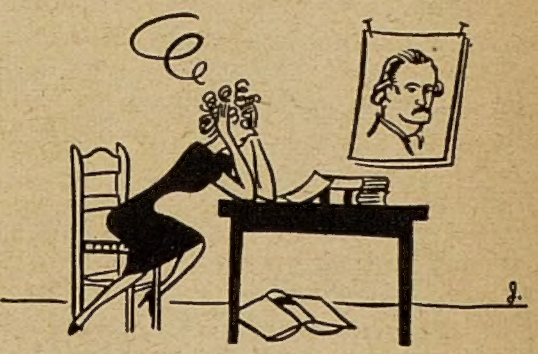
AWFUL IF TRUE

Mount Carmel, Pa.—In your answer to Why So Much About Hollywood? (January 29 Liberty) you state that the Hollywood stars set an example to about fifty million people daily. It would be awful if that were true. For instance, we often read that So-and-So of Hollywood divorced her third husband so as to marry another one's second. Oh, what a trading populace we would turn out to be!—*Eddie Ruths.*

THAT COMPOSITE CUTTHROAT!

Borderland, W. Va.—I have lost my head over him. He has almost ruined my eyesight. I have gazed for hours at his picture.

Oh, no, not Clark Gable or Robert Taylor. I refer to that composite cutthroat bearing the numerals 85, 86, and 87, in your recent Game of Presidents Contest.—*Willa Freeland Morris.*



DEPRESSION MIRACLE

Zanesville, Ohio—Having read Vox Pop letters on how to defeat the depression, we believe the following will be of interest to all readers:

Kipling, Ohio.

Dear Sir: I am out of work eleven months. Honestly I can tell you that, except for the miracle that has happened, I could not enclose the check. The wolf that comes to many doors nowadays just had pups in my kitchen. I sold them, and here is the money.

We most certainly congratulate this man on his resourcefulness. — *F. H. Archer, Credit Bureau Adjustment Agency.*

COWBOY YELL

Laramie, Wyo. — Liberty has hit a new high! Keep your magazine chock-full of stuff like Ludwig's Roosevelt, the Presidential Contest, articles like Collins', stories by Cornelius Vanderbilt, throughout 1938. If you do, I and a million others will be "rootin'" for you. A real big cowboy yell for Liberty!—*Robert J. Gaynor.*

With Murder in the Background

STYLES IN STORIES change just as they do in everything. And in no other type has the change been so noticeable as in the murder or mystery or detective story. . . . The old-fashioned Whodunit, which is the name one irreverent critic calls it, is decidedly out. . . . Now the public likes best the mystery story with a marked degree of literary excellence and characters that are real people instead of the stereotyped sleuth and cadaver and puppets that once upon a time were sufficient. . . . Characterization and skillful writing are now in the foreground; murder is in the background. The best of the present-day mystery stories claim rank proudly with first-rate novels. . . . FOR ALL READERS who thrill to a great human story, we recommend a new novel which starts in next week's Liberty. Its title is Murder Lady. . . . The author is Whitman Chambers, who wrote another famous novel, 13 Steps, last sponsored by the highly intellectual American Mercury. . . . In his new opus Chambers writes of life as realistically as did James M. Cain in Double Indemnity and The Postman Always Rings Twice. . . . The story of Murder Lady is not at all a puzzle yarn, an elegantly fitting literary puzzle of a crime, a detective, and a solution. . . . Nothing of the kind. . . . To call it a detective story is really to do it less than justice. . . . Here are living people, hating and loving, fighting and lying, fearing and boasting—and killing. . . . We are sure you will become as excited as we were—and still are—about Murder Lady. . . . WITH SUPERIOR FICTION still our subject, there will also be next week a dramatic story by Achmed Abdullah, Because He Loved Greatly. . . . Here is the strong and new lusty West against the mysterious and immemorial East. . . . An American in love with a girl from the other end of the world. . . . Eternities try to keep them apart. . . . But the young Yankee won't have it that way. . . . Because he loves greatly he persists—he persists until the East seizes him with a grip of hate and puts him to the test of torture. . . . It would spoil it for you to tell how it works out, but this is one story of which you must not cheat yourself. . . . And don't miss The Cat Came Back. It's one of Phyllis Duganne's happiest achievements. . . . WHAT DOES CLARK GABLE think of Robert Taylor? That is a question, isn't it? Does this most popular male star dislike and fear his younger rival, as has sometimes been intimated? Well, no one can answer this question as well as Clark Gable himself. . . . Which he does, honestly, fearlessly, in next week's Liberty. . . . And before long we plan to publish what Robert Taylor thinks of Clark Gable. . . . You'll be surprised. . . . THAT GREAT ENGLISHMAN, H. G. Wells, will also be in next week's issue with The New Face of Liberalism, which insists upon close attention from every liberal with common sense. . . . Mr. Wells is not only one of the world's foremost writers. He is one of its foremost thinkers. He indicates the path liberals should take in a world that is crying desperately for liberal ideas—and common sense. . . . Also next week Daniel M. Daniel asks, Is DiMaggio Baseball's Wonder Man? and answers it loyally and well. Particularly interesting are the candid glimpses of Joe on his climb to fame. . . . FAITH BALDWIN, of course, continues her Hotel Hostess; Elmer Davis' She Woke Up Smiling is nearing its exciting conclusion; while ex-Governor Hoffman's own fighting version of the Hauptmann case reveals further facts, unknown before, about America's most sensational trial; and those many readers who are writing us about Doctors Don't Tell will find further startling facts to whip up their interest. Don't miss Liberty next week.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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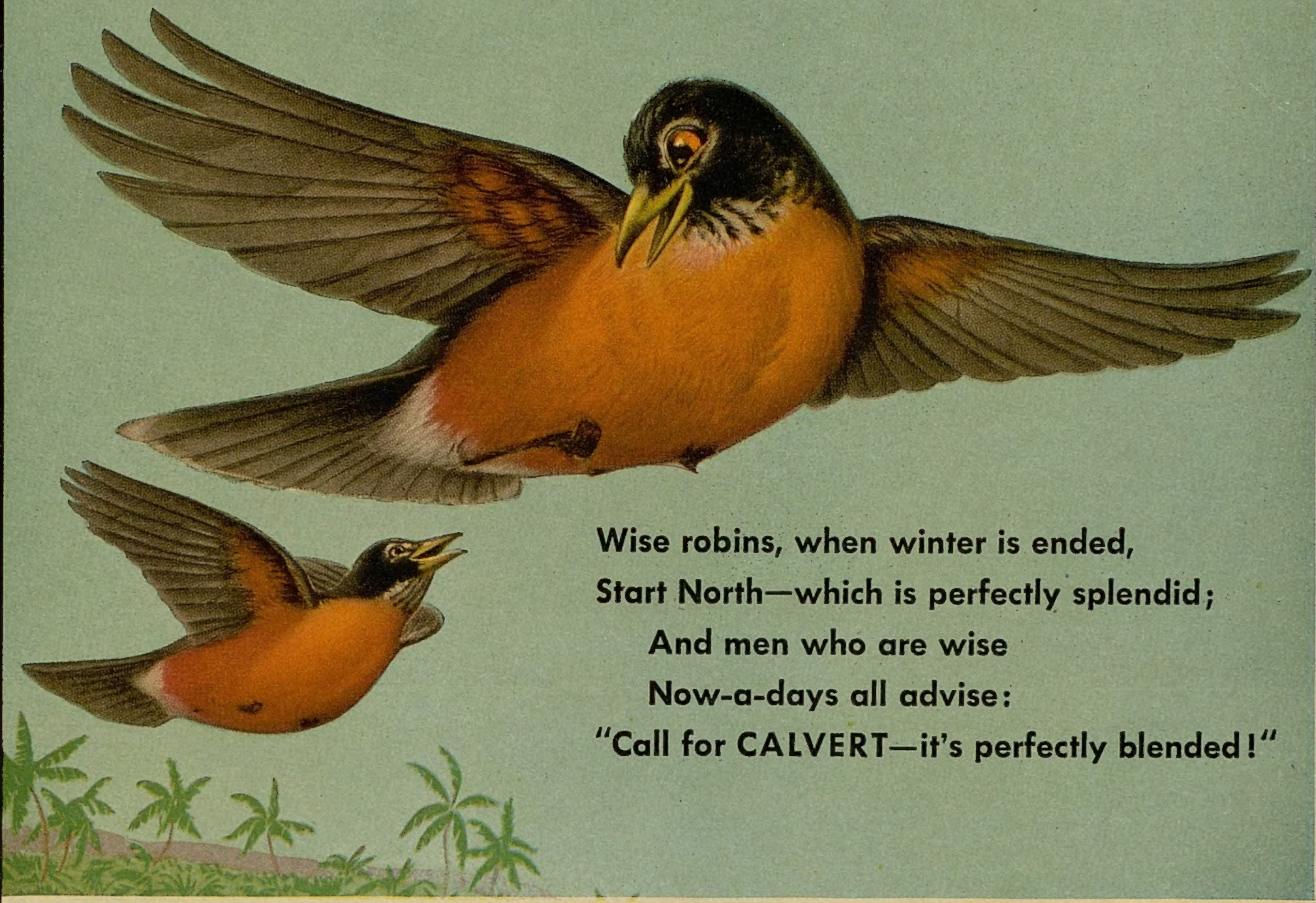
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY WALT DISNEY

SOMETHING GOOD ON THE WAY!



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Start North—which is perfectly splendid;
And men who are wise
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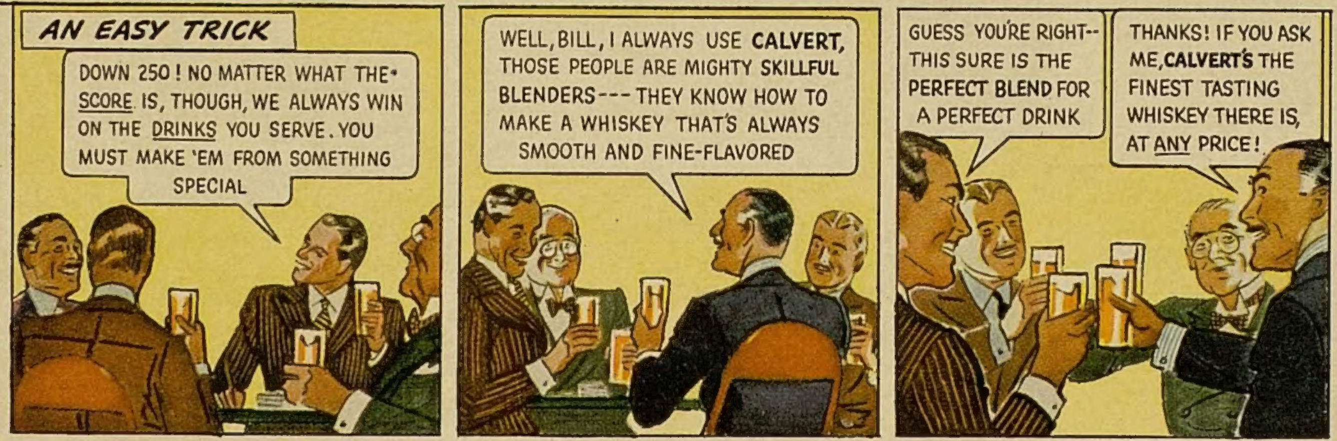
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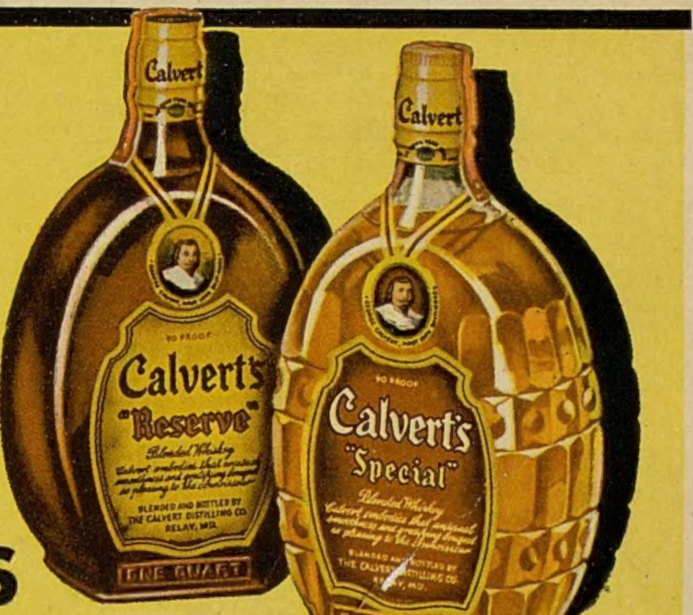
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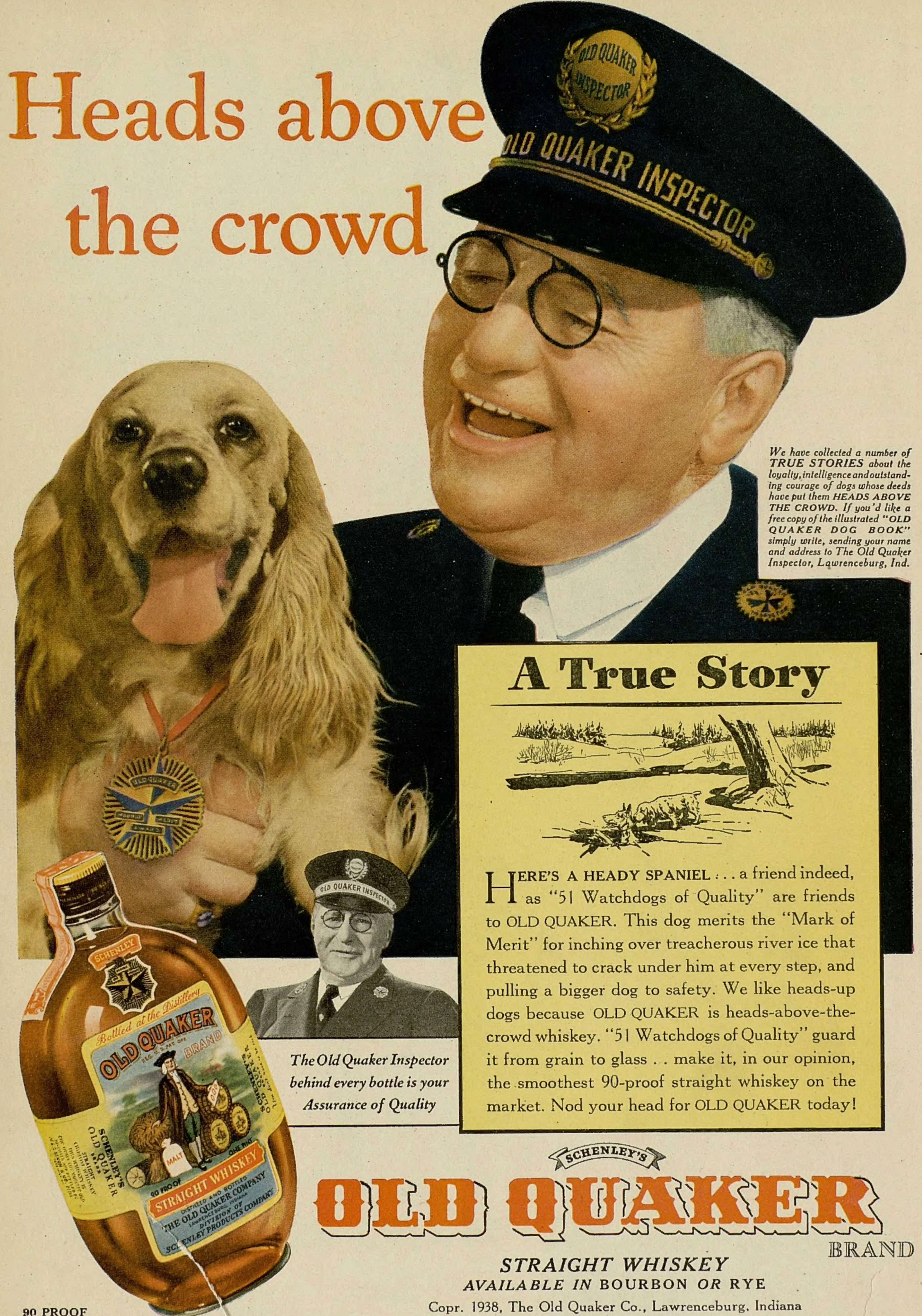
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